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Early English Text Society.

Extra Series, XLII.

The Romance of

Guy of Warwick.

EDITED FROM THE AUCHINLECK MS. IN THE ADVOCATES' LIBRARY, EDINBURGH, AND FROM MS. 107 IN CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

BY

JULIUS ZUPITZA, PH.D.,

PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, HONORARY MEMBER OF THE CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

PART I.

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BY N. TRÜBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL.

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TEMPORARY NOTICE.

For information about the two parallel Texts printed here (the one for the first, the other for the second time*), I beg to refer the reader to the Preface to my Edition of the Romance of Guy of Warwick, from the Paper MS. Ff. 2, 38, in the University Library, Cambridge (E. E. T. S., Extra Series xxv and xxvi, for 1875 and 1876), pp. v and vi. My warmest thanks are due to Dr. James A. H. Murray, who, having collated Turnbull's Edition with the Auchinleck MS. before me, was to be my co-editor throughout, but, on account of his Dictionary work, was obliged to withdraw after the first sheets were printed off. His collation, however, which he was so good as to send me, has been, and will continue to be, of great use to me. I must also add that the side-notes in this first Part are nearly all his.

I take this opportunity to repeat that I should be greatly obliged for any information as to the whereabouts of a complete copy of Copland's *Guy* (the British Museum one having lost its first twenty leaves), as well as of Cawood's *Guy*, and of a fragment 'printed in a thinner letter than W. de Worde's' (cf. Warton, ed. Hazlitt, II. 162).

J. Z.

Berlin, S.W., Kleinbeerenstr. 7:
Febr. 21, 1885.

* Cf. The Romances of Sir Guy of Warwick and Rembrun his Son. Now first edited from the Auchinleck MS. Edinburgh: printed for the Abbotsford Club. MDCCCXL. [The Editor was William B. D. D. Turnbull.]

Here ginneth Sir Guy.

(AUCHINLECK MS. 107^{v}.)

Gij of Warwike.

[*The first leaf is wanting in the Auchinleck MS., and the story is here supplied from the French version, MS. Corpus Coll., Camb., leaf* 6, *collated with MS. Harleian* 3775, *leaf* 15.]

P uis cél tens ke deus fu nez
e establi crestienetez,
[1]multz des[1] auentures s*on*t auenues,
ke[2] a tuz ho*m*mes ne s*o*nt pas[3] sues.
pur ceo deit l'em mult enq*ue*re,
e pener sei de bien fere,
e de [4]bons p*re*ndre[4] esp*e*rimentz,
de faitz, de diz as aunciens
q*ui* deuant nus esteient.
auent*ur*es beles lur aueneient,
pur ceo qu'il amoient u*er*ite,
tut dis fei e leaute.
De eus deit l'um bien souenir
e lur bons faitz dire e oir :
q*ui* mult out e ceo retient
souent m*u*lt sage deuient ;
[5]ceo est tenu[5] a bele mestrie,
ki fait le sen e lest la folie.

De un counte uoloms parler
q*ui* m*u*lt fait[6] a preiser,
e de un son senescal
q*ui* pruz ert[7] e leal ;
e de son fiz, un damoisel
q*ui* m*u*lt par ert gent e bel ;
e com il amat une pucele,

[1]—[1] multes, *Harl.*
[2] Q*ui* [3] *omit.*
[4]—[4] aprendre bons
[5]—[5] il ceo tent ben.
[6] feseit
[7] esteit

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München

Guye of Warrewik.

[*Caius MS.*, 107, *page* 1.]

SYTħ THE TYME ÞAT CRYST IHESU,
Thorough hys grace & ver*tu*, Many old
Was in þis world bore
Of a mayd w*ith*owt hore,
And þe world crystendom
Among mankynd first becom,
Many adue*n*tures hath be wrouȝt adventures,
þat aħ men knoweth nouȝt.
Therfore mēn shuħ herken blythe,
And it vndirstonde right swythe, unknown as yet,
For they that were borne or wee
Fayre aduenturis hadden they;
For eu*er*e they louyd sothfastenesse,
Faith with trewthe and stedfastnesse.
Therfore schulde man witħ gladde chere
Lerne goodnesse, vndirstonde, and here: are worth knowing.
Who myke it hereth and vndirstondeth it
By resou*n* he shulde bee wyse of witte;
And y it holde a fayre mastrye,
To occupye wisedom̄e and leue folye.
For why as of an Erle j shaħ yow teħe, I will tell of an Earl,
How of hym it beefelle;
And of hys stewarde, withoute lesynge, and his steward,
And of the stewarde soñe, a fayre yonge thynge, and how the steward's son
That gentil was and fayre bee-seeñ,
And how he loued a mayden sheeñ, loved the Earl's daughter,

la fylle au counte, ke m*u*lt ert bele.

C. 25. En engleter*r*e un coens esteit,
en Warewik la cite maneit :
riches ert e de grant Foer[1],
queintes, sages, bon cheualer ;
riches ert de or e de argent,
de Dras, de seie, de vesselement,
de fortz chasteul[2], de riche citez ;
par tut le re*n*gne ert m*u*lt dotez.
n'i[3] aueit ho*m*me en tote la te*r*re
q*u*i uers li osaht[4] p*r*endre guerre,
ke par force toht[5] nel preist,
e en la[6] chartre nel meist.
bons cheualers m*u*lt ama,
riches douns souent lur dona ;
pur ceo fu cremu e dote,
e par tut le re*n*gne preise.
coens esteit de m*u*lt grant pris,
sires ert de tuit le pais ;
de oxeneford tut le honur
sue estoit a icel iour ;
de bukingh*a*m de[7] tut le counte
sire en tel[8] tens esteit clame.

C. 51. li coens roaud out a nun,
m*u*lt par esteit noble barun.
vne fylle auoit[9] sa mulier,
sa grant beaute ne puis conter :

[1] pouer
[2] chastels
[3] n'
[4] osat
[5] tost
[6] sa
[7] *omit.*
[8] cel
[9] out de

The Erles dough͡ter, that was so bryg͡hte,
And how he spoused that swete wyg͡hte, married her,
And how that he reynbrouñ beegate—
A͡H y kanne te͡H yow that—
And how he wente into wildernesse: [p. 2] and went on his wanderings.
A͡H y canne te͡H yow as it ys.
A wysema͡n it vnto vs seyd͡
That it wrote and in ryme it leyd͡.
I wo͡H it not any longer co͡nce͡H,
But open the sentence as ye may fele.
IN ENGLONDE an Erle was wonnynge The Earl owned
In Warrewyke Citee, ryght as I fynde: Warwick,
Ryche he was and grete of myg͡ht,
Erle he was, and a fu͡H stronge knyg͡nt,
Riche of gold͡ and of sylu*er* bothe, and was very rich
Of clothes of gold͡ and vesse͡H, withoute othe,
Of stronge castellis and riche Citees: and powerful.
Thorug͡h a͡H Englond preised͡ he was.
In a͡H Englond ne was ther none
That durste in wrath ayenste hym goo͡n.
Good knyg͡htis he loued y-wys,
And freely he gaue them of hys,
Therfore welbelouyd͡ he was,
And grettly doubted in eu*er*y place.
Erle he was of grete price:
A͡H that contree tho was hys; He was lord of Oxford
Of oxenford͡ and a͡H that contrey
He was gou*er*noure at that day;
Of Bokyngh*a*m, and of a͡H that shyre, and of Buckingham.
He was klepyd both lord and syre.
That Erle Rohaude hyg͡ht, He was called Rohaud.
Baroun he was of grete myg͡ht.
A doughter he had of hys wyue, He had a daughter
Hyr grete beaute y can not dyscryue:
For the fairest men) chesen) hir y-wys. [p. 3] who was very beautiful,
That y you telle, sothe it is.

pur la plus bele le unt choisie.
ore est reisun ke l'em uus die
[1] *omit.* vn petitet de sa grant[1] beaute :
le viz out blank e colore,
[2] treitis lunge, traitet[2], e auenaunt ;
bele buche, e nes bien seaunt,
les euz uairs e le chief bloi ;
de li ueer uus semblast poi :
bien faite de cors, de bele estat*ur*e,
tant p*ar* ad duce la reguardure.

corteise ert e enseignee,
[3] endoctrinee de tuz artz ert enseignee[3] :

ses mestres esteient venuz
[4] toulette [5] touz de tulette[4], tut[5] blaunks chanuz,

q*ui* la ap*er*noient de astrenomie,
[6] arsmetrike de arsmetic[6], de Geumetrie.

m*u*lt par ert fere de corage :
p*ur* ceo ke ele fud tant sage,
C. 71. ducs e countes la req*ue*roient ;
[7—7] mute ; *read* multes de [7]m*u*ltz de[7] t*er*res p*ur* li[8] venoient,
[8] luy mes nul de eus am*er* ne uoleit,
pur ceo ke tant bele esteit.

Of hir' beaute yet a litell wigħte:
Withħ a faire visage louely in sigħte,
Hir skynne was white of brigħte coloure;
Bodied wele and of grete valour';
Large tresses, and wele bee-comyng',
Browes bente and nose weħ sittyng';
The mouthe so wele sittyng' ywys,
To kisse it ofte it was grete blys;
Withħ grey eyen̄ and nekke white,
Hir to see it was grete delite.
Hir bodye weħ sette and shaply; handsome,
By thoo daies ther' was nōōn suche truely.
Gentil she was and as demure
As girfauk, or fawkon) to lure,
That oute of muwe were drawe;
So faire was nooñ, in sothe sawe.
She was therto curteys and free ywys, and accomplished.
And in the .vii. artes weħ lerned, withoute mys.
AĦ the .vii. art*is* she kouthe weħ,
Noon) better that eu*er*e man̄ herde teħ.
Hir maisters were thider com̄e She had famous teachers from Toulouse [*French text* Toledo],
Oute of Tholouse aĦ and som̄e;
White and hoore aĦ they were,
Bisy they were that mayden to lere;
And they hir lerned of astronomye, who taught her all the seven arts.
Of Ars-meotrik, and of geometrye.
Of Sophestrie she was also witty,
Of Rethoric, and of other clergye;
Lerned she was in musyke; [p. 4]
Of clergie was hir noon like.
She was a woman of grete corage,
Wise and faire and of gaye parage.
To haue hir to wif he did hir sende
Erles, Dukes, fro the worldes ende; Dukes and earls wooed her in vain.
And nooñ of theim haue she wolde,
For that she was so faire holde.

felice fu la bele appellee :
pur sa beaute fu m*u*lt amee ;
de totes beautez fu ele la flur,
tant bele ne ert a icel iour.
ki totes t*er*res dunc serchast
[1] ne — vne tant bele n'i[1] trouast :
q*ui* tote sa beaute countereit
trop grant demorance i freit.
C. 83. de la pucele lerrum ester,
[2]—[2] del — [2]e de[2] senescal uodrum parler,
[3] Qi — ke[3] mult ert corteis e sage :
ho*m*me fu de mult grant parage ;
[4] *omit.* — riches ert e de m*u*lt[4] grant ualur ;
en icel tens ni out meillur,
[5]—[5] Ni qi — [5]ne ke[5] fuht tant des armes p*r*ise,
kar en mainte terre aueit este
pur sun pris enhaucier ;
[6]—[6] feseit — pur ceo [6]fait il[6] m*u*lt a loer.
en Walingeford nez estoit,
tuit le pais a li apendoit :
pur ceo fud il nobles e fier ;
[7] n' — tant bon n'i[7] aueit de ca[8] la mier,
[8] sa (= ça) — ne ki seruist sun sei*n*gnur,
tuz iours a si grant honur.
AUCHINLECK MS. 108r. col. 1. His lord he serued treweliche
C. 93. In al þing manschipeliche.
þer was non erl i*n* Inglond
þat to ȝeines hi*m* durst stond,
Bot, ȝif he wold be wiþ hi*m* at on,
He wald do nimen him anon,
& wiþ strengþe hi*m* nim wolde,
þei he to Scotlond suwe hi*m* scholde.
His lordis honour he held worþschipliche,
& defended it wele & hardiliche ;
[1] MS. was — þer nas[1] kni[ȝ]t in Inglonde
þat wiþ wretþe durst hi*m* atstonde.

Felice .la bele hir name is :
Moche she was belouid ywis ;
Of aH faire she was the floure,
Nooñ so faire in halle nor boure
As she was ; who that soughte
So faire to fynde, for noughte he wroughte :
He that aH hir beaute write wolde,
To longe tarying make he sholde.
Nowe we shuH leue of hir here,
And telle you forthe of our matiere.
Speke we schuH of the Stywarde :
WeH true he was, and highte Sywarde.
This Syward was sligħe and wise,
Riche of kynde, and of grete prise :
In his tyme nooñ better was,
For of grete worship was noon in his caas.
Of armes he had been chief on grounde,
And therof preised in many a londe ;
For that he wolde preysed bee,
He did him bee knowen in many a contree.
In Walyngforde he was borne.
AH that Contree to him was sworne.
A swiche noble man he was, [p. 5]
On this half the see noon suche was,
That serued his lorde so truely,
And in aH thinges so worshipfully.
Ther was noon Erle in aH that londe
That his lorde durste withstonde,
Bot he with loue it amended anooñe,
Hastely he[1] wolde vpoñ him gooñe,
And with strengthe hym haue wolde,
Though he therfor in to Scotlonde sholde.
AH his lordes londe weH and truely
He maynteyned it fuH worshipfully ;
That nooñ was so hardy a mañ,
That with wronge durste coñe than.

Her name was Felice la Belle.

None so fair.

The Earl's Steward, Syward by name,

was a man of great valour,

a native of Wallingford.

This steward served his lord faithfully ; no earl in England durst withstand him.

[1] MS. we.

He defended his lord's honour,

against every knight.

Þei a man bar an hundred pounde,
Opon him, of gold y-grounde,
Þe[r] nas man *in* al Þis londe
Þat durst him do schame no schonde,
Þat bireft him worÞ of a slo,
So gode pais Þer was Þo.

C. 110. Turnb. p. 2, l. 19. Þilke steward hadde a sone
Trewe & wise atte frome;
Al folk he dede him loue,
For Þat noman schuld him schoue;
& riche ȝiftes ȝiuen he wold,
For Þat he schuld be fre yhold.
Þerl Rohaud he serued Þo,
As he schuld his kinde lorde do;
Þerl him loued swiÞe dere,
Ouer al oÞer Þ*at* Þer were.
Of his coupe serue he hi*m* dede,
He was preysed to hi*m* *in* eu*e*rich stede:
Þerl michel him worÞschipede,
& for his fader loue to hi*m* clepede.

C. 123. Gij of Warwike his name was,
In court non better beloued Þ*er* nas,
So he was among gret lordinges,
Litel & michel *in* al Þinges.
Gentil he was & of michel miȝt,
Ouer al oÞ*er* feirest bi siȝt[1]:
Al Þai wonderd strongliche,
For his feirhed was so miche;
So mani godenes in him were,
Al him preysed Þ*er* y-fere,
Of bordis & turnament y-wis,
Kniȝtes to hauen & holden of p*ris*.

[1] MS. bisiȝt

MS. 108r. col. 2.
C. 139. Turnb. p. 3, l. 42. Gij a forster fader hadde,
Þat hi*m* lerd & him radde

Fastenned he had suche a pees,
That neuere sithe noon better was:
Thoughh men did bere an hundred pounde,
Vpon him, of penyes rounde,
There shulde not bee founde in alh the londe
A theef that him wolde hurte ne shonde,
Nor take fro him the worthe of a sloo:
So good pees there was thoo.
That same Stywarde had a sone
Wise and curteys at Frome;
Alh men him did loue sothely,
Ther was noon that him wolde shonye.
To Alh men yiftes yiue he wolde,
Therfore so curteis he was holde.
The Erle Rohaud he serued thoo,
His kynde Lorde, so mote y goo.
The Erle him loued hertly and dere, [p. 6]
Ouer alh other that withh him were.
Of his coupe he him serue Didde,
And priuyest withh him in euery stede:
The Erle Rohaud mikel him worshipped,
And for his fader loue thoo farther him cleped.
Guye of Warrewik his name was,
In alh the courte nōōn more honoured nas:
Of knyghtes and of grete lordinges,
Of more and lasse, in alh thinges.
Mikelh he was, and of grete mighte,
And fairest of all other be sighte:
Alh him behelde wondirly,
His fairenesse was so grete truly;
So many goodnesses in him were:
Alh him preised that were there.

Guye a foster fader hadde,
That him lerned and also redde

A man loaded with gold was safe from all attack,

owing to the good peace he enforced.

This steward had a son, true and wise,

beloved by all.

He served Earl Rohaud, and was his cup-bearer.

His name was Guy of Warwicke.

He was gentle and strong,

beautiful and good.

Guy was taught

Of wodes & riuer & oþer game:
Herhaud of Ardern was his name.
He was hende & wele y-tauȝt,
Gij to lern forȝat he nauȝt;
Michel he couþe of hauk & hounde,
Of estriche faucouns of gret mounde.

C. 143. It was opon a Pentecost day yteld,
þerl a gret fest held
At Warwike in þat cite,
þat þan was y-won to be.
þider cam men of miche miȝt,
Erls & barouns boþe apliȝt,
Leuedis & maidens of gret mounde,
þat in þe lond wer y-founde.
Eueriche maiden ches hir loue
Of kniȝtes þat wer þider y-come,
& euerich kniȝt his leman
Of þat gentil maiden wiman;
When þai were fro chirche y-come,
þer aliȝt mani a noble gome.
þerl to þe mete was sett,
Gij stode forn him in þat flett,
þat was þe steward sone,
þerl to serue it was his wone.
Turnb. p. 4, l. 71. To him he cleped Gij,
& him hete & comandi
þat he in to chaumber went,
& grete wele þat maiden gent,

Of wode, of Ryuer, of aH game:
Heraude of Arderne was his name.
He was curteys, and weH taughte,
Guye he lerned and forgate him naughte;
MikeH he kouthe of haukes and houndes,
Of Ostours, of Faukoñs of grete moundes.
AH that wolde of him oughte craue,
WitH good wille they shulde it haue.
To parsoñs and to pouer knyghtes
Ofte he wolde yiue riche yiftes;
And to other ofte yiue he wolde
Palfrey or stede, siluer and golde,
Euery man after his good dede [p. 7]
Of Guye vnderfangeth his mede.
On Witsondaye called Pentecoste
The Erle helde a grete feste
In Warrewik, that good Citee,
As it euer was wonte to bee.
There were Erles, baroñs, and knyghtes,
And many a mañ of grete myghtes;
Ladies and maydeñs of grete renowñ,
The grettest desired ther to bee bown.
Many a mayde there chese hir loue anone
Of knyghtes that thider were coñe,
And the knyghtes also their lemans there
Of the maidens that there were.
Whan they fro chirche were coñe,
In to the halle they yode fuH sone.
Whan the Erle to the mete sette was,
Guye stode before him in that plaas,
He that was Sywardes soñe,
To whom the Erle grete loue had noñe.
The Erle cleped to him Guye,
To him gan sey and commaunded on highe,
That he in to the chambre wente
And grete weH his doughter that was so gente;

Sir Herhaud of Ardern.

On Pentecost day the Earl held a great feast,

to which came earls and barons,

and ladies of renown.

Every maiden chose her love,

and every knight his leman.

Guy stood before the Earl to serve,

and was sent to serve the Earl's daughter.

& þat he schuld þat ich day
Serue wele þat feir may.
C. 159. Gij him answerd freliche :
'Sir, ichil wel bleþeliche.'
In a kirtel of silk he gan him schrede,
Into chaumber wel sone he ȝede.
Þe kirtel bicom him swiþe wel,
To Amenden *þer* on was neuer a del ;
Þe maidens biheld him feir & wel,
For þat he was so gentil.
C. 161. Gij on his knes sone him sett,
& on hir fader half he hir grett,
& seyd he was þider sent
To serue hir to hir talent.
MS. 108v. col. 1.
C. 167. Felice answerd þan to Gij
'Bieus amis, molt gramerci.'
& seþþe sche asked him in þe plas
Whennes he cam, & what he was.
'Mi fader,' he seyd, 'hat Suward,
þat is þi fader steward,
þat wiþ him me haþ y-held
& forþ y-brouȝt, God him for-ȝeld!'
Turnb. p. 5, l. 97. 'Artow,' sche seyd, 'Suward sone,
þat of al godenes haþ þe wone?'
Gij stode stille & seyd nouȝt.
Wiþ þat was the water forþ brouȝt :
þai sett hem to mete anon,
Erl, baroun, sweyn & grom.
¶ Gij was bisy þat ich day
To serue wele þat feir may.
þat day Gij dede his miȝt
To serue þritti maidens briȝt ;
Al an-amourd on him þai were,
& loued Gij for his feir chere.
þer of no ȝaf he riȝt nouȝt,
Al anoþer it was his þouȝt :

And that he shulde at mete that Daie
Bee willyng' to serue that faire mayē.
'Sir,' seide Guy fuƕ freely,
'I doo youre heste fuƕ blithely.'
Witƕ a silken) kirteƕ began him shrede,
And in to the Chambre thañ he yede.
The kirteƕ so weƕ sitting' it was,
It to amende noo nede it has;
Guy was so weƕ shape and gentille,
The maiden)s him behelde witƕ good wille.
On knees before Felice he him sette,
And on) hir fader behalue he hir grette,
And seide how he was thider sentte
To serue hir to hir talentte.
Felice answerd ayene to Guye,
'Beaux amye, moult gram*er*cye.'
And than she asked him in that place
Where that he borne) was.
And Guye seide, 'my fader is called Sywarde,
That is youre faders Stywarde;
Many a daye he hatƕ me witƕ him holde,
And forthe me bredde, god him foryelde!'
'Bee ye,' she seide, 'Sywardes soñe,
That aƕ goodnesse hatƕ in wone?'
Guye stode stille and spake nougƕte.
Witƕ that the water was fortƕ brougƕte:
She did wesshe and wente to mete anone
And so did knygƕt, squier, and grome.
Aƕ his migƕte he did that daie
To serue weƕ that faire maye.
Wele to serue he did his mygƕte
Moo than thirty maidens brigƕte;
That aƕ they anamoured were
On) Guye for his faire chere.
And he therof rekked nougƕte,
For vpon) another' was his thougƕte:

Guy arrayed him blithely,

and repaired to Felice,

who asked who his father was.

He answered 'Syward, thy father's steward.'

She praised Syward.

Guy acquitted himself so well

that thirty maidens fell in love with him.

On Felice þat was so briȝt,
Gij hir loued wiþ al his miȝt;
So michel sche was in his þouȝt,
þat neye he was to deþ y-brouȝt,
He gan to wepe & sore siche,
& biment him wel reweliche;
& grete wonder he hadde y-wis
þat Felice so feir a creatour is.
Ac he no dar his loue keþe,
No sen hir wel vnneþe,
He is in so gret þouȝt,
His *con*seyl wil he schewe nouȝt.
C. 187. Into þe maidens chau*m*ber he is y-go,
Turnb. p. 6, l. 123. At Felice he tok his leue þo,
& in his way he goþ apliȝt.
Vnto his chamber he went ful riȝt,
& wepe & made grete wo,
For he loued þat maiden so.
His men axed him on hy,
Whi þat he was so sori?
He hem answerd sone anon,
þat swiche iuel is comen him on
MS. 108v. col. 2. þat he weneþ his liif forgon,
Bote no tit him neu*er* non.
C. 207. In þe court biment was Gij;
Mani man for him was sori,
For he was won to serue he*m* wel,
& ȝif hem mani a iuwel.
Now is Gij in gret tempest,
Sorwe he makeþ wiþ þe mest
Of Felice þat feir may;
For hir loue he sorweþ ay.

On Felice with the nebbe so brighte [p. 9] But he cared only for Felice,
He kaste his loue with aH his mighte;
That he ne wiste what to doo,
Hir loue werked him suche woo. whom he loved to death.
He wepte with mayne slilye,
And mo*ur*ned in hym self softelye,
That he eu*er*e shulde see
Hir brighte rodye, hir faire blee.
Moche wonder he hath ywis,
That she so faire a creatur' is.
He durste not to hir his loue kithe, But he dared not to confess his thoughts.

Bot' to his chambre wente right swithe: When he took leave of Felice, he went to his chamber sick of love.
Withoute any leue takyng of Felice thoo,
Oute of his chambre he did goo.

Than asked of him his meyne, They asked him why he grieved so.
Why that he so heuy wolde bee.
Guye answerd theim̄ anone,
Seying' that sikenesse is com̄e him vpon,
Wherthurgh his lif he weneth to forgoo,
And neu*er*e helth to haue of his woo.
In the courte mikel bemened is Guy: He was lamented in the Court.
For him was many a man sory;
For he was wonned to serue theim wele,
And to theim yiue many a ieowele.
Nowe is Guy in grete tempeste,
Sorowe he maketh with the moste; Ever he sorrowed for Felice.
For loue that he had to the maye
His sorowe encressed nyghte and daie.
Nowe is Guye so euyH bee stadde,
Hym self he helde for a man̄ madde.

& grete wonder he haþ y-wis
Þat him so hard bifallen is;
He acursed þe time þat [he] hir say,
Felice wiþ hir eyȝen gray,
Hir gray eyȝen, hir nebbis schene:
'For hir mi liif is miche *in* wene.
Turnb. v. 7. l. 149. To hir ichil tellen al mi þouȝt,
Whi þat icham in sorwe brouȝt.
Tide me gode oþer qued,
Y nil it hele for no nede,
Riȝt to hir that y ne go
& schewe hir of mi miche wo.

¶ Ac now to hir schewen y nille;
Allas, wreche, hou may i duelle?

For mi lordes douhter sche is,
& ich his nori, forsoþe y-wis;
Þerfore ich auȝt hi*m* treweþe bere,
& neuer more him to dere.
Ȝif ich hir loued, & it wist he,
& he miȝt ou*er*-take me,
He wald anon mine heued of smite,
Oþer heye hong, for that wite,
Oþer hewe me wiþ swerdes kene,
Ȝif ich hadde don him þat tene.
Allas, wreche, what may y do?
Y loue þing y no may com to!'
C. 191. ¶ Now is Gij in sorwe ybrouȝt;
Of his liif nis him nouȝt.

He went and trent his bed opon,
So man þat is wo bigon;

For the sorowe that him befallen is, [p. 10]
Ofte he bemeneth him self y-wis:
'In wicked peyne sey y may,
That y ne may beholde hir eyen gray,
Hir graye eyen, hir nebbe so shene;
For hir my lif is in a wene.
To hir y shall telle my thought,
For whom y am in this sorowe broughte.
What so euere com̄e to me good or ylle,
I woll it noo lenger concele for to spille.
Bot streight to hir woll y goo,
And in hir mercy y shall me doo;
And if she woll, she may me slee,
And hir wille doo with me.
Yf I my sorowe hir doo not telle,
Allas, wrecche, how shall y duelle?
Allas, wrecche, that me is woo!
Ine wote what y may doo:
For my lordys Doughter she is,
And y his norry ywis;
Therfor' the more beholding' to him y bee,
And neuere noo-wher' his harme to see.
If y hir loued and wite might he,
And therwith he may take me,
Brenne he me wolde, or the hede of smyte,
Or highe hange for that dispite,
Or all to-hewe with swerdes kene,
And y him did suche a tene.
Allas, y wrecche! what may y doo?
I loue hir that is my foo.'

Guy cursed the time he saw Felice.

He would go and tell her all:

but he feared her father, who was his lord,

and might doom him to destruction for his presumption.

Nowe is Guye in so moche sorowe brought, [p. 11]
That of his lif he rekketh nought;
Nor he woteth what he may doo,
For the grete sorowe that com̄eth him to.
He wende, he trende his bedde vpon̄,
As man that is woo bee goon;

He threw himself on his bed.

He no may sitt no stonde,
No vnneþe drawen his onde;
Turnb. p. 8, l. 175. Rest, no take slepeinge,
Mete ete, no drinke dringe;
MS. 109r. col. 1. No may him noman *com*forti,
Bot euer his song is wo & wi.
In so gret þouȝt was he þo,
& so gret sorwe toke him to,
Leuer hi*m* wer walk & wende,
& dye i*n* trewe loue bende.
¶ Þus [Gij] lay in grete turment
Til þat þe fest was al to-went.
Swiche an iuel is on hi*m* fast,
Þat he no may it of hi*m* cast;
He no wil noman his care schewe.
His sorwes ben euer aliche newe,
Þat he no may his loue haue,
Grete strengþe him doþ wiþ-drawe.
Þer-fore he seyd, 'ichil hir schewe,
My peyne is eu*er* aliche newe;
Of al mi sorwe nis hir nouȝt,
Ich wold ich were to deþ y-brouȝt.
Bitide me iuel oþer gode,
Ichil it held in mi mode;
& ȝif sche wil, sche may me spille,
Ac for al þat leten y nille.'

C. 215. Now is Gij to court y-go,
[1] *As* illegible in MS. As[1] man þat is ful of wo,
Turnb. p. 9, l. 201. & on his knes he him dede
Bifor Felice in þat stede,
& to hir he spac wel euen
Wiþ a wel queynt steuen,
& seyd, 'Felice þe feir, m*er*ci!
For godes loue & our leuedi,
Þat y þe no finde mi dedliche fo,
For godes loue herken me to!

He ne may sitte, nor he may stonde,
Nor vnnethe vnto him drawe his honde,
Ne reste take of any slepinge,
Nor ete mete, nor drinke drinke;
Nor may noo man) him comforte,
Bot eu*er*e is songe is woo with̄ disporte.

No one could comfort Guy.

Thus lyueth̄ Guy in grete turmente
Tiħ the feest was ouer wente;
Afterward he bethoughte is
That he doth̄ as the man wyse,
That he shaħ loue bot strengthe haue
Him self whan him luste to with̄-drawe.
Than) thinketh̄ he, good it is hir to shewe
The peynes that for hir greueth me newe:
And she of my sorowe knoweth̄ nought̄e,
To ende y wolde my lif were brought̄e.
Bee-tide me yuel either goode,
I woħ not lyue in this mode;
Bot y shaħ to hir goo,
And in hir m*er*cy y shaħ me doo.
Yf that she woħ, she may me spille;
Bot for aħ that y ne leue wille.

So he lay in torment till the feast was over.

At last he resolved to speak to Felice,

betide him what might.

GUYE IS to courte com̄e,
As man that is in sorowe nom̄e.
On knees before Felice he hym didde, [p. 12]
And sorowfully seide in that stede,
AH with̄ quakyng steuene;
Thus he seide, and spake fuħ euene:
'Felice the faire, for godd*is* loue, mercy!
On me haue reuthe for our' lady,
That y ne fynde the my fuħ foo,
For loue y you praye, herken) me to.

He came to court

and fell on his knees before Felice,

beseeching her favour.

No longer hele y nille,
Al that soþe tellen y wille.

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Þou art þe þing þat y most ȝerne,
Fro þe no may mine hert terne;
Opon al oþer y loue þe,
Y no may it lete ded to be.
Vnder heuen no þing nis,
Noiþer gode no qued y-wis,
[1] so MS.; read *it*. Þat y for þe don y[1] nolde,
To lete þat liif don y wolde.
Þou art mi liif, mi ded y-wis,
Wiþouten þe haue y no blis;
MS. 109r. col. 2. Y loue þe and tow nouȝt me,
Y dye for þe loue of þe.
Bot þou haue m*er*ci on me,
For sorwe ichil me self sle,
For wistestow þe heuinisse,
Þe sorwe and þe sorinisse,
Turnb. p. 10, l. 227. Þat me is on niȝt and day
(Bi trewe loue siggen ich it may)—
& tow it miȝt wiþ eyȝen se,
Þou wost haue m*er*ci on me.'

C. 219. Felice þe feir answerd þo,
'Artow þis, Gij, so mot þou go,
Þe steward sone Suward,
Ich wene þou art a fole musard!
When þou of loue me hast bisauȝt,
Al to fole-hardy þou art y-tauȝt.
Wele þou holdest me for a fole;
Þou art y-tauȝt to a liþer scole,
& icham þi lordes douhter biname;
Þan dostow him wel michel schame,

Hense forewarde y woꝧ not hele
The grete loue, that me doth̄ fele :
Shewe y muste the peyne and sorowe
That y haue for you euyne and morowe.
Ye bee that thynge for whom̄ y mo*ur*ne,
Fro you ne may my herte to*ur*ne :
Ou*er*e aꝧ thinge y muste you loue,
Whether it to*ur*ne benethe or aboue,
Bot that y shaꝧ loue you aye,
Whiles that y lyue maye.
Vnder heuen̄ noo thinge is,
Were it good or yuel ywis,
That y for the doo it [ne] wolde,
My lif to lese though̄ y shulde.
Ye bee my lif and my deth̄ y-wis :
Withoute you loste is aꝧ my blis.
Weꝧ more y loue you than me :
Deye y shaꝧ for loue of you pardee,
Bot thou haue m*er*cy on̄ me,
Myself y shaꝧ for sorowe slee.
Yf ye wiste the heuynesse,
The grete peyne, and the sorowfulnesse,
That y haue for you nygh̄te and daye [p. 13]
(With̄ true loue y it saye)—
And you it migh̄t witterly see,
I trowe ye wolde haue m*er*cy on me.'
Felice to him answerde thoo,
'Telle me, Guye, if ye bee so
The Stywards*is* soñe that higḥte Sywarde,
I holde you for a fole musarde.
Nowe thou me haste of loue besoughte,
To fole-hardy thou art in thoughte,
Or thou me takest for a fole.
Thou art taugh̄te of wikked scole,
Whiles y am thy lordes Dough̄ter by name ;
Me thinketh̄ thou doost him mikel shame,

There was nothing he would not do for Felice.

[col. 2]

Unless she would have mercy he would slay himself.

Felice called Guy foolhardy,

aspiring to the love of his lord's daughter.

When þou of loue bi-sechist me
Þat y schold þi leman be.
No fond y neuer man me so missede,
No me so of loue bede,
Noyþer kniȝt no baroun,
Bot þou þat art a garsoun,
& art mi man, & man schalt be.
Yuel were mi fairhed sett on þe,
& y swiche a grome toke,
& so mani grete lordinges for-soke.
Erls, doukes of þe best
In þis world, & þe richest,
Turnb. p. 11, l. 253. Me haue desired apliȝt,
Þat neuer of me hadde siȝt.
Þat wer gret deshonour to me!
Al to loþ mi liif me schuld be.
Al to fole-hardi þou were,
When þou me of loue bisouȝtest here.
C. 224. Bi mi trewþe y schal þe swere,
Schal y mi fader þe tiding bere,
Þou worþest to-hewen, oþer for-do,
(Bi þe be warned oþer mo)
Oþer wiþ wilde hors to-drawe,
For þi foly, & þat wer lawe,
MS. 109v. col. 1. & oþer schul be warned bi þi dede,
& her lordinges þe more drede.
Go heþen,' sche seyd, '& vp arise,
& cum nam-more *in* mi p*ur*pris!'
C. 235. ¶ Wel sorwefuliche went Gij
In to his chaumber al dreri:
Gij in to his chau*m*ber gan to gon,
& schett him þer in anon.
Þer in he made sorwe anouȝ,
& his cloþes al to-drouȝ.
Vnder heuen nas *þat* it ne miȝt haue rewþe
Of his sorwenes & of his trewþe.

Whan thou of loue besechest me,
And that y shulde thy lemman) bee.
Ne fonde y neu*er*e man) that so moche mysseide,
Nor that so folisshe of loue me preide,
Neither knyghte, Erle, ne baron);
Bot thou art bot a garson),
That art my man), and shuldest bee.
Euyh were my beaute besette on the,
Yf y a grome loued and toke,
And so many faire knyght*is* forsoke.
Erles, Dukes, of ah the beste,
And of ah the worlde the richeste
Ou*er*e ah men) desired me a plighte,
Suche as on me neu*er*e had sighte;
Dispreised to moche y shuld bee
To leue ah theim and take the!
Ah to grete hardiship thou thoughtest, [p. 14]
Whan thou of loue me besoughtest.
By my moder soule y the swere,
And y to my fader this tyding bere,
To slee the or the vtterly fordoo,
(By the shuh bee warned other moo)
Or with wilde hors ah to-drawe,
For thy folie that were the lawe.

'Should I take you, a mere garsoun,

forsaking earls, dukes, and lords?

That were dishonour!

If I should tell my father

you would be hewn in pieces

for your folly.

Goo hense swithe! vp arise,
And com̃e nomore here in this wise!'
Fuh sorowfully thense gooth Guy
Home to his Inne ah sory:
In to his Chambre he is goon),
And beshette him therin ah aloon).
There he made sorowe and sorowe enough:
His clothes he rende, his heer he drough.

Go hence, and come no more!'

Guy went sorrowfully home,

shut himself in, and rent his clothes.

Of loue he bi-ment strongliche
For whom þat he loued so miche:
Turnb. p. 12, l. 279. 'Loue,' he seyd, 'slake now mi sore
þat is dedeliche, as y seyd ore.
Loue of þis ȝongling
Makeþ me iuel fonding.
Loue, bring me of þis wodenisse,
& bring me in to sum lisse,
For to reste me aþrowe,
þat y miȝt meseluen knowe.
Sore me meneþ, for me smert,
Miche care is in mine hert,
Michel ich am y-cast of miȝt
Al to fer wiþ vnriȝt.
Loue me doþ to grounde falle,
þat y ne may stond stef wiþ alle.
Loue doþ min cloþes done,
& after me clepeþ 'wreche' sone.
Hou schal y liue? hou schal y fare?
Hou long schal y liuen in care?
Leuest þing me were to dye,
& ich wist bi wiche weye.
Deþ,' he seyd, 'wher artow so long?
þou makest me y may nouȝt stond.
þou makest me out of þe way to gon;
Whi ne comestow to feche me anon?
Worþi ich were ded to be:
Y loue þing þat loueþ nouȝt me.
Turnb. p. 13, l. 305. Herkeneþ now hou seiþ þe wise:
Y schal ȝou schewe bi þis asise.
For a fole he schal him held
þat takeþ more þan he may weld.'
MS. 109v. col. 2. To a fenestre þan Gij is go,
C. 269. Biheld þe castel, þe tour also.
'Tour,' he seyd, 'feir artow bisett!
In þe is þat maiden bischett

Of loue he bemeneth̄ him strongely,
For whom he hath̄ sorowe gretly:

Pitifully Guy moaned:

'Loue, a-slake me of this wodenesse,
And respite graunte me more or lesse,
That y migh̄t reste me a throwe,
Wherthurgh̄ my sorowe may ou*er*e blowe.
To farre y am kaste in vnmygh̄te,
My herte is heuy, and noo-thing lig̃hte.

'Love drives me mad;

I do not know myself;

What shaH̄ y doo? how shaH̄ y fare?
I may not lyue longe in this kare.
Allas, deth̄! what art thou?
Vnnethe may y stonde now:
Deth̄! com̄e forth̄, and take me anoon);
For loste been) my wittes eu*er*ych̄ oon).
Dede y deserue for to bee, [p. 15]
Whan y muste loue that hateth̄ me.
And herken) nowe what seith̄ the wise,
That sheweth̄ ensample of good assise:
For a fole he seith̄ y him holde,
That taketh̄ a more burden) than he may welde;
So fare y nowe, weleawaye!
I loue the loue that y ne haue maye.'
To a wyndowe Guy yede thoo,
For to beholde the casteH̄ and the toure also:
'O toure, thou art fuH̄ faire sette!
In the is that maide beshette,

I cannot stand upright.

O Death! why dost thou avoid me?'

Guy from his window beheld the castle,

Þat liueþ þer in ioie & blis,
& ichir loue for soþe y-wis.
Tour, when wer thou ouer-þrowe,
And wiþ þe winde al to-blowe!
Þat y miȝt hir wiþ eyȝen se
Þat y loue more þan me!'
He ginneþ to wepe & sore siche,
His care him neweþ eu*er*iliche;
C. 278. Adoun he fel and swoune bigan,
(More sorwe made neuer man)
& cursed þe time þat he was bore,
For now he haþ his witt forlore.
'Loue,' he seyd, 'acursed þou be!
To michel miȝt it is in þe
Þat y ne may me fro þe were;
Loue, merci, þatow me no dere!
Leuer me were forto dye
Þan long to liuen here *in* eyȝe.
Turnb. p. 14, l. 331. Allas, Felice, þat ich stounde,
Þi loue me haþ so ybounde!
& þat y serued þe þat day,
Acursed be þat time, seyen y may!
No bid ichaue non oþer mede,
Bot slake mi sorwe, ichaue nede.
Y loue þe & tow nouȝt me.
Euen dole may it nouȝt be;
For of mi sorwe no hastow nouȝt.
Allas! to grounde icham ybrouȝt!
Þou hast þe gode, & y þe quede:
Y brenne so spark on glede.
Seþþe þou me lokedest first to,
Þou me woundest wiþ a flo.
Schal y dye for þat siȝt?
Merci, Felice, þat swete wiȝt!
Mine hert is ful of venim spilt,
Of blis no worþ it neuer filt.'

That lyueth in ioye and in blisse:
Hir loue me woundeth without mysse.
O toure, why ne were thou ou*er*ethrawe,
And vpon the grounde alt to-drawe!
Than might y my lemman see,
That y loue more than me!'
He gynneth him bethinke and sore sighe,
His sorowe enneweth eu*er*e gretly;
To grounde he felle, and swowne beganne:
More sorowe had neu*er*e manne.
The tyme he cursed that he was borne;
For loue he hath his witte lorne.
'O loue,' he seide, 'cursed thou bee!
So moche mighte is in the.

which redoubled his woe.

Guy cursed the day of his birth,

and wished for death.

Allas, Felice! that same stounde,
That eu*er*e thy loue hath me so stronge bounde!
And that y the serue shulde that daye,
Allas the while! nowe y sey maye.
Shalt y not haue noon other mede, [p. 16]
To a-slake my sorowe y had nede.
I loue the and thou nought me.
Eeuenly deled ne that may[1] bee:
Of alt my sorowe thou hast nought.
Allas! to grounde y am brought!
Thou hast the good and y the quede:
I brenne as doth the sparke on glede.
Thou art to lither a woman,
That for a lokyng the vpon
A man shuld dye for that sighte:
Mercy, Felice, thou swete wighte!
Myn herte is with venym spilde;
With blisse nomore it is like bee filde.'

He cursed the time he saw Felice;

[1 *read* ne may that]

he burned as a firebrand.

Swiche liif ladde Gij sikerliche
Al that seuenniȝt holeliche.
His fader was for him sori,
Sabin his moder biment Gij,
MS. 110r. col. 1. Þerl for him sori was,
Þer liked non in that plas:
Litel & michel, al & some,
Biment Gij att[e] frome.
C. 247. Turnb. p. 15, l. 357. Þerl dede þe leches of-sende
Of Gyes iuel to wite þat ende.
Þe leches ben to him y-go:
Gij þai finde blaike and blo;
Hij asked him where his iuel stode.
He seyd for hete he brend nere wode:
'So hot ich am, & bren[n]inge,
Mi sorwe is eu*er* cominge,
Þat al mi limes it haþ to-tiȝt;
Swiche liif y lede day & niȝt.
After þe hete me comeþ a chele
Þat me greueþ wiþ vn-skele,
Þat y wex cold as ise.
So vn-kinde iuel it is,
Þat al mine limes it wil to-te;
& seþþe me comeþ swouninges þre,
For anguis swoune it me doþ
Tviis or þriis, y say for soþ.
Swiche liif y lede niȝt & day:
Non oþer wise y no can ȝou say.'
C. 265. ¶ Þan seyd þat on, 'a feuer it is.'
'Ȝa,' quod Gij, 'a liþer y-wis.'
Þe leches gon, & lete Gij one,
Þat makeþ wel michel mone.
'God,' quod Gij, 'what schal y do?
Hou long schal y liuen in wo?
Turnb. p. 16, l. 383. Þat y no miȝt ded be,
C. 285. When y no may hir wiþ eyȝen se,

Suche lif had Guy sikirly
AH that weke hoolly.
For him his fader was weH sory,
Sabyne his moder bemeneth Guy,
The Erle for him sory was,
That it liked noon in that place:
LiteH and moche, aH and some,
Guy bemeneth at Frome.
THE ERLE did for leches sende
To wite of Guyes euyl an ende.
The leches to him been goo:
Guy they fonde as blak as sloo;
Than they asked how it with him stode.
'For hete,' he seide, 'y breide nygHe wode:
So mikeH hete is in me,
That longe y ne may on lyue bee.
Hotter y am thanne fire brennyng,
Sorowe and woo is my menyng;
AH my body it hath vnrigHt:
Suche lif y lede daye and nygHt.
After that hete cometh a chele
That sore me greueth withoute hele;
Than wexe y colder than the yys:
Suche maner myn yuel is.

This is my lif nygHte and daie:
No more y kan therof you saie.'
THANNE seide that oon, 'a feuer' it is.'
'Ye,' quoth Guy, 'the leuer me y-wis.'
The leches goth, and Guy leue allone,
That rewthfully maketh his mone.
'Now god,' quoth Guy, 'what shaH y doo?
How longe shaH laste me this woo?
Why ne may y dede bee,
Whan y ne may hir mery yen see,

So Guy went on for a week.

His father,

Sabin his mother,

and the Earl, all bemoaned him.

The Earl sent physicians to discover the nature of his illness.

[p. 17]

Guy pretended he had an intermittent fever.

The physicians assented,

and left him.

Guy recommenced his lament.

Þat haþ al mine hert & þouȝt!
& y no misgilt hir neuer nouȝt,
Bot on þat ichir loue wel,
& euer more loue schel!
ȝif ich it hir schewe, sche wil telle
Hir fader, & he me wil quelle.
Þei he it wist, siker apliȝt,
More þan me sle don he no miȝt.
ȝif he me slouȝ, it were schonde,
Schuld y þan for deþ wonde;
To hir for soþe ichil go
& schewe hir of mi michel wo.
MS. 110r. col. 2. Vnder heuen [n]is so strong þing
So is loue and wowing.
Now,' he seyd, 'what for þan?
Þei ich hir loue, blame me noman;
To warant ichil drawe atte frome
Þat loue doþ me þider come,
& þat loue doþ me go to þe
Þat y no may wiþ-hold me.'
C. 293. With þis Gij arisen is,
& to þe gate goþ y-wis.
'God,' quod Gij, 'y do foliliche:
Y sle me seluen sikerliche;
Turnb. p. 17, l. 409. Mine owhen [deþ] y go now secheinde.
God,' he seyd, 'be mine helpinde!'
Adoun he fel a-swounie;
& when he gan to dawei,
'To þe court,' he seyd, 'ichil go,
Be it for wele or for wo:
To þe court ichil, what so bitide,
Þei gret strengþe me do abide.'
C. 295. Now is Gij to court y-comen
As man þat is wiþ sorwe y-nome,
& in to an erber he is y-go,
Felice findeþ þer in þo;

That hatħ aH myn hert*is* thoughte?
And y neu*er*e amysse did hir noughte,
Bot oonly that y loue hir weH,
And eu*er*e while y lyue shaH.
Yf y hir beseche, she woH it telle
Hir fader, and than he woH me quelle.
And thoughħ he it wiste right nowe, a plighte,
Nomore than slee me doo he mighte.

'If her father knew, he could only slay me.

Bot y shaH goo and speke hir' too,
And shewe hir' my grete woo.
Vnder' heuen is not so harde thing'
As is loue in wowyng'.'
Yet seide he after thanne, [p. 18]
'Thoughħ she me blame, noo force y kanne;
Bot to hir y shaH sey so,
That loue me did thider goo.'

I will go to her again.

Guy with that arisen is,
And to the Courte he wente ywis.

Guy went off.

After a swoon,

Nowe is Guy to Courte com̃e,
As man̄ that was with woo nom̃e;
In to an herber' he is goo,
Felice he fonde therin thoo;

he found Felice in a garden.

At hir fet he him leyd,
Al wepeand to hir he seyd,
C. 304. 'Felice, now ich am comen to þe,
& 3if þou wilt, þou mi3t m[e] sle,
For now icham wiþ-in thi loke,
& þine hest ichaue to-broke.
For ich would þatow seye
þe sorwe þat y for þe dreye:
þe strong pine & þe wo
Y dreye for þe eu*er*-mo.
Mine hert schal bileue wiþ þe:
Wiltow, niltow, it schal[1] so be,
þat[2] mi bodi ferli[3] may,
Bot þat wille it lasteþ ay.
Turnb. p. 18, l. 435. þer while y liue, loue y þe wille,
& bot 3if y do, ichil me spille;
For me no schal it to-deled be
þer while þat liif it lasteþ *in* me;
þe to loue no mi3tow me forbede,
In wo & sorwe þou dost me fede.
[leaf 110v. col. 1] Whan it worþ þi fader y-teld
þatow hast mine hert *in* weld,
& he wite that y loue þe,
Ichot for soþe he wil me sle;
& þat schal turn me al to blis
When y schal dye for soþe y-wis.
Henne forward ne reche y me
Of mi liif, whare it be,
No of mi deþ neuer þe mo
No reche y neuer where y go.'
C. 317. He ferd as he wer mat,
Adoun he fel aswoune wiþ þat;
Felice stode & loked him to
& biheld his strong wo;

[1] MS. *itschal.* [2] read *þat me?* [3] read *fersi?*

At hir fete he him leyde,
And thanⱳ aƕ wepyng to hirꝰ he seide:
'Y am coⁿme mercy to aske of the;
Yf thou woƕ thou maist slee me;
Thy com*m*aundeme*n*t y wote weƕ y haue broke,
Now that y am coⁿme before thy loke.
And leef me were surely
The sorowe that y haue suffred by and by,
Stronge peyⁿe sorowe and woo
That y for the haue endured eu*er*emoo.
Myⁿ herte shaƕ y leue with the:
Woƕ thou or not, so shaƕ it bee;
My body fartherꝰ goo ne may,
And my wille lasteth̄ ay.
While y lyue, the loue y wille,
Whetherꝰ y saue my self or spille;
Thurgh̄ me demed it shaƕ not bee
Whiles that lif is withinⱳ me.
The to loue thou may not forbede,
With̄ sorowe and woo thou dost me fede.

'I have broken thy hest and come.

Thou canst not forbid me to love thee.

Fro hense foreward it rekketh̄ not me [p. 19]
Of my lif how so it bee,
Ne of my deth̄ neu*er*e the moo
I ne rekke how that it goo,
For of this lif y am chekmate.'

I reck nought of life or death.'

A-downe he felle swounyngꝫ with̄ that;
Felice loked vponⱳ him thoo.
And behelde his grete woo;
Ruthe she had in hir herte
Of his sorowe and his smerte.

He swooned, and Felice bade a maiden lift him up.

To a mayde sche seyd þo:
'Take him vp in þine armes to,
[1] MS. *onþe* & lay him soft on þe[1] grounde';
& sche dede so in þat stounde.
Þat mayden ȝede to him wepeinde,
& Gij wel sore biminde:
Turnb. p. 19, l. 461. 'Bi god[2] of heuen,' sche seyd,
C. 330. & ich wer as feir a mayd,
[2] MS. *Bigod* & as riche kinges douhter were
As ani in þis warld here,
& he of mi loue vnder-nome were,
As he is of þine in strong manere,
& he wald me so o loue ȝerne,
Me þenke y no myȝt it him nouȝt werne.'
Felice the feir answerd þo:
'Damisel,' sche seyd, 'whi seistow so?
Þou art to blame, al-so y se,
No-þing þer-mid no paistow me.
Oft þou hast y-herd in speche
Þat we no schal no man biseche,
Ac men schul biseche wimen
In the feirest maner þat þai can,
& fond to speden ȝif þai may
[3] MS. *biniȝtes* Boþe bi[3] niȝtes and bi day.'
Of his swouning he vpros þo;
Þe maiden him tok *in* armes to.
Felice seyd to Gij, 'þou dost folie,
Þatow wilt for mi loue dye;
Schal y do mi fader of-sende?
I schal him telle word & ende,
[leaf 110v. col. 2] Þat tow dost me litel worþschipe,
When þou me desirest to schenschipe;
Turnb. p. 20, l. 487. In his court he schal deme þe,
& al to-lime, to queme me.'
¶ Gij answerd anon þer-to,
'God ȝeue þat it wer y-do,

To a maide she seide thoo :
'Take him vp in thyn armes twoo,
And ley him vp fro the grounde,
Tiħ him bee past that bitter stounde.'

'By god of heuen,' that maide seide,
'Thoughħ y were of the worlde the fairest maide,
And the Richest Kyng*is* Doughter were
That in this worlde crowne dooth bere,
And he of my loue desirous were,
As he is of thine in stronge manere,
Ne wolde y him my loue werne,
And he me wolde therof lerne.
Felice the faire answerd therto :
'Avoide, dameseħ, why seist thou so?
So thou shuld not rede me ;
Thou art to blame forsothe y telle the.
Thou hast ofte herde this speche,
That we ne shuld noman beseche,
But they shuld beseche women
On the fairest man*er*e that they kan),
And assaye yf they spede may [p. 20]
Either by nyghte or by day.'
Guy of swounyng awaked thoo ;
The maide helde him in hir armes twoo.
'GUYE,' QUOTH Felice, 'thou doost folie :
Woħ thou for my loue dye?
After my fader y woħ sende,
And telle him eu*er*y worde to the ende,
That thou him doost grete disworship
Whan thou desirest my shenship ;
In this Courte he shaħ dampne the
Highe to hange, to please me.
Guye answerd anone righte thoo :
'Now god wolde it mighte bee so,

The maiden pitied him.
She said, were she the fairest on earth, she could not refuse him.

Felice reproved her for her sympathy with Guy.

Guy recovered consciousness.

Felice pointed out how angry her father would be.

[1] MS. *pouhaddest*

Þat of mi deþ þou haddest[1] wite!
Of mi liif is me bot lite;
Redi ich am it to vnder-fong,
Be it wiþ riȝt, be it wiþ wrong.'

C. 341. ¶ Felice hadde of him gret rewþe:
'Gij,' quod [sche], 'þou louest me *in* trewþe;
Al to michel þou art afoild,
Now þi blod it is acoild.
Ac o thing y grant þe;
More no miȝtow asky me:
Þer nis leuedi, no maiden non,
In þis cuntre so wide so man may gon,
& tow louedest hir astow dost me
Þat sche no wold grant hir loue to þe.'

Gij seyd to Felice, 'now lete þis be;
Now me þenke þou scornnest me.
Nis me nouȝt iuel anouȝ y-diȝt,
When þou wilt of me no-wiȝt?

[2] MS. *afole*

Now a fole[2] ich-il be
& mi witt chau*n*ge for þe!'

C. 355. 'Gij,' seyd Felice, 'now vnder-stond:
For now nil y noþing wond;

Turnb. p. 21, l. 513.

& þei y say þe al mi wille,
No hold it for non vn-skille:
No grome louen y no may
Fort he be kniȝt forsoþ to say,
Feir & beld to tellen by,
S[t]rong in armes & hardi;
& when þou hast armes vnder-fong,
& ichaue it vnder-stonde,
Þan schaltow haue þe loue of me,
Ȝif þow be swiche as y telle þe.'

That of my deth thou migħt bee the wite!
Therof y shulde bee wonder ligħte!
I am aH redy it to fonge,
Bee it with rigħt or with wronge;
For suche a drinke me is yiue,
That y ne kepe noo lenger lyue;
Myn hede y shaH fayne for the leye,
I rekke not what any man seye.'
Felice had of him grete ruthe:
'Guye,' she seide, 'thou louest in truthe;
To moche thou art thurgh loue assailled,
That thy wittes been gretly dismaied.
So moche y shaH nowe doo for the
That more thou maist not bidde me:
Ther nys Lady nor man noon, [p. 21]
So wide as me migħt in this Contree goon,
And thou loued hir as thou doost me,
But she wolde *gra*unte to loue the.'
'Felice,' quoth Guy, 'lete that bee,
For thou doost bot scorne me.'

Guy wished he was put to death for his love.

Felice began to pity him.

She granted that his love would prevail with any maiden.

Guy begged her not to mock him.

'Guy,' quoth Felice, 'nowe vnderstonde:
My wille y haue to the in this stounde;
And take it not for noon vnskille
Though y sey to the my wille.
I woH loue noo knaue in woñe
Before that he bee knygħt bee-coñe,
Faire and hende and gretly sette by,
Of armes good and hardy;

Felice undertook

if Guy were a knight

Thanne shaH thou haue the loue of me,
Yf thou wolbee as y telle the.'

he should have her love.

C. 365. When Gij herd þat tiding,
For ioie his hert gan to spring;
At hir he tok leue anon,
In-to the castel he gan to gon;
Al so swiþe as he it miȝt do,
In-to the court he gan to go:
[leaf 111r. col. 1] Of eu*er*ich day him þought ten
[1] *s* added over the line. Fort he seye his[1] lemen.
C. 375. & when he feld hi*m* hole & fere,
He went to court wiþ glad chere;
Michel ioie wiþ him þai made,
& alle þai wer bliþe & glade.

To þerl þan went Gij,
& gret þat kniȝt hardi,
& seyd, 'sir, þine armes ich ax;
ȝif ich am þer to y-wax,
Turnb. p. 22, l. 539. Ich am redi hem to fong,
& þe to serue wiþ-outen wrong.'
þerl answerd, & seyd þo,
C. 384. 'Bleþeliche, Gij, seþþe þou wilt so.'
¶ þerl dede anon ap*ar*aile
Gyes dobing wiþ-outen feyle;
Wel richelich he dubbed Gij,
& wiþ him felawes tventi,
þat al barouns sones were
(For Gyes loue he dubbed hem þere),
þat wiþ þerl Rohaud hadde ben long,
In his seruise armes to vnder-fong.
It was at þe holy trinite,
þerl dubbed sir Gij þe fre,
& wiþ him tventi god gomis,
Kniȝtes and riche baroun sonis.
Of cloth of Tars & riche cendel
Was he[r] dobbeing eu*er*ich a del;

THANNE GUY herde that tydinġ,
For ioye his herte beganne to sprynġ;
His loue to hir anone he kaste thaṅ,
And in-to the CasteH forthwith he caṁ;
As sone as he mighte it doo,
To the highe palais he gaṅ goo:
Of ooṅ daie hym thoughte ten,
That he ne mighte see his lemmaṅ.
Whaṅ he him felte hole and suer,
To Courte he goothe with gladde cheṛ;
FuH gladde chere they him made,
And thanked god, and were righte glade
That Guy was to Courte coṁe: [p. 22]
Gladde they were aH and soṁe.
Before the Erle tho coṁe Guy,
To him he kneled as to his lorde mighti;
'Sir,' quoth Guy, 'armes y aske the,
Yf y bee worthy accepte to bee;
Yf it bee thy wille that y theim fonge,
And serue the lorde withoute wronge.'
THE ERLE Rohaud answerd thoo,
'Blithely, Guy, sithe thou wolt so.'
The Erle doothe thaṅ apparaille
Guyes dobbinġ withoute faille;
He dud him dobbe richely,
And with him of his felawes twenty
That aH good baroṅs soṅes were,
(For Guyes loue he dobbed theim aH there)
That with the Erle Rohaud had bee longe
In seruice, armes for to fonge.
It was at the fest of the holy Trinyte,
That the Erle dobbed Guy so free,
And other twenty for his loue,
Good knyghtis [and] baroṅs soṅes, aboue.
Of riche Clothes and sendaH
Was theiṛ dobbyng, thurgh-oute aH;

On hearing this, Guy's heart leaped for joy.

He soon felt hale, and repaired gladly to court.

He begged the Earl to dub him a knight.

The Earl promised he would,

and dubbed Guy with twenty other young men.

The ceremony took place at the Holy Trinity.

Þe panis al of fow & griis,
Þe mantels weren of michel priis,
Wiþ riche armour & gode stedes,
Þe best þat wer in lond at nedis.
Alder-best was Gij y-diȝt,
Þei he wer an emperour sone, apliȝt:
So richeliche dobbed was he,
Nas no swiche in þis cuntre;
Turnb. p. 23, l. 565. Wiþ riche stedes wele erninde,
Palfreys, coursours wele bereinde.
No was þer noiþ*er* sweyn no knaue,
Þat ouȝt failed þat he schuld haue.
¶ Now is sir Gij dobbed to kniȝt;
Feir he was and michel of miȝt.
C. 429. To Felice went sir Gij,
& gret hir wel curteyslie,
[leaf 111r. col. 2] & seyd, 'ichaue don astow seydest me to,
For þe ichaue suffred miche wo:

Arme for þe ichaue vnder-fong,
Þe to se me þouȝt long.
Þou art me boþe leue & dere,
Ich am y-comen þi wille to here.'
¶ 'Gij,' seyd Felice, 'heye þe nouȝt:
ȝete hastow no þing of armes y-wrouȝt.
No artow þe better neuer a del
Þan þou wer ere, y say þe wel,
Bot on þatow [hast] newe dobing,
& art cleped kniȝt wiþ-outen lesing;

Of riche panys of faire grys,
And with manteH*is* riche of pris;
Of good armes and stoute stedes,
Of aH the londe the beste at nedes.
Ou*er*e theim aH was Guy best dight̄e,
Though he an Emp*er*our*is* soñe had bee right̄e:'
Ther' migh̄t noon) better digh̄te bee: [p. 23]
With aH kynnes armes dobbed was he.

They were richly arrayed,

but Guy most richly of all.

Ther' ne was squier neither knaue
That failled ough̄te bot he shuld haue.
Now is Guy dobbed knygh̄t,
Curteis and hende, and of grete mygh̄t.
Than to Felice he ganne goo,
With grete loue he resouned hir thoo:
'WeH thou wotest, lemman), that it is so,
For the that y haue suffred grete woo
In aH my body, y the plight̄e,
Thou hast made me passing' ligh̄te.
Armes y haue for the fonge,
The to see me though̄te longe;
Now y am̄ at thy wille com̄e,
As to hir' that y loue most in woñe.
Than seide Felice, 'ne haste the nough̄t:
Yet hast thou noo thing' of armes wrough̄te.
Noo better thou art neu*er*e a dele
Than thou were before, y preoue it wele,
Bot oonly that thou hast newe dobbyng',
And knygh̄t art cleped withoute lesyng'.
Bot whan y may wite and see
That thou hast in torment*is* bee,
And that thou hast knygh̄tes nom̄e,
Castell*is* and Toures ou*er*ecom̄e,
And thurgh̄ aH the londe and Contree
Thy knygh̄thode fuH good knowen) bee,

Thereafter, Guy presented himself to Felice,

and claimed her love.

But she told him,

he had done nothing yet:

Bot it be þurch þi miȝt,
Þou no miȝt chalang loue þurch riȝt.'
C. 445. When Gij herd Felice so speke,
He tok his leue and gan out reke;
At hir leue he tok anon,
& to his fader he gan to gon,
Turnb. p. 24, l. 591. & seyd, 'fader, vnder-stond me:
Icham newe dobbed as ȝe may se,
Ouer þe se ichil now fare
To win priis & los þare.'
His fader him answerd sone,
C. 475. 'Sone, god leue þe wele to done!
& als michel as þe nede be,
Sone, schaltow haue wiþ þe.'

¶ Suward cleped Herhaud to him,
& seyd, 'Herhaud, frende min,
Wiþ Gi mi sone schaltow wende;
In gode stede mot ȝe lende.
Þou schalt kepe mi sone Gij,
For he is mi sone & tow mi norri.

Loke, Herhaud, þat tow hi*m* kepe;
& þine felawes þat ben ȝepe,
Boþe Torold & sir Vrri,
On ȝou y trust sikerli;
& wiþ Herhaud schul ȝe go
To kepe mi sone from care & wo.'
& hii answerd sone anon,
'Hastiliche, sir, wil we wiþ him gon.'
Þai weren boþe strong kniȝtes,
[1] altered to *fiȝttes* in MS. Bold and hardi in ich fiȝtes.[1]
C. 485. Gij tok wiþ him what he wold
Boþe of siluer & of gold.

And that it bee for thy mygħte,
And than thou may aske me loue witħ rigħte.
WHANNE GUY herde Felice so speke, [p. 24]
His leue he toke and ganne oute reke;
Of Felice he toke his leue anone,
And to his Fader he gan) gone.
'Sir,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me:
I am) nowe dobbed as ye may see;
Ouer see y woħ fare
To take lawes and pris there.'
Syward his fader answerd his soñe,
'God *gra*unte the weħ ayene to coñe!
Siluer and golde take enowe,
As moche as nedeth for thy prowe;
At thy wille take with the
Hors and harneys and good mayne.'
Sywarde clepetħ heraude to him,
And seide, 'heraude, frende myñ,
Witħ my soñe thou shalt wende
In good stede witħ him to lende.
Thou shalt kepe my soñe Guy
That is yonge knygħt and thy nory,
For he is bot a yongelyng';
I you beteche bothe to heueñ King',
And the heraude for to kepe;
And thy felawes aħ by hepe,
That is Tureld and Vrry,
In you y truste sikirly;
To-gider witħ heraude they shuħ goo,
To kepe my soñes body fro woo.'
'Sir,' quotħ they eu*er*ychon), [p. 25]
'FuH gladly we woH with him goon).'
Knygħtes they were fuH good, y pligħte,
Of aH the contree the best in figħte.
Guy toke of siluer and golde
As moche as he haue wolde.

he must prove his valour.

Guy then asked his father's leave

to fare over sea.

His father gave him three knights,

Herhaud,

Torold, and Urri, as companions.

[leaf 111v. col. 1]
Turnb. p. 25, l. 617.
To þe se þai ben now y-come,
C. 500. & seyled ouer atte frome.
þai comen in-to Normondye,
Knight-schippe þai sechen on heye;
In Ron Gij takeþ his herberwe
Wiþ þe richest man of þe borwe;
Mete & drink þai hadde anouȝ,
Nas þer non þat it wiþ-drouȝ.

Sir Gij his ost cleped him to,
& him bi-gan to frein þo,
& asked him wher þe turnament schuld be,
So mani scheldes þan seye he.
C. 511. His ost seyd, 'sir, wite ȝe nouȝt
Of þis turnament þat is biþouȝt?'
'No,' seyd Gij, 'bi mine wite,
Y no herd þer-of neuer ȝete.'
His ost him answerd snelle,
'Of þat turnament y schal ȝou telle:
It schal be for a maiden of pris,
Þemperours douhter sche is;
A turnament he haþ don grede,
A swiþe michel & vn-rede.
C. 521. Þer nis no kniȝt in Speyne,
Al to þe se of Breteyne,
Þat ouȝt y-told wiþ be,
Þer men schal his miȝt se.
Turnb. p. 26, l. 643. He þat best doþ þat day,
Þer he schal winne þat play.
Of euerich londe þider com kniȝtes,
Þat strong ben & bold in fiȝtes;
For who that is gode & snelle,
As ichaue herd oþer men telle,
Who þat þer be of mest miȝt,
Grete worþschipe he winneþ, apliȝt.

To the see they been coṁe,
And ou*er*e they saille at Froṁe;
Coṁe they been in-to Normandye,
Knyghthode shewyng' by and by.
At .....[1] taketh Guy herborough
With the richest of that borowgh;
Of the best they had enough,
Ne was ther noon) that it with-drough;
For they had enough eu*er*e[2] see,
Golde and siluer grete plentee.
GUYE HIS hoste cleped him to;
Tidinges he asked of him thoo
Where that any torment shuld bee,
So many sheldes ledde sawe he.
'Sir,' quoth his hoste, 'ne wote ye nought
Of a torment that is bethought?'
'Noo,' quoth Guy, 'by Iesu swete,
Therof ne herde y neu*er*e yette.'
'Sir,' quoth his hoste, 'and ye woH duelle,
AH that y wote y shaH you telle:
A maide brighte and of grete pris,
(Of Almaigne the Emp*erour*s Doughter she is)
A turnement she hath doo cryde,
I herde neu*er*e noon) suche on this side;
For there nys knyghte in aH Spaigne, [p. 26]
Anone to the see of Britaigne,
That of armes aught*is* named bee,
Bot there his might men) shaH see.

Of eu*er*y londe thider coṁe knyghtes,
Proude and bolde, and stronge in fighttes,

And they that been) of most mighte,
Grete worship they shaH wynne, aplighte.

With them he departed over sea,
and arrived in Normandy, at Rouen.

[1 *Blank space in MS.*]

[2 read *ouere*?]

Guy questioned his host,
and learned that there was to be a tournament,
in honour of the Emperor's daughter.
The winner of the tournament was to have

For þe maiden y spac of er,
Is þempe*r*ours douhter Reyner;
He schal bring to þe turme*n*t þ*a*t day
(Wele is him þat it winne may)
C. 537. A ger-fauk þat is milke white
(To him nis nowhare his liche),
& a stede of gret bounte
(He no schuld be ȝouen for a cuntre).
& tvai grehou*n*des þat white ben
(Swiche no haþ men nowhar*e* y-sen).
[leaf 111v. col. 2] & who so winneþ þe turnament al
Bi aiþer half, þe priis have schal,
Þe gerfauk & þe gode stede
Boþe he schal haue to mede,
& þe tvay grehoundes þat gode beþ
He schal haue þat þer best deþ,
& þe maiden þat is so fre,
Bot he haue a fairer in his cu*n*tre.'
Turnb. p. 27, l. 669.
C. 549. ¶ When sir Gij herd þat tiding,
Glad he was wiþ-oute*n* lesing;
Sir Gij seyd to his fere,
'In gode time come we here:
To morwe, so sone so it is day,
We wil wenden in our way.'
Sir [Gij] his ost a palfrey ȝaf þo,
For þe tiding he teld him to.
Anon amorwe wel erliche
Þai don hem i*n* her wai sikerliche.

Of rideing wil þai neuer stent
To þai com to þe turnament.
& when þai wer þider y-come,
Þai seye þer mani douȝti gome:
Bi feldes & bi riuers ridinde
Mani a kniȝt þai seye cominde.

For that maide y spake of eer,
Is the Emperours doughter Reyner;
To that *tur*nement he woll bringe that daye
(Well may him bee that it wynne maye)
A Girfauk all swanne white
(Of his better y herde neu*er*e yette)
And an hors of grete bountee
(It is worthe all a contree)
And twoo Greyhoundes that good bee
(Their' better did ye neu*er*e see);
And he that the t*ur*nement ou*er*e-com̄eth all
On eu*er*y behalue, the pris he haue shall,
The White Girfauk and the stede
Bothe he shall haue to his mede
And the Greyhoundes that so good beth̄,
All shall he haue that best doeth̄;
And that maide that is so free,
Bot he haue a lemman' that fairer bee.'

a milk-white falcon,

a steed,

2 white greyhounds,

Whan Guy herde this tyding',
Well gladde he was withoute lesyng';
Than' seide Guy to his feere,
'In good tyme com̄e we here.
To morowe as sone as it is daye, [p. 27]
We woll doo vs on̄ oure weye.'
Guy to his hoste a palfrey yaf
For the tiding*is* that he him tolde hath̄.
On the morowe full tymely
On their' wey thei dresse theim sikirly,
Guy and his feres goode
Baron̄s all of kynde blode.

Guy determined to be present,

and presented his host with a palfrey for his tidings.

Next morning they made their way

Of riding' doth̄ they neu*er*e stent
Till they com̄e to that turnement.
Whan thei thider were com̄e
And[1] sawe there many a semely man̄.
Bothe by Ryuers and by feldes riding'
Many knyghtes they sawe com̄yng'

to the place of the tournament.

[1] read *thei*

& when þai were þider y-come,
To þe turnament þai went al & some;
Out of þe rengge þai gun hem dizt,
Þe barouns þat were of miche mizt.
Þan oxed anon sir Gij
[1] read *houed*? To þe barouns þat oned[1] him bi:
C. 570. 'What is he, þat ich knizt,
Þat out of þe renge haþ him dizt,
Wiþ þo armes brizt & schene?'
Hii answerd anon: 'y wene,
Turnb. p. 28, l. 695. It is a knizt of miche priis,
Douhti he is bi Seyn Deniis;
Out of þe rengge he haþ him dizt,
Ȝif he mizt finden ani knizt
Þat wiþ him wald iusti;
Þer-to he makeþ him redi.'
Oȝaines sir Gij þer come Gayer,
To iuste wiþ him he drouȝ him ner;
He rode to him as a gode knizt,
[2] MS. *aman* He semed a man[2] of miche mizt.

MS. 112r. col. 1. Gaier smot sir Gij bifore
[3] MS. *þescheld* & þurch þe scheld[3] him haþ i-bore;
Þe launce brak, þat was wele wrouȝt,
Þe hauberk was gode & failed nouȝt.
Gij afterward Gaier smot,
To grounde he feld him fot hot,
Þe stede toke bi the reyn,
& lepe vp wiþ gret meyn.
C. 582. Now ginneþ þe turnamint:
Ich smit on oþer wel gode dint;
Þai smiten togider for soþ, y pliȝt,
Eueriche to nim oþer dede his mizt.
Wel mani kniztes Gij wan þat day,
Of þe maistri he wan þat play;

And whan) thei thider aH were coṁe,
To ioustes they wente than fuH soṅe;
Oute of the thrange they gan theim digHte,
The Baroṅs aH of grete migHte.
Than) asked sir Guy
Of a lorde that stode him by:
'Who is nowe that same KnygHt
That oute of the rowe dooth him digHt?'
'I shaH telle the: as y wene,
That same with the armes shene
A KnygHt he is of grete pris,
And y the swere by seynt Denys,
For to iouste he is digHte,
And he may fynde any knygHte
That ayenst him darre iousty:
Therto he maketh him redy.'

Guy asked the name of a knight who rode out to meet him.

WHANNE GUYE sawe coṁyng' was Gayer, [p. 28]
Redy to iouste he drawetH him ner';
Oute of the Rowe he dooth him hye,
WeH he sembled as a knygHte hardye.
They smytteṅ than to geders thoo,
FuH harde strokes they yiuen bothe two.
Gaer smote Guy before,
ThurgHoute the shelde his launce he bore;
The launce to-brake, that was so weH wrougHt:
The hauberk*is* were good and failled nougHt.
And Guy to Gaer thoo he smote,
That to grounde he felled him fote hote;
That hors he taketh by the Reyne
And forthe he wendetH witH meyṅe.
Tho beganne that turnement:
Eche KnygHt on other smote good dent;
Harde they smyte, y the pligHte,
Eche to take other they doo their migHte.
So many knygHt*is* Guy toke that daye
And thurgH his strengtH ou*er*ecome that playe,

It was Gayer: they encounter. Guy throws him, and routs all whom he meets.

So mani helmes he to-drof,
Þat mani man wonderd *þer*-of:
Turnb. p. 29, l. 721. Sat he neuer so wel no so fast,
Þat he no feld him sone on hast.
Þe douke Ot*us* of Pauie
To Gij he hadde envie;
Wiþ him he wald iusti,
It turned hi*m* to vilani.
Þe douke come prikia*n*d on his stede
Þat certeyne was, and gode at nede,
& sir Gij on anoþer al-so;
Gode kniȝtes þai weren bo.
C. 603. Gij þurch þe scholder hi*m* smot,
& feld him to grou*n*de fot hot.
¶ Þe douke Reyner seye þat cas
Of Sessoine: wel modi he was.
He come als swiþe as he miȝt driue,
Gij to smite he heyed bliue,
& seyd to him: '*in* iuel stounde
ȝaf þou þe douke Otous wounde.
To wroþer hele iuste þou wiþ him.
He is mi germain cosyn:
Icham þe douke Reyner þ*at* to þe speke;
Icham y-comen hi*m* to awreke:
Turn þe and iuste wiþ me.'
'Bleþeliche,' quod Gij, 'bi my leute.'
C. 617. Gij hi*m* turned & gan to smite;
He nold spare him bot lite;
Turnb. p. 30, l. 747. He smot þe douke on þe scheld,
þat it fleye in þe feld,
MS. 112r. col. 2. & bar þe douke Reyner saunfeil
Ouer & oue[r] his hors tayl.
Þe stede bi þe reyn he haþ y-nome,
Oȝain to þe douke he is y-come.
'Here is þine hors, y ȝiue it te;
When ichaue nede, aquite it me!'

That euery nan wondred therof:
So many helmes he there aꝧ to-drof.
That daye satte noman there so faste,
Bot that he felled him at the laste.
And the Duke Otes of Pauye
At Guy he had grete enuye;
For pride he wolde wiꝧ him iousty,
And therof hym befelle grete vilanye.

Thurgꝧ the shulder Guy him smote,
To grounde he felle, god it wote.
The Duke Reyner sawe that caas, [p. 29]
And therfore he fuꝧ angry was.
Toward Guy he ganne dryue,
Him to smyte he hieꝧ bylyue
And seide to Guy: 'in euyl stounde
Thou gaue Duke Otes a greuous wounde.
In euyl tyme thou iousted wiꝧ him.
He is my nygꝧe germayne Cousyn:
I am the Duke Reyner that to the speke;
I am com̄e him on the to awreke.'
'I graunte,' quoꝧ Guy, 'so mote y thee.
Withdrawe the anone and iouste wiꝧ me.'
Guy to him beganne to smyte
And did him not spare bot a lite;
An higꝧe he smote him in the shelde,
That downe he felled him in the feelde.

The hors by reyne he haꝧ nom̄e,
And to the Duke therwiꝧ he is com̄e.
'Nowe here thy hors y take the;
Yf y haue nede, yelde it me.'

895 He overthrows Otous, duke of Pavia,

905 and Duke Reyner of Saxony,

925 whose horse he returns to him.

& wele he ȝalt him his while,
As gode kniȝt wiþ-outen gile;
I schal ȝou tel feir & wel
Hou he it ȝald him eu*er*idel.
C. 627. When þe douk O*tus* y-seye þis,
To-ȝaines Gij he come, y-wis:
'Sir kniȝt,' he seyd, 'y prey þe,
[1] MS. *þiname* Tel me þi name[1] and whenne tow be.'
¶ Sir Gij answerd wel freliche,
'Y schal þe tel ful bleþeliche:
Gij of Warwike men clepeþ me;
Ich was y-born in þat cuntre.'
Þe douk Lowayn cam wiþ þis,
A gode spere in his hond, y-wis;
To Gij he smot wiþ gret hete,
& Gij oȝain to him smite:
To-gider so hard gun þai driue,
Þat her speres gan al to-riue.
Turnb. p. 31, l. 773. Þai smiten togider hard & wel
Wiþ her swerdes of grou*n*den stiel
Þurch scheld & hauberk also:
Strong fiȝt was bi-tven hem to.
Wiþ that come Herhaud priking;
Þe douk he met coming,
& of his hors him haþ y-feld
Riȝt long streȝt in þe feld.
Wiþ þat come þe douke Gaudiner,
& mett wiþ sir Torold þer;
Sir Torold smot him on þe scheld,
Þat he feld him in the feld;
He semed kniȝt gode & hardi.
C. 648. Wiþ þat come prikeing sir Urri;
Þan gan þe fiȝt to ben aferd;
Of swiche ne haue ȝe nouȝt y-herd,
No ich it nouȝt telle no miȝt,
For long dueling, y ȝou pliȝt,

And he fuƕ weƕ quytte his while,
As a good knygƕt shuld withoute gile;
Sone ye may here eu*er*y dele
How he him it yelde swithe wele.
Whan the Duke Otes herde this,
Ayenst Guy he cō̃e, ywis:
'Sir Knygƕt, telle thou me
Of whennes thou art and what thy name bee.'
And Guy answerd than boldely,
'I telle the nowe fuƕ truely:
Guy of Warrewik men clepe me; [p. 30]
I was borñe in that Contree.'
The Duke of Louayne cō̃eth witƕ this
And a good spere in his hande, ywis;
To Guy he smote witƕ grete hete,
And he to him and wolde not lete:
Witƕ grete dyntes they to-geder dryueth̄,
That their launces aƕ to-slyuereth̄.
They smyte to-geder harde and wele
Witƕ their swerdes of good steele.
They thirle armes and sheldes also:
Stronge figƕte ther' is betwene theim two.
THANNE Heraude of Arderñ forth̄ gañ sp*r*inge,
And the Duke he mette in his cō̃ynge:
Farre of his hors he hath̄ him felled
Aƕ longestreigƕt in the felde.
To the Duke Gaudemer' than he smote,
And of his hors he felled him fote hote:

Guy fought also with the duke of Louvain,

whom Herhaud unhorsed.

Torold fought with Gaudiner.

Weƕ he dooth̄ as knygƕt hardy.
Witƕ that cō̃eth̄ to him vrry.
Thanne beganne that figƕte witƕ swerde:
Of suche ye ne haue bot seelde herde.

Urri distinguished himself also.

Much valour was displayed,

MS. 112v. col. 1.

No no clerk vnder sonne,
Þat þe soþe 3ou telle conne;
Bot al þe folk of þat cuntre
Seyd þat Gij þe best mi3t be.
& þat oþer day y-same
Sir Gij wan þat ich game;
& þer-fore, on eu*e*rich a side,
On him was leyd al þe pride.

Turnb. p. 32, l. 799.

So opon þe þridde day
C. 660. þe kni3tes tok her leue and went oway.
× ¶ Wiþ þis come þe douk prikeing,
A gode kni3t and wele doing.
'Lordinges,' he seyd, 'herkeneþ to me:
Ichil 3ou telle hou it schal be;
& who so þer-o3ain sey ou3t,
Of bateyl no þarf him feyl nou3t.'
Þai seyden al couinliche,
Þe dome was 3ouen sikerliche;
Þe gerfauk and þe gode stede,
Þe grehoundes schul haue to mede
Gij of Warwike, þe noble kni3t,
For best nov doand in þis fi3t.

Þus þe kni3tes ben departed y-wis;
Sir Gij to jn y-comen is,
& dede him vnarmi:
Of turnament he was weri.
C. 679. ¶ Wiþ þat come a seriant prikeinde,
Gentil he was & wele spekeinde;
To sir Gyes in he is y-come,
& him he gret atte frome:

Bot the folke sey of that contree
That Guye euer the beste is he.
And on morowe for the same
The pris he had of that game.
Guy is preised on eu*er*y side,
And on him is to*ur*ned aH the pride.
And, tho coⁿe the thirde daye,
That eu*er*y maⁿ shulde wende his weye,
There coⁿe the Duke Reyner priking',
That good knygHt was and weH doyng'.
'Lordynges,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me,
Yf y myssey, that it may amended bee.

but by none more than Guy.

On the third day

[p. 31]

This Girfauk and this stede,
Thise Greyhoundes shaH haue to mede
He that theim beste hatH gete
Is Guy of Warrewik, take ye kepe.
And that therto withseitH augHt,
Of bataille ne may he faille naugHt.'
AH they seide coⁿenly,
'Thy doⁿe we g*ra*unte, sikirly.'
Than they cryde as was the lawe
That Guy the p*re*sente3 shuld haue by sothe sawe.
Whan they were aH went,
Guy to his Inne is coⁿe, v*er*ament,
And did him vnarme ligHtly;
For of the t*ur*nement he was wery.
WitH this coⁿeth a sergeant ridyng'
Slie and wise and wele speking';
To Guyes Inne he is coⁿe,
And to Guy he wente rigHt soⁿe.

Guy was declared to have won the prize.

A serjeant

'Thou art y-chesen chef & p*ris*
Of al þis cuntre for soþe y-wis;
For þou hast y-won þis turnam*ent*,
Y make þe here þis present
Turnb. p. 33, l. 825. Fram þe maiden Blancheflour,
þat is mi lordes douhter þemp*er*our:
þe gerfauk & þe stede also,
& þe tvay grehou*n*des þer-to;
& ȝete hir loue wiþ þan,
Bot þou haue a fairer leman.
Sche þat is þe tour wiþ-inne,
To day þou miȝt hir loue wi*n*ne.'
C. 691. Wel curteysliche answerd sir Gij:
'Sir,' he seyd, 'gramerci;
Ich vnder-fong þis present,
& þonke hir þat it hider sent;
MS. 112v. col. 2. Hir druerie ich vnder-fong,
Hir kniȝt to [be] wiþouten wrong.
Leue fere,' he seyd, 'herken to me,
What þat y schal telle þe:
þis armes ichil the ȝiue,
& make riche while þou liue;
& al þine feren þat be wiþ þe
Riche ȝiftes schulle*n* haue*n* of me,
& do ich-il ȝou grete honour
For þat maidens loue Blaunchefloure.'
C. 703. 'Gramerci, sir Gij,' seyd he;
[1] MS. *ynouȝt*. 'For armes come y nouȝt[1] to þe,
Ac to þe maiden ichil wende,
& tel hir boþe ord & ende,
Turnb. p. 34, l. 851. Blau*n*cheflour, þat swete thing,
Ichil hir tel gode tiding.'
C. 709. þe seriant goþ & lete Gij þare,
þat liueþ in ioie and nouȝt in care.

Curteisly Guy he grette :
'Sir Guy,' he seide, 'god the kepe :
Thou art holde the best in this borough
And in all this londe thurgh and thorough.
Thou hast wonne the turnement,
Therfore y bringe to the this present
In the Maidens behalue Blancheflour,
My lordes doughter the Emperour :
This white Girfauk, the stede also, [p. 32]
Thise white Greyhoundes, that good bee bothe two.
Hir loue the she graunteth with all than,
Bot if thou haue a fairer lemman,
Than she that is the toure withynne :
This daie thou may hir loue wynne.'
Full curteisly answerd Guy :
'Of thise presentez moult graunt mercy,
And thanke hir that theim hider sent :
Full gladly y resceiue hir present,
Hir knyght to bee withoute wronge :
I shall hir duely vnderfonge.
My leue frende, nowe vnderstonde me :
Thou shall doo as y sey the.
Thise armes y shall the nowe yiue
And make the riche while thou lyue ;
And all thy felawes that bee with the
Riche yiftes they shull haue of me,
And doo you y shall grete honour
For the Maidens loue Blancheflour.'
'Grant mercy, sir Guy,' seide he ;
'For armes y come not to the,
And right to the maide y shall wende
And telle hir worde and ende,
To Blancheflour, that swete thing,
And telle hir of the good tyding.'
THE YONGE man gooth and Guy lefte there,
That is in ioye and not in kare.

brought it to Guy's lodging

with Blancheflower's love.

Guy

offered rich presents

to the messengers,

but they declined them.

Tvay swaines Gij clepeþ him to,
Anon he seyd to hem bo:
'This present ȝe schullen vnderfong,
& wende þer-wiþ into Inglond,
& present *þer*-wiþ bi mi word
Rohaut, mi kinde lord.'
C. 718. & when þai herd what he hem hete,
In her way þai dede hem skete,
& went þe[r]wiþ in-to Inglond,
& þerl Rohaut þer þai fond.
þe gerfauk and þe gode stede,
þe tvai grehoundes wiþ hem[1] ȝede;
þerl þai made *þer*-wiþ present,
þat sir Gij wan in turnament.
& anon þai him teld
Gij was þe best in þe feld,
& þat he was best y-teld bi
Of al þe kniȝtes of Normandi.

[1] MS. originally *him*.

C. 737. þerl þer-of wel glad he was,
& þonked god of þat gras;
& Felice þe feir dede al-so,
When þe tiding come hir to;
And al his frendes eld and ȝing
Glad were of þat[2] tiding.

Turnb. p. 35, l. 877.

[2] *d* expunged after *þat*.

C. 743. Nov Gij wendeþ in-to fer lond,
More of auentours for to fond;
Forþ he went in-to Speyne,[3]
& after in-to Almeyne.
þer nas noiþ*er* turnament no burdis,
þat Gij þer-of no wan þe priis.
He was out al þat ȝer
In mani londes fer & ner,

MS. 113r. col. 1.

[3] MS. originally *Speyine*.

Two sweynes Guy cleped him to,
To theim he seide and bade also,
That they with that *pre*sentȝ shuld fonde [p. 33]
Assone as they might in-to Englonde
And *pre*sente therwith in his worde
The Erle Rouhaude, his kynde lorde.
Whan they herde what Guy theim bade,
Full redy thei made theim with hert glade.
They wente than in-to Englonde:
At Warrewik the Erle there they fonde.
The White Girfauk and the stede,
The two Greyhoundes that by theim yede,
To the Erle they made their p*re*sent;
And that Guy it wanne at the turnement
All they haue the Erle telde,
And that he was the best in the felde,
And that he was moste sette by
Of all the knyghtis in Normandy,
And that the Emperrour doughter with all than
Hadde him chose to hir lemman.
WHANNE the Erle herde this,
Full gladde he was therof, ywis,
That Guy so moche preised was.
His fader thanked god of that cas:
Felice the faire did also,
Whan the tidinges were tolde hir to.
All his frendes olde and yinge
Were full gladde of that tidinge.
Tho wente Guy in-to farrer londe
Turnementis and ioustes for to fonde.
In Almaigne and in Lombardie,
In Fraunce and in Normandie.
Ther' was noo t*ur*nement, ywis, [p. 34]
Bot he was therat and had the pris.
He was oute more than a yere:
Thurgh all londes men preised him there

Guy sent his prize to Earl Rohaut, the jerfalcon, the steed, and two greyhounds.

The Earl, Felice, and all his friends were glad.

After Guy had thus won renown in many lands,

And best is teld vnder sunne,
& mest frendes haþ y-wonne.

Þan seyd Herhaud to sir Gij
(His maister he was & knigt hardi):
'In-to Inglond we schul nov go,
So wele so we may it do,
For we han ouer al y-be,
Þe p*ris* y-wonne in eu*er*ich cuntre.'
Gij seyd, 'maister, y grant wel;
At þi wil be it eueridel.'
'Now we han ben her & tar,
Þe pris y-wonne eu*er* ay-war;
C. 756. To king Aþelston þou schalt aqueynt þe
Of Inglond þat is so fre,
& wiþ þe barouns also,
So wele þou may it nov do.

Turnb. p. 36, l. 903.

¶ Gij seyd, 'tomorwe, when it is day,
Wende we wil in our way.'
& when þe day is y-come,
In her way þai ben y-nome;
Ouer se þai gan wende
C. 765. In Inglond þai gun lende.
Anon þai com to king Athelston,
Wel fair he hem vnder-fenge anon;
Wiþ erls & barouns aqueynt hi*m* dede
Þat riche ȝiftes him bede.
Nov is Gij to Warwike fare;
Þerl Rohaut he fint þare.
He welcomed him & his fere,
For he was him leue & dere,
& kist him wel sweteliche,
& of his present þonked him miche.

And helde him the best vnder sonne.
Many a good frende he had there wonne.
To [1] ayene he is coṁe
And with his good hooste his Inne noṁe.
'SIR,' QUOTH heraude to Guy
(His maister he was, a Knyght hardy),
'To Englonde nowe woH we goo:
With worship we may it nowe doo;
For we haue ou*er*e aH bee
And the pris wonne in eu*er*y contree.

[1 *Blank space left in MS.*]

Herhaud advised him to return home.

To the kyng thou shaH acqueynte the
Of Englond, that is so free,
And to the Baroñs also
Wel bee-knowen thou shalt the doo.'
'Maister,' he seith, 'y g*ra*unte wele,
After the that it bee eu*er*y dele;
And to-morowe whan it is daye,
We woH forthe on oure weye.'
Guy aroosse on morowe thoo,
And to the see they beeñ goo:
Assone as they migHt, to shippe they wente,
And in-to Englond they coṁe in the lente.
To kyng Athelston Guy is coṁe,
And with him he is aqueynted fuH sone,
With the Erles and Baroñs also,
And fuH riche yiftes they gaue him tho.
To Warrewik than he is fare: [p. 35]
The Erle Rohaude he fonde there,
That faire vnderfonge him and his feere;
For he was him bothe leef and dere.
He kissed him fuH swetely
And of his present thanked him hertly.

and next morning they set off.

In England King Athelstan welcomed him,

so did Earl Rohaut,

To his leman he is y-come,
& euen forþ hir-self sche haþ him nome.

Glad was his fader for him,
Sabin his moder & al his kin,
& al þe folk of þat cuntre
Bliþe were þai miȝt him se.
C. 777. MS. 113r. col. 2. ¶ To Felice þan sir Gij is go; 1115
Sweteliche he seyd hir to:
'Leman,' he seyd, 'wele þou be,
Mi liif ichaue for loue of þe;
Turnb. p. 37, l. 927. Ded ich were ȝif þou nere,
Mi bodi destrud and leyd on bere. 1120
When þou þi wille hadde seyd to me,
Armes y fenge for loue of [þe];
& when ich hadde armes take,
þou seyd þou noldest me for-sake,
þou noldest þi loue werne to me;
& nov ich am her comen to þe:
Dere leman, y prey þe
þi wille þatow tel to me.' 1130
C. 793. Felice answerd swiþe an heye,
'No rape þe nouȝt so, sir Gij;
ȝete nartow nouȝt y-preysed so,
þat me ne may finde oþer mo;
Orped þou art and of grete miȝt, 1135
Gode kniȝt & ardi in fiȝt:
& ȝif ich þe hadde mi loue y-ȝeue,
To welden it while þat y liue,
Sleuþe þe schuld ouercome:
Namore wostow of armes loue, 1140
No comen in turnament no in fiȝt.
So amerous þou were anon riȝt.

To his lemmañ he is weH-coṁe,
And him to kisse she maketh hir bowṅe.
The Erle proferd him siluer and golde,
And noothing therof take he wolde.
FuH gladde is his fader of him
And his moder and aH his kynne,
And aH the folke of that Contree
Were gladde him for to see.
ON A DAYE he is to Felice goo,
And fuH louyngly he seith hir too:
'I am coṁe as thou may see.
My lif y haue, lemmañ, thurgh thee:
Ne were thou, lemmañ, dede y were,
My body destroied and leide on bere.
Armes y toke for loue of the,
Thoo thy wille thou tolde me,
That, whan y had armes take,
Thou woldest not than me for-sake.
And thou hast herde me preised bee
In many astraunge contree:
Thy loue shuld not me bee werned,
For y haue it, me thinketh, ayerned.
Sweting, nowe y am coṁe to the,
Thy wille therof thou telle me.'
FELICE answerd swithe oñ high̃e, [p. 36]
And iaped not with sir Guye:
'Yet art thou not preised so,
Bot y kanne fynde suche other moo.
Stronge thou art and of grete migh̃te,
Good and hardy and kene in figh̃te:
And if y the had my loue yiue,
And wille it the whiles y liue,
Sleuthe wolde the so ou*er*coṁe,
That thou woldest nomore armes doon),
Ne coṁe in *tur*nement nor in figh̃te.
So amerous thou wolde bee anone righ̃te.

Felice,

and his father and mother,

Guy visited Felice,

and reminded her

of her promise.

But Felice protested

that she would not marry him,

Y schuld misdo, so þenkeþ me,
& miche agilt oȝaines te,
& ich þi manschip schuld schone,
Wit[1] me eu*er* more to wone.
C. 807. Turnb. p. 38, l. 955. Gij,' quod Felice, 'forhele y nille,
Ac al þe soþe ichil þe telle:
Þou art me leuest of oþ*er* alle,
For þi 'leman' ichil the calle;
Ac mi loue no schaltow haue
For noþing þatow may craue,
Er þou perles holden be
& best doand in þis cuntre,
Þat nowhar bi lond no w[e]ter
No be founde þi beter;
& when þou art hold best doinde
In armes þat animan mai finde,
Þat vnder heuen þi beter no be,
Mi loue ichil þan grau*n*ti þe.'

[1] *t* over an erasure.

C. 821. MS. 113v. col. 1. When Gij herd Felice speke so,
Wel depe he gan to sike þo:
'Now ichot, þou scornest me:
Swiche answer ichaue of þe,
Þat y schuld be þe best y-teld,
Þat be fiȝtand wiþ spere & scheld.
Swiche no miȝt y neuer werþe
To be þe best on þis erþe[2];
Into oþer cuntres ichil go,
For þi loue to wirche me wo.
For dout of deþ nil y nouȝt fle:
ȝif y dye, it is for þe.'
C. 831. Turnb. p. 39, l. 981. Sir Gij of hir toke his leue,
& kist hir wiþ wepeand eye.

[2] *on þis erþe* on an erasure.

I shuld misdoo, as thinketh̄ me, though
And gretly offende ayenst the.

Guy,' quoth̄ she, 'concele y nelle, he was so dear to her,
Bot aH the sothe y shaH the telle:
Thou art me leeuest of other alle,
And my lemman) y shaH the calle; 1150
Bot my loue thou shalt not haue
For noo thing' that thou kan craue,
Vnto tyme thou so perilous holde bee till he was thought
And best' doyng' in euery Contree,
That neither' by londe nor by water 1155
Bee founde in any wise thy better;
And whan thou art holde best doynge the best knight under heaven.
In armes that man may fynde,
That vnder heuen) thy better ne bee,
My loue than y shaH *grau*nte the, 1160
For to doo with me thi wille
Eerly and late, loude and stille.
In other wise, how so it goo, [p. 37]
My loue ne shaH thou haue ell*is* neu*er*e the moo.'
WHANNE Guy herde Felice speke so, 1165
FuH depe he ganne sigh̄e tho: Guy felt inclined to despair,
'Now wote y weH, thou skornest me,
Whan y suche answer haue of the,
That y shuld the best bee in felde
In figh̄ting' with̄ spere and shelde; 1170
And so good migh̄t y neu*er*e worthe
To bee the best vpon̄ the erthe;
And in-to straunge londe wende y shaH, but determined to go abroad again to risk new perils.
For thy loue to werke woo ou*er*e aH.
For doubte of deth̄ y woH not flee: 1175
If y dye, it is for the.'
Guy of hir toke his leeue on hie, He took leave of her,
And kissed hir with weping yie.

Unto his in he goþ snelle;
Þer nil he no lenger duelle.
To Þerl he wil gon,
& tak his leue sone anon.
C. 835. Gij him com to court Þore,
& aliȝt atte halle dore;
& to Þerl he went Þo,
& schewed him wat he wald do.
'Sir erl,' quod Gij, 'y bid Þe,
Leue to wende ȝif Þou me.
Ouer Þe se ichil now wende;
God to gode hauen me sende!
Time it is Þat ich fond
To winne priis *in* vncouþe lond;
Al Þe glader ȝe mow be
ȝif we of armes preised be.
& ȝif Þou hast folk of grete miȝt,
It is te gret worÞschip, y pliȝt,
For al Þe more men schal Þe dout
Wiþ-in Þi lond & eke wiþ-out.'
C. 847. ¶ 'Sir Gij,' quod Þerl Þo,
'Faileþ Þe out Þat y mai do?
Gold oÞer siluer, oÞer heye stede?
To passe Þe se hastow no nede.
Turnb. p. 40, l. 1007. Sir Gij,' he seyd, 'lete ben al Þis,
Anouȝ Þe worÞ Þat Þe nede is;
& to pleyn vnder Þe linde,
Þe hert to chacen and Þe hinde:
Of al Þinges Þou schalt haue plente.
Bileue at hom, sir Gi, wiþ me.
MS. 113v. col. 2. We schul wende boÞe y-fere
To play bi wode & bi riuer;
Al bi times Þou miȝt wende;
[1] Þende added over the line. ȝete no hastow ben here a moneÞ to Þende[1].'
¶ 'Miche Þank, sir,' quod Gij Þo;
'For soÞe so no may [y] nouȝt do.'

To his Inne he gooth̄, as y you telle,
And there he doth̄ not longe duelle.
To the Erle he gan) goon)
To take of him his leeue anoon).
Nowe is Guy to Courte com̄e
To take his leeue aH and som̄e.
To the Erle Rohaude he yede thoo,
And tolde him) what he wolde doo.
'Sir Erle,' quoth̄ Guy, 'y pray the,
Leeue to wende that thou yiue me.
God to good hauen) me sende:
Ouer the see y shaH wende.
Tyme it is that y fonde
To wynne pris in straunge londe;
For aH the gladder ye may bee [p. 38]
That men) of armes doo preise me;
For if ye haue folke of grete migh̄te,
It is to you worship, y you migh̄te;
For the more men woH the doubte
Within thy londe and withoute.'
'SIR GUY,' quoth̄ the Erle tho,
'Failleth̄ the augh̄t that y may doo,
Golde or siluer or migh̄e stede,
To passe the see yf thou haue nede?
Sir Guy, lete bee aH this,
And thou shalt haue aH that nedefuH is,
To chase the herte and the hynde,
And to pley vnder the wode lynde:
Of aH thinge thou shalt haue plentee,
And abide at hom̄e, y bidde the.
We shuH wende bothe in feere
And pleye vs in wode and by Ryueer.
AH by tymes thou may ou*er*e wende:
Thou hast not soio*ur*ned a moneth̄ to the ende.'
'Mikel thanke,' quoth̄ Guy tho;
'For sothe so may it not goo.'

and of Earl Rohaut,

asking his leave again.

The Earl tried hard

to persuade Guy to remain at home,

but unsuccessfully.

His leue he toke wiþ-outen more;
þerl it of-þouȝt swiþe sore.
C. 865. He goþ him to his fader þo,
þat for his wending was ful wo:
'Gon, fader,' quod he, 'ich-ille;
For noþing leten y nille;
ȝif me leue, icham al ȝare
Ouer þe se for to fare,
To winne p*ris* and los al-so,
So ȝong man schal i*n* ȝouþe do.
Long to bileuen in þis cunt[r]e
Nis it nouȝt worþ for me;
For ȝong man þat is miȝti
In his ȝouþe schal fondi,
Turnb. p. 41, l. 1033. So þat men may hi*m* i*n* erþe preyse,
And in eld liue in mirþe & ayse.
þer-whiles icham ȝong & liȝt,
Los ichil winne bi mi miȝt.'
C. 879. 'Leue sone,' he seyd, 'leue þ*at* þouȝt:
Bi mi wil schaltow wende nouȝt.
þou schalt bileue here wiþ me;
Al þe bliþer we wille be.'
'Leue sone,' his moder hi*m* sede,
'þou do bi þi faders rede:
Soiourne wiþ ous to ȝer mo,
Y rede þe, sone, þat it be so.
Anoþer ȝer þou miȝt ou*er* fare.
Bot þou bileue, y dye for care,
For we ne haue sonis no mo:
ȝif we þe schul now for-go,
Glad no worþ we neuer mo,
[1] *o* of *ous* all but illegible. For sorwe schul ous[1] selue slo.'
¶ Gij answerd wiþ þat speche,
'Fader, god y þe biteche,
& mi leue moder al-so;
For hastiliche ichil nov go.'

His leeue he toke withoute more;
The erle it forthoughte full sore.
He gooth him to his fader thoo,
That for his goyng was full woo:
'Fader,' quoth Guy, 'goo y wille:
For noo thing y woll lette by skille;
Yiue me leeue, y woll not spare
Ouer the See for to fare,
To wynne pris and losse also, [p. 39]
As a yonge mañ in his youghte shuld doo.
To abide longe in this contree
It is not worthe noo thing to me;
For a yonge mañ that is mighti
In his youthe shuld make bowne and redy,
So that in age he may bee preised,
And so to honour to bee arreised.
Whiles that y am yonge and lighte,
My name y shall encrese by my mighte.'

He bade farewell also to his parents.

'Leef soñe,' he seide, 'lete bee that thoughte:
Yet shall thou wende noughte.
Thou shalt abide here with me;
All the gladder y may bee.'
'Leef soñe,' his moder him seide,
'Doo by thy faders rede:
Abide with vs here to yere mo,
I rede the, soñe, thou so doo.
Another yere thou may ou*er*e fare.
And bot thou doo thus, y dye for care,
For we ne haue soñes moo:
And yf we shuld nowe the forgoo,
Gladde ne shuld we neu*er*e bee,
Bot for sorowe oure self slee.'
Guy answerd with that speche,
'Fader, god y you beteche,
And my moder y doo also;
For hastely y woll goo.'

His father,

and mother, both

tried to dissuade him,

without success.

C. 899. Gij forþ goþ, & þai bileue þare,
þat for hym hadde miche care.
MS. 114r. col. 1. To þe se he is y-come,
Gode winde he haþ atte frome.
Turnb. p. 42, l. 1059. Y-comen he is in-to Normundye,
Kniȝtschip he schewed on hye.
þennes he went in-to Speyne;
Nis turnament non *in*-to Almeyne,
þat Gij no haþ þer-at y-be,
& michel y-preised so is he.
þennes to Lombardye he went;
þer ben þe iustes & þe turnament,
þer he dede him preyse miche,
þe Lombardes hi*m* loued inliche;
He was large, curteys, & fre:
C. 918. Of miche miȝt so was he.
Of an vnsele y may ȝou telle,
[1] MS. *astounde* & ȝe wil a stounde[1] duelle:
As he cam fram a turnament
þat was biside Bonevent,
In þe bodi wou*n*ded he was:
[2] The second *e* of *greued* over the line.
[3] MS. *of toun.* þat sore hi*m* greued[2] no wonder it nas.
¶ þan bithouȝt hi*m* þe douk Otoun,[3]
þat vnwrast was, & feloun,
þat he wald ben awreke þ*a*t day
Of Gij of Warwike, ȝif he may;
For he him wounded in a turnamen*t*,
As ichaue herd telle verrament;
þer-fore Gij him was swiþe loþ,
& wel depe he swore his oþ
Turnb. p. 43, l. 1085. þat he of him awreke wald be
Er þan he wende out of þ*a*t cuntre.
C. 927. When þe douke Ot*u*s y-seye þat cas,
þat Gij so sore wou*n*ded was,
þerl Lambard he cleped to him
(A kniȝt he was stout & grim),

Guy gooth̄ forth̄ and theim̄ lefte there,
That for him in grete sorowe were.
To the see he is com̄e, [p. 40] Guy crossed the sea again,
Good wynde he hath̄ nom̄e.
Com̄e he is in-to Normandye, 1255 showed his prowess in Normandy,
Knyght̄hode he secheth̄ fulh̄ hastily.
Fro thense he wente him in-to Ispaigne Spain,
And so fro thense in-to Almaigne. Germany,
At eu*er*y turnement Guy hath̄ bee,
And moche preised ou*er*e alh̄ is he. 1260
Fro thense to lombardie he is wente: and Lombardy,
Ther' were ioustes and t*ur*nemente,
There they did him preise myche, winning much love and praise.
The lombardes him loued in-liche;
For he was curteys, large and free, 1265
And of moche migh̄t and grete bountee.
Nowe of a straunge case y shalh̄ you telle,
Ye that wolh̄ a while duelle,
That Guy befelh̄ com̄yng' fro a t*ur*nement But at a tournament near
That was withoute Boneuent: 1270 Benevento,
In the body he wounded was: Guy was wounded.
Sore it him greued, noo wonder nas.
That aspied welh̄ the Duke Otoun), Duke Otoun,
That was vntruste and feloun),
That he wolde bee a-wreke that daie 1275
On Guy of Warrewik, if he maye;
For he him wounded at a to*ur*nement,
As y before tolde v*er*raiment;
Therfor' Guy was yet[1] him lothe, who hated Guy,
And fulh̄ depe he swore his othe 1280 [1] *was* struck out after *yet*.
That he wolde on him wroken) bee
Or he wente oute of that contree.
Whanne Duke Otes wiste that caas, [p. 41] saw his chance
That Guy so sore wounded was,
Than the Erle Lambard he clepid him to, 1285 and called Earl Lambard
That good knygh̄t was, and bade him goo

[1] looks like *ʒtene*

& fiftene[1] kniȝtes in his compeynie,
Þat were strong men and hardie.
On a dern stede he dede hem hide,
Þer as Gij schuld cum ride;
C. 935. 'Lordinges,' Þan seyd Þe douk Otoun,[2]
[2] *of toun* MS. 'Under-stond to mi resoun:
Mine men ȝe beÞ & to me swore,
Omage ȝe schul me Þer-fore.
Mine hest ȝe schul ful-fille,
Þat ich ȝou bid, wiÞ gode wille.
MS. 114v. col. 2. Me to wreken ȝe schul go
Of a treytour Þat is mi fo,
Þat is y-comen vp mi lond
(Wer he Þenkeþ to bring me an hond),
Gij of Warwike Þat wounded is
WiÞ a swerd Þurch Þe bodi y-wis.
On Þe halidom ȝe schul me sweri:
In Þe forest of Pleyns Þat is so miri,
[3] *&* Þer MS. Þer[3] ȝe schul ȝou al hide,
Þer Gij of Warwike schal cum ride:
Turnb. p. 44, l. 1111. His bodi oliue ȝe schul me bring,
And slen his feren eld & ȝing.
Y schal him in mi prisoun do;
Out no comeÞ he neuer mo.
[4] *and wo* indistinct, but perfectly certain. WiÞ sorwe and wo[4] he schal Þer ende:
C. 956. Þennes no schal he neuer wende.'
'Sir,' Þai seyd, 'we schul go,
& al Þine hest we schul do.'
Þai dede hem arme swiÞe wel
BoÞe in iren & in stiel;
Vnto Þe pas Þai wenten snelle,
& Þer Þai houed swiÞe stille,
As Gij schuld cum sone.
No wist he nouȝt of Þat tresone,
No of Þat sorwe neuer the mo,
Þat him was comand to;

Witħ .xv. knygħtes stalworthe, and 15 knights,
That eu*er*icħ was his armes worthe.
In a priue stede he did him hyde,
Ther' Guye of Warrewik shuld cōme ride.
'Lordinges,' seide the Duke Otoun),
'Vnderstonde, sires, to my Reesoun):
My men) ye bee aħ to me swore,
Holde ye shuħ with me therfore.
Myn̄ heste doo ye shaħ,
That y to you now telle woħ.
Me to awreke ye shuħ goo
On a trayto*ur* that is my foo,
That is cōme in-to my londe
(Werre he me thinketħ to werke witħ honde),
Guy of Warrewik that wounded is
With a swerde thurgħ the body ywis.
On the halidōme ye shuħ swere
That in the forest that is fuħ neere, to lie in ambush
There ye shuħ you aħ huyde:
As Guy of Warrewik shaħ cōme ride, for Guy,
His body on lyue ye shaħ me bringe, slay his followers,
Slee his felawes olde and yinge.
I shaħ him doo in my prison); and bring Guy alive.
Ne shaħ he neu*er*e cōme to Raumpson).
Witħ sorowe and woo he shaħ ende:
Ne shaħ he neu*er*e thense wende.'
'Sir,' quotħ they, 'we woħ goo, [p. 42]
Aħ thy co*mm*aundement for to doo.'
They doo theim arme swithe wele
Bothe in yren̄ and in stele.
To their' place they wende snelle, They lay in ambush
And houed there softe and stille,
As Guy of Warrewik shuld cōme
Not knowyng' of that wicked treason), for the unsuspecting Guy,
Ne of the sorowe neu*er*e the moo,
That him was cōmyng' to;

For al his felawes þat gode were,
Al he for-les hem þere;
& his owhen liif he hadde for-lore,
No hadde goddes help ben bifore,
Þurch þe traitours þat were her fon,
C. 964. Þat kept hem þere for to slon.
Noẘ comeþ Gij soft rideing
Opon a mulet ambling.
His wounde him greueþ swiþe sore,
& smert him euer þe lenger þe more.
Turnb. p. 45, l. 1137. In pais he wende for to wende,
Ac þe traitours Lombardes vnhende,
Þe helmes þai seyen briȝt schine,
Þe stedes nyen, and togider whine.
'God,' quod Gij, 'we ben y-nome!
Al we be ded þurch tresone.'
Sir Gij of þat mulet aliȝt,
X & asked his stede, his armes briȝt,
MS. 114v. col. 1. & seyd to his felawes snelle,
'Dere we schul our deþ[1] selle.
Our deþ is now al bispeke,
Bot we ous manliche awreke;
Ich kepe him selue, seþþe it so is,
& ichil, while y liue, y-wis:
So dere so y may, ich wille
To þe treytours mi liif selle.'
C. 985. ¶ 'Sir,' seyd Herhaud þo,
'For godes loue hennes þou go.
For þine loue we schul her dye,
& defende þis pas, y seye:
Leuer ous were her-on be ded,
Þan þou wer ded in our ferred.'
¶ Þan answerd Gij anon riȝt,
As gode kniȝt & ful of miȝt:
[2] *Ichil* MS. 'ȝif ȝe dye, ichil[2] al-so;
Nil ich neuer fram ȝou go!'

[1] looks like *ded* with the second *d* erased.

For aⱡ his felawes that good were,
Eu*er*ychoon) he loste thaⁿ there,
And his owne lif had forlore,
Ne were godd*is* helpe before,
Thurgⱨ the traito*ur*s that were his foon),
That kepte him for to slee anoon).

Now coⁿeth Guy softe ridingⁱ
Vpon) a liteⱡ mule amblingⁱ.
His wounde greued him fuⱡ sore,
And eu*er*e the lenger smerted the more.
In pees he wened for to wende,
As the traitours were redy him to shende.
The helmes they sawe brigⱨte shyne,
And anone after befelle theim pyne.
'Allas,' quoth Guy, 'y am noⁿe!
Aⱡ we beenⁱ dede thurgⱨ treasouⁿe.'
Guy of that Mule aligⱨte,
And on his stede lepte, and ganⁱ his armes rigⱨte,
And seide to his felawes aⱡ:
'Fuⱡ deere oure liff*is* we selle shaⱡ.
Oure detⱨ is here as nowe, y speke,
Bot we manly vs awreke.
Eche helpe him self, nowe it thus is,
And y shaⱡ doo what y may ywis:
As dere as y may, y wolle
To the traito*ur*s lombardes my lif selle.'
Than seide heraude thoo:
'For godd*is* loue hense thou goo.
For thy loue we woⱡ dye,
Or defende this passage trulye.'

who came riding on a mule,

suffering much from his wound.

Seeing their hostile array,

he suspected treason,

armed himself,

[p. 43]

and exhorted his companions

to sell their lives dearly.

Herhaud conjured him to consult his own safety and leave them,

Than Guy answerd anone rigⱨt,
As a good knygⱨt of mikeⱡ migⱨt:
'Yf ye deye, y shaⱡ also;
I woⱡ neu*er*e fro you goo.'

but Guy would not flinch

C. 997. Wiþ þat come a Lombard ride,
Turnb. p. 46, l. 1163. A modi man & ful of pride.
'Gij,' quod he, 'ȝeld þe anon!
Ȝe ben ded now euerichon;
To þe douke we han trewþe pliȝt
To bring him þi bodi þis niȝt.'
With þat ich word wel smert
Gij him smot vn-to þe hert;
No spard he for no drede,
þat ded he feld him *in* þe mede.
'Bi þe trewþe y schal mi leman ȝeld,
To day no schaltow þi trewþe held!'
Anoþer Lombard he smot anon,
þurch þe bodi þe swerd gan gon:
'No þou, treytour, no schalt me lede
To þe douke that is ful of qued;
To his presoun no worþ y for þe brouȝt.'
Herhaud smot anoþer and spared nouȝt
þurch þe bodi his swerd glod,
Ded he fel wiþ-outen abod.
C. 1015. ¶ þan com Torald, a gode kniȝt,
Swiþe gode & hardi in fiȝt;
Wiþ a Lombard þer he mett,
& so wele his strok he sett
þat his heued fram þe bodi flei;
He ȝede him laweliche neye.
Turnb. p. 47, l. 1189. Wiþ þat come Urri prikeinde
MS. 114v. col. 2. (A better kniȝt no miȝt man finde),
A Lombard he smot þo,
þat þurch his bodi þe swerd gan go;
So he smot him, for soþ to say,
þat ded he feld him in þe way.
Seþþe he seyd, 'þurch no toun
Schal ȝe ous lede to no prisoun.
Than miȝt men se[1] fiȝt aginne,
Heuedes cleue vnto þe chinne.

[1] *fi* expunged before *se*.

With that cõme a Lombard ride, — A Lombard who called upon
As a man of grete pride.
'Guy,' quoth he, 'yelde the anone, — Guy to surrender,
Or ye bee dede eu*er*ychone.
To the Duke Otes y haue the plight̃e,
Thy body to bringe him anone right̃e.'
The Lombard was hote withoute lette, — was instantly slain by him,
And Guy him hath̃ with̃ harme grette;
He ne spared for noo drede,
That deed he felled him in the mede.
'By the trouth̃,' quoth̃ Guy, 'that y shaH̃ my le*m*man yelde,
Thou shalt not thy trouth̃ to the Duke holde.'
To another lombarde he smote anone, — and so was another.
That thurgh̃ the body his swerde gañ gooñe:
'Nor thou, traito*ur*, thou ne shaH̃ me lede
To thy Duke that is so fuH̃ of quede,
Nor to his prisoun) for the bee brough̃te.' [p. 44]
Heraude smote to another and spared nough̃te, — Herhaud,
That thurgh̃ the swerde glode:
Deed he felled him withoute bode.
Than) coñe Toraude, a good knygh̃te: — Torald,
Swithe good he was in figh̃te.
With̃ a lombarde he so mette,
And so weH̃ he his stroke besette,
That the heed fro the body fleighe:
He smote his shuldres alowe so neigh̃e.
With̃ that coñe Vrry priking — and Urri
(A better knygh̃t migh̃t noman fynde),
To a lombarde he smote so,
That thurgh̃ the body his swerde gan goo: — all slew their men.
So he smote him, the sothe to sey,
That deed he felled him in the wey;
And than) he seide: 'thou ne Otoun)
Ne shaH̃ vs bringe in-to yo*ur* prison).'
There migh̃t men) see figh̃te begynne, — Fierce was the fight.
Hedes clouen̄ downe to the chynne.

Euerich þat day þat Gij oftoke,
Sone anon his liif forsoke.
Sum he smot opon þe hode,
At þe girdel þe swerd astode ;
And sum he smot þurch þe side,
Þat miȝt he neuer go no ride.
Was þer non that miȝt astond
Dint þat come of Gyes hond.
So miȝti strokes *þer* wer ȝiuen,
Þat strong schaftes al to-driuen ;[1]
No was þer non *in* þat ferrede
Þat of his liif him miȝt adrede.

C. 1033. ¶ Wiþ þat come ride þerl Lambard,
A sterne kniȝt and a Lombard ;
Vrri anon he slouȝ þar,
It oþouȝt Gij þo he was war ;
Wiþ þerl Lambard he wald iusti,
& awreke þe gode Vrri.
Wiþ swiche hete he smot him to,
His armour no was him worþ a slo ;
Þurch out his hert þe lau*n*ce he bar,
Adoun he feld hi*m* ded riȝt þar.
Wiþ þat him come forþ Hougoun,
Þat was þe doukes neve Otoun :
A kniȝt he was of gret miȝt,
Swiþe gode & hardi in fiȝt.
Torald[2] he haþ aqueld ;
Herhaud anon þat biheld.
When Herhaud[3] y-seye þis,
Þat he doun fel & ded he is,
For his deþ he was sori :
Him to awreke he haþ gret hy.
Neuer ȝete so sori he no was,
To-ward Hugoun he made a ras,
Als a lyoun he heyed him fast,
Þat his prey wold haue on hast.

[1] MS. *alto driuen*

Turnb. p. 48, l. 1215.

[2] *torlard* MS.

[3] *her herhaud* MS.

MS. 115r. col. 1.

AH that Guy with his swerde toke,
Sone anone his lif forsoke.
Som̄e he smote vpon the hode,
That at the girdelstede the swerde abode;
Som̄e he smote thurgh the side,
That they ne might neu*er*e more goo nor ryde.
Was there noon that might stonde
The dynte that com̄e oute of his honde.
So mighti strokes ther were yiue,
That the stronge shaftes aH to-dryue.
There was noon in that stede [p. 45]
Bot of his lif he was adredde.
With that com̄e ride the Erle Lambard,
A sterne knyght and a Lombard;
Vrry he hath sleyne there,
That forthoughte Guy whan he therof was ware:
With the Erle lambard he did iousty,
To awreke the deth of good Vrry.
With suche an hete he smote him to,
That aH his armes auailled him not a sloo;
Thurgh his herte the launce he bare,
And adown he felled him dede there.
With that com̄eth forth hugon,
He was the Dukes Nieue Otoun:
Knyght he was of grete mighte,
Swithe hardy and good in fighte.
Toraude there he hath felled,
And to deth stiked him thurgh his sheelde.
And whan heraude saw that cas,
That Toraulde so foule sleyne was,
For his deth he was sorye:
Him to awreke he doth him hye.
Neu*er*e so sory he was,
Toward hugon he made a chas.

Guy's dints were heavy.

But Earl Lambard

slew Urri,

but was at once

slain by Guy.

Hugoun, nephew of Otoun,

slew Torald,

but was in revenge

Þurch þe body he him smot
Wiþ gret strengþe, god ytot,
Þat biforn þe Lombardes alle
Of his hors ded he gan falle.
C. 1053. ¶ When dan Gauter þat y-seye,
To Herhaud he stert wel an heye,
Turnb. p. 49, l. 1241. And wiþ his swerd he smot him so
Þat his hauberk rent ato ;
Þurch his bodi þat swerd ȝede,
Al þai wende þat he wer ded.
¶ When Gij seye Herhaud y-feld,
To-hewen his hauberk & his scheld
(& of his hors feld he was,
As ded man lay on þe gras ;
He seye þe blod þat cam him fro),
Wonder him þouȝt, & seyd þo :
'Þou lording, to þe y sigge,
His deþ þou schalt wel sore abigge !
So mot ich eu*er* word speke,
Mi maisters deþ ichil awreke,
& for a couward ich held þe :
Þou slouȝ him, & lete me be.
Bi him þat made sonne & mone,
[1] MS. *sonne*. Þou schalt it wite swiþe sone,[1]
Þat tow schalt it biȝelp nouȝt
Þ*a*t he is to deþ y-brouȝt.'
¶ Gij wiþ spors smot þe stede,
As a man þat hadde nede,
Þat fire vnder þe fet aros ;
Nas þer non þat him agros.
Wiþ al his miȝt he smot him to,
Wel euen he clef his scheld þo,
Turnb. p. 50, l. 1267. Þurch his bodi þe swerd he þriste :
Þo at arst fiȝt him liste.
In þe sond he feld him doun,
& bede him Cristes malisoun,

Thurgħ the body he him smote
Witħ so grete strengtħ, god it wote,
That there before the Lombardes aħ
Of his hors he did him dede faħ.
Whan) Danz Gauter that sigħe
(A knygħt he was of herte higħe),
Ouere thwert[1] he smote to Heraude so [p. 46]
That aħ his hauberk he rende thoo;
Thurgħ heraudes body the swerde yede,
Aħ they wende he had bee dede.
Whan Guy sawe heraude felde,
To-hewe his hauberk and his shelde
(And of his hors felled he was
As a dede man vpoñ the gras),
And sawe the blode that ranne him fro,
Wonder he thoughte, and seide thoo:
'Thou lordyng, to the y seye,
His detħ thou shalt fuħ dere abeye!

smitten down by Herhaud.

Don Gauter

[1] MS. *thewert*.

struck down Herhaud.

Guy seeing this disaster

swore revenge,

And by him that made soñe and mone,
Thou shalt wite swithe sone
That thou shalt it forgete noughte
That thou him hast to detħ broughte.'
Guy witħ spores smote his stede,
As a man) that had grete nede.

fought like a madman,

Than witħ aħ his mighte he smote him to,
Fuħ euen he karffe his herte in two.

and slew Don Gauter.

And ther' in grene he felled him downe,
And bade him Cristes malesoune,

For þat he wald Herhaud slen,
And lete him oliues ben.
C. 1067. ¶ Now is Gij[1] wel hard bifalle,
[1] MS. repeats *is gij*, but the second *is gij* is underdotted.
Y-lorn he haþ his felawes alle ;
So sori he is, he not what to do,
He no haþ no wiȝt to bimen him to.
MS. 115r. col. 2. Bot þre Lombard[es] oliue *þer* nere,
Opon Gij hastiliche þai were ;
Þe tvay ben hole & sounde,
Þe þridde hadde þurch þe bodi a wou*n*de.
¶ Gij þat on wiþ his swerd rauȝt,
His heued of fleye wiþ þ*at* drauȝt.
Þan com prikeing dan Gwissard,
A duhtti kniȝt and no couward.
C. 1077. ¶ 'Gij,' quod he, 'ȝeld now þe !
It no may no no*þer* be :
On þe erþe liþe þi scheld to-dreued,
Nouȝt o pece is wiþ o*þer* bileued,
[2] MS. *alto hewe*. & þine helme is al to-hewe,[2]
Þine hauberk to-rent þ*at* was newe ;
& wounded þou art, þou miȝt well se,
Long miȝt tow nouȝt oliues be.
Turnb. p. 51, l. 1293. To day ichil ȝeld þe to þe douk Otoun,
& he þe schal do in his prisoun.
C. 1089. Þan seyd Gij, 'Gwichard, y nille :
To ȝeld me to þe is nouȝt mi wille,
Þer-whiles ichaue mi swerd y-grou*n*de,
& mi bodi wiþouten wounde.'
Gwichard smot Gij wiþ michel miȝt
Opon þe helme þat schon so briȝt,
Þat a quarter out fleye ;
Þe kniȝt was boþe queynt & sleye.
Opon his scholder þat swerd glod,
Of his hauberk it tok a pece brod ;
God saued Gij þat he nas ded,
No for þat dint hadde no qued.

For that he did heraude slee,
And lete him on lyue bee.
Nowe is Guy fuƕ harde befalle,
Loste he hatƕ his felawes alle;
So sory he is, he ne wote what to doo,
And he[1] wotetƕ to whom he may bemene hym to.

[1] *ne?*

Bot three of the Lombardes on lyue ther' were,
That vpon) Guy thoughte grete deere.
Tweyn) of theim were hoole and sounde, [p. 47]
The thridde thurgƕ the body had a wounde.
Guy witƕ his swerde that oon raughte,
That his hede fleighe of witƕ a draughte.
Witƕ that com̃e priking' Dañ Guychard,
He was a fuƕ proude Lombarde.
'Guy,' he seide, 'yelde the to me!
Thou seest it woƕ noon) other bee.
Aƕ thy meñ fro the been) refte:
Sauf thy self is noon) lefte,
And thyn) helme is aƕ to-hewe,
Thyn) hauberk to-tore that was newe;
Wounded thou art, weƕ y see,
That longe thou maist not alyue bee.
This daie y shaƕ the bringe to Duke Otoun),
And he the shaƕ doo in his prisoun).'
Than seide Guy, 'Guychard, y nelle
Yelde me to Otes by my wille,
While y haue my swerde grounde
And my body stiffe to sitte astounde.'
Guychard smote Guy witƕ grete mighte
Vpon) his helme that shone brighte,
That a quarter awey fleighe;
The knyghte was stronge, hardy, and sleighe.
Vpoñ the shoulder the swerde glode,
Of the hauberk he toke an handbrode;
God saued Guy that he was not dede,
Ne for that stroke had noo quede.

Three Lombards attack him at once.

Don Gwichard

summoned him to surrender,

and on his refusal

dealt him a terrible blow.

God saved Guy then!

C. 1103. When Gij seye him so smite,[1]
He was wroþ, ȝe may wele wite;
Gwichard he wald fond to smite
Wiþ his swerd þat wold wele bite;
To him he smot swiþe smert
þurch þe bodi ful ney þe[2] hert:
þat gode swerd þurchim þrang,
Gwichard wald abide nouȝt lang;
He turned his stede & gan to fle,
& Gij after him, bi mi leute.
Gode was þe hors þat Gwichard rod on,
& so fast his stede gan gon,
Turnb. p. 52, l. 1319. þat Gij miȝt him nouȝt atake,
þer-fore he gan sorwe make.
MS. 115v. col. 1. Gwichard fleye in his way
Toward Paui, so swiþe he may.
C. 1115. þe douk Otous fram hunting com,
& with him erles mani on;
A kniȝt he seye cum prikeing,
His armes to-rent, his woundes bledeing.
þe douk Otous duelled aþrowe,
What he hadde Gwichard y-knowe:
Wele he semed man aferd,
þat hard tiding hadde y-herd.
Wiþ þat is Gwichard to him come;
þe douke him oxed atte frome,
'Gwichard, who haþ wretþed þe,
& where hastow in bateyle be?
¶ Where is Gij? is he nome?
Liues or deþ[es] do him come.'
C. 1127. 'Ichil ȝou sigge sikerly
So michel so y wot of Gij:
At a ford we him mett,
& strongliche we him bisett,
Bot his bodi no nom we nouȝt,
Ac al to deþ we ben y-brouȝt;

[1] The *i* of *smite* added over the line.

[2] MS. *ney þe þe.*

To Guychard he fondeth to smyte,
And his swerde woll aughte byte.

To him he striketh swithe smerte [p. 48] He routed Gwichard,
Thurgh the body well nyghe the herte:
That good swerde in he thurste, wounded him sore,
Guychard to abide noo lenger had luste,
Bot to*ur*ned his hors and gan to flee,
And Guy after him faste rode he.
Good was that hors that Guychard rode on, and sent him flying
Guy wente ayene and lete him goon:
For that he ne might him ou*er*e-take,
Full grete sorowe Guy gan make.
GUYCHARD fleying toke his wey
Toward Pauy, as swithe as he may. toward Pavia.
The Duke Otes fro huntyng com̄e, Duke Otous, returning from hunting,
And with him Baroñs and knyght*is* many ooñe.
A knyght he sawe com̄e priking
With armes rende, his wounde*s* bledyng.
The Duke Otes duelled athrowe, recognized Gwichard,
Tyll Guychard he might knowe:
Him thoughte he semed a man aferde,
Or that harde tidynges had herde.
With that is Guychard to theim com̄e;
The Duke him asked full sone, and asked
'Sey, Guychard, who hath wrathed the?
Where hast thou in bataille bee?
Where is Guy? is he nom̄e? if Guy were taken.
Quykke or dede lete him to me com̄e.'
'I shall you telle sikirly
As moche as y wote of Guy:
At a Forde we him mette,
And strongly we him) besette,
And his body ne toke we nought: [p. 49] Gwichard related their disasters.
All we been to deth brought;

Bot icham passed as ȝe may se.'
'Mi nevou Hougou*n*, whar is he?'
Turnb. p. 53, l. 1345. Quod þe douk Otous, 'tel me raþe.'
'Sir, in þe sond he liþe, & þ*at* is scaþe.'
'& þerl Lambard, þat gode kniȝt?'
'Ded he liþe in þat fiȝt.'
When douk Ot*us* hęrd þat,
Sori he was & no-þing glad:
Þat he haþ his folk for-lore,
Sorweful man he was þ*er*fore.
Neyȝe his hert brast for mode,
[1] MS. *For sorwe &.* & for sorwe[1] ȝede ner wode,
When he wist his folk y-slawe,
[2] MS. *oliue.* & þurch him brouȝt o liue[2] dawe.
C. 1143. Now haþ Gij miche sorwe made,
For his felawes he is vnglade.
'Allas,' quod Gii, 'felawes dere!
So wele doand kniȝtes ȝe were.
Al to iuel it fel to me,
Felice, þo y was sent to serue þe;
For þi loue, Felice, the feir may,
Þe flour of kniȝtes is sleyn þis day.
MS. 115v. col. 2. Ac for þou art a wiman,
Y no can nouȝt blame þe for þan;
For þe last no worþ y nouȝt
Þat wimen han to gronde y-brouȝt.
Ac alle oþer may bi me,
ȝif þai wil, y-warned be.
Turnb. p. 54, l. 1371. Allas, Herhaud, mi dere frende,
What þou were curteys & hende!
Who schal me now help *in* fiȝt?
Neu*er* no was no better kniȝt.
In ich fiȝt wele halp thou me,
Ful iuel ichaue y-ȝolden it þe;
For me þou hast þi liif forgon,
Of þe no tit me neu*er* help non.

Bot y am eskaped as ye may see.'
'My Nieueu hugon, where is he?'
Quoth the Duke Otes, 'telle thou me.'
'In the playne he lieth sleyn *par*dee.'
'And the Erle Lambard, the good knyght?'
'Deed he lieth in that fighte.'

WHANNE the Duke Otes herde that,
FuH sory he was for that myshap,
For his folke were so sleyne,
And thurgh Guy brought fro lif to peyne.
For sorowe he waxe aH-moste wode,
His herte to-berste weH nygh for mode.

The Duke was very sorry.

NOWE GUY maketh sorowe pitously,
And for his felawes wepeth gretly.
'Allas,' quoth Guy, 'felawes dere,
So weH doyng knyght*is* as ye were.

Guy lamented for his fellows,

For thy loue, Felice, faire may,
Floure of knyght*is* is sleyn this day.

who died for Felice's sake.

But he was not the last, brought to harm through a woman.

Nowe aH other may by me,
Yf they woH, warned bee.
Allas, heraude, my dere frende,
That were so curteys and so hende,
Who shaH me helpe now in fighte?
In the worlde nas a better knyghte.
In eu*er*y place fuH weH thou holpe me,
Euyl y haue it acquytte the;
For me thou hast thy lif forgoon,
Of the nomore helpe shaH y haue noon.

How mai ich now fram þe wende?
That y no mai dye þe hende!
Acursed be þe Lombardes ichon,
That slowen þe, and lete me gon!
& þat þai hadde y-slawe me,
& leten þe oliue be!
Wharto lete þai me alon?'
Þus sir Gij biment his mone.

C. 1179. ¶ 'Allas! aïïas! Rohaut, mi lord,
Þat y no hadde leued þi word!
Þan hadde y nouȝt y-passed þe se,
Ich hadde bileued at hom wiþ þe;
Þus yuel nere me nouȝt bifalle,
Y no hadde nouȝt lorn min felawes alle.
Who so nil nouȝt do bi his faders red,
Oft-siþes it falleþ him qued;
For often ichaue herd it say,
& y[1] me self it sigge may,

[1] *y* illegible in MS.

Turnb. p. 55, l. 1397. "Who þat nil nouȝt leue his fader,
He schel leue his steffader."'
What for his wou*n*des þat strong bledeþ,
What for his sorwe þat he ledeþ,

C. 1195. Al for sorwe & for wo
Adoun he fel aswon þo.
When he of swoning vp stod,
His feren he biheld wiþ drery mod;
Þan he lepe opon his stede,
To an ermitage he wold ride.
'Ermite,' quod he, 'com wiþ me;
Þis hors of priis ȝiue y þe;

MS. 116r. col. 1. To bodis þou schalt i*n* erþe graue,
Þat in þis forest ben y-slawe.'
'Bleþeliche, sir,' þan seyd he;
'Wende bifore, y folwe þe.'
Þe bodis him scheweþ sir Gij,
Boþe Toraud & sir Urry.

A-cursed bee thise Lombardes echoone, [p. 50]
That slowe the, and lete me goone.'

He wished the Lombards had slain himself too.

He repented not having hearkened to Earl Rohaut

and his father.

What for his woundes that greuously bledeth,
And what for sorowe that he fredeth,
Thus for sorowe and for woo
Adowne he felle in swounyng thoo.
Whan he of his swounyng was awaked,
Vp he stode, his sorowe not slaked.
Than he worthe vpon his stede,
And to an hermytage he gan him spede.
'Heremyte,' quoth Guy, 'come with me,
And this hors of pris y yiue to the.
Twoo bodies thou shalt in erthe graue,
That in this forest their dethes haue.'
'Blithely, sir,' seide than he;
'Wende forthe, y shall folowe the.'
Than the bodies him shewed Guy
Of Toraulde and[1] of good Vrry.

He swooned away for woe.

Then he rode to a hermit's cell,

who promised to bury

Toraud and Urry.

[1] *and* added over the line.

Seþþe he lepe opon his stede,
Herhaud he wil wiþ him lede;
& so he dede sikerliche,
& seþþe he was heled softliche,
Ac no for þan Gij wend wele þere
þat Herhaud to deþ y-wounded were.
C. 1215. ¶ Now is Gij þennes y-fare;
For his felawes he haþ gret care.
Turnb. p. 56, l. 1423. Herhaudes bodi wiþ him he bar,
For he nold it nouȝt lete þar.
He went him to an abbay
þat was bisiden on the way.
Wiþ þe gode abbot *þer* he mett,
& pitouseliche he him gret:
'Sir abbot, he þe haue & weld,
þat made man wex *in*-to eld!
[1] The first *i* in *trinite* added over the line. & for þe loue of þe trinite,[1]
Ich þe bidde, par charite,
þat þou þis bodi vnder-fo,
& feir biry þou it do.
Ful wele y schal ȝeld it þe,
& y mot haue hele, & liues be.'
'Who artow?' seyd þe abbot, 'telle it me.'
'Bleþeliche,' seyd Gij, 'bi mi leute:
C. 1237. A kniȝt icham of fer cuntre;
At a pas asailed wer we
Wiþ strong þeues & mani outlawe,
þat mine feren haue y-slawe;
& ich me-self am iuel y-wounde,
[2] MS. originally *leue non*. Y wene y liue no[2] stounde;
Ac ȝif y liue, y ȝeld it þe,
þe trauail þat tow dost for me.'
þabbot answerd þo:
'Al þi wille it schal be do.'
Turnb. p. 57, l. 1449. Now goþ Gij sore desmaid,
His wo*un*des hi*m* han iuel afreyd.

Sithe he toke another stede,
And Heraude with him he dooth̄ lede,
And rode him forthe aH̄ softely:
For him he wepeth̄ fuH̄ hertly,
For he wende in sothe there
That heraude to deth̄ wounded were.

Herhaud's body Guy would take with himself.

NOWE IS Guy forthe fare,
And for his felawes maketh̄ grete kare.
Heraudes body with̄ him he dooth̄ bere
Forto burye it eH̄*is*-where.
He wente him to an Abbey
That was ther' beside the higH̄e wey.
The Abbot Guy there he mette, [p. 51]
And fuH̄ pitously he him grette:
'Sir Abbot,' he seide, 'god the blisse
That man' made for his owne, ywis:
AH̄ for loue of the Trynyte
I the beseche, for sainte Charite,
That thou this body here, loo,
In a faire buriel thou hit doo.
FuH̄ weH̄ y shaH̄ it yelde the,
And yf y any while lyuyng' bee.'
'What art thou?' quoth̄ the Abbot, 'telle me.'
'Blithely, sir': y sey the,
I am a knygH̄t of farre Contree;
At a passage assailled were we
Of stronge theeff*is* and outelawes,
That my felawes haue brougH̄te to deth*is* dawes;
And y meself haue many a wounde,
That y wene y shaH̄ lyue noo stounde;
And if y lyue, y shaH̄ yelde it the,
The trauaille that thou doost for me.'
To Guy answerd the Abbot tho:
'AH̄ thy wille, sir, shalbee doo.'
Nowe gooth̄ Guy sore dismaide,
His woundes haue him sore affraide.

He came to an abbey,

and begged the abbot

to bury Herhaud decently.

On hearing his tale,

the abbot agreed.

Guy passed on in woe

To an ermite he is y-go,
Þat he was ere aqueynted to;
MS. 116r. col. 2. His woundes *þer* hele he dede
Wiþouten noise in that stede.
[1] MS. *of toun.* Miche he him dradde þe douk Otoun,[1]
So ful he was of tresoun.
C. 1253. ¶ Þabot of whom ich er of teld,
On Herhaud he hadde gret rewþe to biheld;
He dede beren his body
Into a chamber to vnarmy.
A monk of þe house biheld him,
Bodi & heued & ich a lim.
Þilke monk sorgien was,
Þe vertu he knewe of mani a gras;
Þe wounde he biheld stedefastliche,
Þat in his body was so griseliche.
Bi the wounde he seye y-wis
Þat to þe deþ wou*n*ded he nis,
& seye þat he hym hele miȝt;
& so he dede ful wele, y pliȝt.
Bi þe moneþ ende at eue
Gij was al hole & toke his leue
From þe gode ermite, he went his way
C. 1272. Toward Poile, also þe way lay.
Turnb. p. 58, l. 1475. To þe king he is icome
Þat hi*m* bede mani warisone,
& miche tresour of siluer & of gold;
Ac Gij þerof non haue no wold.
At ich plas & turnament
C. 1286. Gij hadde þe priis v*er*rament.
Was *þer* non *in* al þat lond,
Þat his dent miȝt astond.
Þer-fore men loued hi*m* swiþe miche,
& vnder-fenge hi*m* bleþeliche;
Alle gode men he was leue & dere,
& wiþ hem alle pleye-fere.

To an heremyte he is goo, — to a hermit,
That he was acqueynted with or thoo;
His woundes hele there he dedde — who healed his wounds.
Without noyse in that stede;
For moche he dredde the Duke Otoun,
Full of hatrede and of treasoun.

Nowe the Abbot of wom y you telle, [p. 52]
Of heraude hath grete reuthe with-all; — As for Herhaud,
He lete bere his bodye
In-to a Chambre to vnarme lightly;
And whan they had vnarmed him
A monke behelde euery lymme. — a monk saw that his wounds were not mortal,
The same monke a phisician was,
The might he knewe of many a gras.
The woundes he behelde stedefastly,
That in the body were so grisely.
By the woundes he sawe ywis
That he to deth ne wounded is,
And that [he] him hele might; — and succeeded in restoring him to life.
And so he dooth sothely aplight.
In the meane tyme, ye may me leue,
Guy was heled and toke his leue — Guy, now cured also, passed into Apulia,
Of the good heremyte and wente his wey
Toward Poyle right as he may.
To the king of Poyle he was welcome, — whose king welcomed him greatly.
And that he knewe full sone.
Of siluer he bade him and of golde,
And Guy therof nought take wolde.
At euery place in turnement
Guy had the pris verament.
Was ther noon in all the londe,
That Guyes dyntes might withstonde.
Therfor men loued him swithe,
And vnderfange him full blithe;
With all good men he was leef and dere,
And therwith-all their pleyfere.

Atte king he toke leue þo;
Into Sessoyne he is ygo.
¶ Now he is comen to þe douk Reyner,
þat him loued and held dere;
He him vnder-feng wiþ worþschipe,
& dede him miche manschipe.
So long *in* þat cuntre bileued he is,
þat ou*er* alle oþ*er* he is praised y-wis.
Gij him biþouȝt þo
þat he hadde þ*er* y-nouȝ ydo:
MS. 116v. col. 1. Into Inglond he wald wende,
For to speke wiþ his frende;
For it was ago fif ȝer
C. 1290. þat he was last þer;
Turnb. p. 59, l. 1501. In lasse while þan þ*at* was
Might falle mani wonder cas.
þurch cuntres has he hadde y-went,
Quens and cuntas hi*m* haþ of-sent,
Ac non of hem he nold sikerliche
Bot Felice þat he loued so miche.
What for his miȝt and his godenisse,
For his nortour and his largesse,
þer nis kniȝt þat so miche preysed be
Unto Antiage, þat riche cite.
¶ Gij him spedde niȝt & day;
Into Inglond he toke þe way.
Of Gij ichil lete now,
And more after y schal tel ȝou;
Of Herhaud ichil telle astounde
þat wele is heled of his wounde.
When he feld him hole & fere,
Of þabot he tok his leue þer;
His lord Gij he goþ secheing
Niȝt & day, him for to finde:
Toward Inglond he tok his way,
Crist hi*m* saue, so wele he may!

At the kingꝰ he toke his leeue thoo ; [p. 53]
In-to Cessoigne he is goo.
He is coⁿe to the Duke Reyner,
That him loued and had fu�India deerꝰ ;
And he him fange fu�India worshipfully,
And did him honourꝰ fu�India manly.
So longe in the Contree therꝰ his duellingꝰ is,
That ou*er*e aꝂ other he bereth the pris.
Guy him bethoughte thoo
That he had enoughꝂ therꝰ doo :
To Englonde he thoughte to wende,
For to speke withꝂ his frende ;
For it was agoo .v. yere
That he was laste there ;
In lasse stounde than that was
Befalleth many a wonder cas.
Thurgh the contrees as he hathꝂ wente,
Quenes and Contasses for him hathꝂ sente,
And noonꝰ he wolde sikirly
Bot Felice that he loued so hertly.
What for his mikeꝂ goodnesse,
And for his mighte and large prowesse,
Therꝰ nys knyghte that so moche preised bee
Anone to Antioche, that good Citee.
Guy him spedde nyghte and daie,
Toward Englond he toke his weye.
Off Guy y shaꝂ leue nowe,
And a liteꝂ while telle yow
Of heraude another stounde,
How he was heled of his wounde.
Whanne he felte him-self hooꝂ and quarte, [p. 54]
Of the Abbot he toke his leeue and did departe ;
His lorde Guy he goothꝂ sechingꝰ
Nighte and daye for him biddingꝰ,
As Guy toward Englond toke his wey :
Crist him saue that best may !

Thence he passed into Saxony,
and was well received by Duke Reyner.
Once more
he resolved to return to England.
No knight was so praised as he.
Herhaud also,
now healed of his wound,
was making his way toward England.

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

C. 1315. At a pinacle bi þe sæ
Gij seye a man of rewly ble
Go in pilgrims wede:
Þat was Herhaud, so god me spede!
Turnb. p. 60, l. 1527. Gij him cleped wel swiþe to him,
& seyd, 'wen comestow, pilgrim?'
'Sir,' he seyd, 'y com fram Lombardy,
[1] *Of hardschipe?* Of hard y-schaped[1] for þe maistrie;

& lorn ichaue mi kinde lord:
Gode knizt he was and bold.
[2] MS. *of toun.* Bitraid ous hadde þe douk Otoun[2]:
Haue he Cristes malisoun!
In þis wise ichil go,
& bid for mi lord eu*er* mo.'
'Pilgrim, say me trewelich,
What hete þe man þou loued so miche?'
'Gij of Warwike was his name:
C. 1336. A knizt he was wiþ-oute*n* blame.'
MS. 116v. col. 2. Wiþ þat he gan to sike sore,
& wepe wiþ his eyzen þerfore;
He him mizt no lenge at-held.
Gij hi*m* gan reweliche biheld:
'Gode man,' quod Gij, 'for þi leute,
What is þi name? telle thou me.'
'Herhaud of Ardern, bi mi leute,
Ich was y-born in þat cuntre;
Fif zer þus ichaue y-go
To seche Gij y loued so.'
C. 1343. When Gij herd Herhaud speke,
Hi*m* thouzt his hert wald to-breke,
Turnb. p. 61, l. 1353. & in his armes he haþ hi*m* take,
& gret ioie wiþ him gan make;
Him he kist wel mani siþe:
For ioie he wepe, so was he bliþe.

At a pynacle of the see
He sawe a man sitte of ruly blee
In a pou*er*e pilgrym̄es wede,
And that was heraude v*er*aily in-dede.
Anone Guy cleped to him,
And seide, 'of whens art thou, pilgrym)?'
'Sir,' he seide, 'fro Lombardie.'
'What tyding*is* there?' quoth sir' Guye.
'By god,' quoth heraude, 'y kan) nooñe;
For many a daie it is gooñe
That y loste my kynde lorde
That good knyght was, at a worde.
Betraye vs did the Duke Otouñ:
Haue he crist*is* malison)!
Therfor' in this wise y shall goo,
And bidde for my lorde eu*er*e moo.'
'Sey me, pilgrym̄,' quoth Guy, 'truly,
What height that mañ that thou loued so hertly?'
'Guy of Warrewik was his name:
A knyght he was withoute blame.'
With that he gan) sighe sore:
He wepte and seide 'allas' eu*er*more;
He might it noo lenger kepe in holde.
Guy full ruly he gan) him̄ beholde.
'Good man),' quoth Guy, 'for thy leaute, [p. 55]
What is thy name? telle thou me.'
'Heraude of Ardern) meñ clepe me
In contrees there as y haue bee.
.V. yere y haue thus goo
Seching' my lorde Guy that y loued so.'
Whan Guy herde heraude so speke,
Of his teres he gan) downe reke.

Guy met him by the sea in pilgrim's weeds,
and learned that he came from Lombardy,
where he had lost his lord,
through the treachery of Duke Otoun.
His lord's name was Guy of Warwick,
and he himself Herhaud of Ardern.
Guy wept for joy.

'Hayl, Herhaud, maister min ! 1755
No knowestow nouȝt norri þine ?'
'Certes,' quod Herhaud, 'sir, nay :
Ded he was for mani a day.'
He him answerd, 'icham Gij !'
'Sir,' quod Herhaud, 'merci !' 1760
Sone so Herhaud vnder-stode
Þat it was Gij þat was so gode,
For ioie he fel aswon anon ;
Gij him in his armes nome.
Þer men miȝt se ioie make 1765
Aiþ*er* kniȝt for oþer sake ;
Þer nas non þat it y-seye,
Þat he no wepe wiþ his eyȝe.
C. 1357. ¶ Adoun þai sett hem boþe þare,
& aiþer teld of oþ*er*es care. 1770
Sir Gij haþ Herhaud y-teld
Hou he him ladde out of þe feld,
For to birry him at on abbay
Þat was bisiden on þe way.
[1] *n* on erasure. & seþþen[1] haþ Herhaud y-teld 1775
Hou his wou*n*des weren y-heled,
Turnb. p. 62, l. 1579. And þat mani lond he hadde ou*er*go,
To seche his lord wiþ sorwe & wo.
On hors þai lopen anon wiþ þis
Vnto a cite wiþ ioie and blis ; 1780
Þan dede Gij Herhaud baþey
& wiþ riche metes comforti.
MS. 117r. col. 1. From þennes þai went to þe douk Milou*n*,
And to him þai ben ful welcome ;
Of her auentours þai teld hi*m* þere : 1785
Hou þo was gode þat wicke was ere !
Þer þai maden her dueling
Long anouȝ to her likeing.
C. 1383. ¶ At the douke þai token leue þo,
For in-to Inglond þai wald go. 1790

'Allas, heraude, maister myn)!
Knowest not Guy, a felawe of thyn)?'
'Certes,' quoth heraude, 'sir, nay:
Dede he was goon) many a day.'
And he answerd, 'y am Guy.'
'A, sir,' quoth̄ heraude, 'mercy.'
As sone as heraude vnderstode
That he was Guy, the knygh̄t goode,
In swowe he felle adowne anone,
And Guy in his armes him toke fuH̄ sone.

He told Herhaud that he was Guy.

They fell in each other's arms and wept.

Adowne they sette theim bothe there,
And tolde eche other of their kare.
Sir' Guy hath̄ heraude telde
How he him bare oute of the felde,
For to burye him at an Abbey
That was there beside the high̄e wey.
And than heraude he him teelde
How his woundes were heled,
And thurgh̄ how many londes he had goo
Seching' his lorde Guy with̄ sorowe and woo.
THEIR HORS they toke after this,
And rode to the next Citee ywis;
There did Guy Heraude in herbes bathy, [p. 56]
And with̄ good metes him comforte hertly.
Fro thens they wente to the Duke Mylone,
To whom) they bothe were welcom̄e.
Of their' auentures they tolde there,
And thanked good in many maner'.
At the Duke they toke their' leeue thoo,
Toward Englond they gan) goo.

They sat down, and told each other all that had befallen them.

Guy took Herhaud to Duke Miloun.

They now resolved to return to England.

Þe douke hem wald lenger duelle,
Ac it nas no-thing in her wille
Þer to bileue wiþ him no more,
& þat biþouȝt þe douke wel sore.
Toward Seynt Omer[1] he is y-go,
Herhaud þe gode wiþ him also ;
Toward þe se þai token her way,
So swiþe her hors hem bere may.
When þai ben to toun y-come,
Her in þai han sone y-nome.
C. 1395. To a windowe sir Gij is go,
In-to þe strete he loked þo ;
Turnb. p. 63, l. 1605. A palmer he seȝe cominge,
Messaisliche bi þe strete walkinge.
To him haþ y-cleped sir Gij,
& curteysliche gan him axi,
'Weltow herberwe? for it is niȝt ;
For ferþer go þou no miȝt.'
Þe pilgrim answerd Gij,
'Swete sir, gramerci!'
Gij doþ him þan bileue,
Ferþer he no may, for it was eue ;
& seþþe he badde he schuld him say
Sum soþ tidinges of þe way,
ȝif he herd neye oþer fer
Speken of batayle & of wer.
'Ichil þe telle,' he seyd, 'fot hot
Of al þe wer þat y wot :
Þerof is mani man aferd ;
Of stronger sorwe no haue ȝe herd.'
¶ Gij seyd to him, 'telle it me.'
'For soþe y graunt,' þan seyd he.
C. 1413. Of Almaine þe riche emperour,
Reyner, þat weldeþ þat anour,
[2] *he* dotted before *he*. Þe douke of Lowayn he[2] haþ bisett,
His men slain, & þat is vnnett ;

[1] MS. *seyntomer*.

To seynt Omers is Guy coṁe,
And heraude with him aH and some.
Towarde the see they take their wey,
As swithe as the hors theim bere may.
Whan they to the Town were coṁe,
Their Inne they take fuH sone.
To a wyndowe is Guy goo,
Into the strete he behelde thoo;
A palmer he sawe coṁyng,
Easely by the wey goyng.
To him than cleped Guy,
And curteisly he gan him asky,
'WoH thou herburgh? for it is nygHte;
For fa[r]t[h]er thou ne goo mygHte.'
The palmer answerd to Guy,
'Sir,' quoth he, 'grauntmercy.'
To sitte downe Guy gaue him leeue,
Farther he ne migHt, it was nygHe eeue.
Than he praide him he wolde him sey
Some tidings, yf he kouthe, of the Contrey,
Yf he herde nygHe or farre
Speke of bataille or of werre.
'I shaH telle,' quoth he, 'fote hote [p. 57]
Of grete werre that y wote:
Of a strenger y haue not herde;
Therof is many a man ferde.'
Guy him seide, 'telle it me.'
'Forsothe y graunte,' seide he.
'Of Almaigne the Emperour,
Reyner, that is of grete honour,
The Duke of Louaigne hath bee-sette,
His Castellis destroied withoute lette;

1795 But at St Omer,
before putting to sea,
1800
Guy met a palmer,
1805
invited him to lodge with him,
1810
and asked the news of the way.
1815
1820
The palmer told how the Emperor of Germany had besieged the Duke Segyn,
1825

MS. 117r. col. 2. For his nevou þat he slouȝ,
Wiþ wer he doþ him wo anouȝ.
Turnb. p. 64, l. 1631. Almost a ȝer it is ago,
A turnament þer was y-do ;
C. 1425. Þe douke Segyn was þer þo,
[1] MS. *alowayn*. Þat al Lowayn[1] bilongeþ to,
[2] þe?
Wiþ his[2] kniȝtes of his lond,
Þider come her miȝt to fond.
When þe turnament com to þende,
Þe douke Segyn þennes wald wende :
[3] on erasure.
Wiþ þat come Sadok[3] prikeing,
Þe douke Segyn vnder-secheing ;
Wiþ þe douke he hadde gret envie,
For he was gode kniȝt for þe maistrie.
Sadok was y-hoten þat gome,
Out of Mirabel he was y-come ;
Of turnamens he was praised þo.
His hauberk was of y-do ;
In sengle armes he was y-diȝt.
Y-preysed he was for a gode kniȝt.
To þe douke he seyd, 'wende tow þe;
Ones þou schalt justi wiþ me,
As kniȝt that wele alosed is ;
Sone it worþ sen y-wis.'
C. 1449. 'Sadok,' seyd Segyn, 'lete me be,
Wiþ gode loue y pray þe ;
Wiþ þe to justi haue y no wille,
For y þe loue, and þat is skille,
Turnb. p. 65, l. 1657. & to eken þat þou art mi lordes nevou :
His soster sone so artow ;
Unworþschip it wer to me
ȝif y schuld iusti wiþ þe.
Ac go in, and arme þe snelle,
And y com anon, y nil nouȝt duelle.'
Seyd Sadok, 'to arwe artow,
When ones justi no darstow now.

For his Neuyeu that he slowe,
He hath wroughte him moche woo nowe.
Alh-moste a yere it is goo,
At a turnement that is doo,
The Duke Segwyn was ther' thoo,
That alh louaigne belongeth vnto,
With alh the knyghtes of his londe
That thider com̄e their' mighte to fonde.

because the latter had slain the Emperor's nephew at a tournament.

Sadok, jealous of Segyn, had,

though unarmed,

desired to joust with him.

Segyn declining the combat,

Now ichil þe for a couward held,
& for a kniȝt vnwrast i*n* feld :
Bot þou wilt wiþ me justi,
[1] MS. Iichil. Ichil[1] þe don a vilani.
Hennes forward war þe fro me,
Þi dedliche fo ichil now be !'

C. 1465. Now Sadok smot to Segyn,
MS. 117v. col. 1. & nothing he no spared him ;
Sadok toforn haþ him smete
Of his scheld a quarter wiþ gret hete,
Þat he him wou*n*ded þurch þat arm,
& he him wreþed for that harm ;
So strong is þat strok y-ȝiue,
Þat his helme is al to-driue.
Þe douke him wreþþed for þat smite,
& was ful wroþ, ȝe mow wele wite,
& þurch þe bodi he Sadok smot,
Þat ded he fel doun fot hot.
Turnb. p. 66, l. 1683. Wiþ þat he is out of the place y-went,
For þer was ȝiuen a sorwe-ful dent.
With him he dede þat bodi lede
Unto an abbay, and biri it dede.
Þe douke Segin anon riȝt
Into the cite of Arrascoun him haþ y-diȝt :
Þer-in he holt hi*m* soiourninge
For drede of þemp*er*ours cominge.

C. 1497. ¶ & when þemp*er*our herd þis cas,
Þat his nevou y-slawe was,
Ou*er* al his lond his hest he bede
To com to hi*m* for grete nede.
& when þai al icomen beþ,
Þe douke of Lowayn he sege deþ ;
No wil he neuer þennes come,
Er the douke be ded or nome.'

C. 1531. When þe pilgrim hadde al y-teld,
Gij him herkened & biheld ;

had been called
a coward,

and at once
attacked by
Sadok.

In the fight that
ensued

Sadok was slain.

And Segyn
withdrew to his
city Arrascoun.

Whañ the Em*per*our' herde that cas, The Emperor
That his neuyeu so slayne was,
Ouer' aH his londe he bade his hooste
To coñe to him for his socour' moste ; had gathered a
large army,
And whan) they aH assembled were
The Duke of Louaigne he besegetH there :
He ne woH thense goon)e, and now besieged
TiH the Duke bee dede or nooñe.' the Duke.

WHANNE the pilgryñ had aH telde,
Guy him herkened and weH behelde.

He stont & biþouȝt him ȝerne,
Whe*þer* he forþ go o*þer* oȝain terne.
He seyd to Herhaud, 'what rede [ȝe]?
Sum gode *con*seyl ȝif þou me,
ȝif we forþ in our wai go,
O*þer* to þe douke him socour to do.
þat tow me redest, don y wille;
þi *con*seyl forsake y nille.'
C. 1543. ¶ þan seyd Herhaud i-wis,
Turnb. p. 67, l. 1709. 'Y ȝif *con*seyl, & gode it is;
Hem to help men schul spede
þat to help han gret nede.
For los and priis þou miȝt þer winne,
& manschip to þe & al þi kinne.'
'Sir Herhaud,' quod Gij þe gode,
'þilke lord þat died on rode
MS. 117v. col. 2. þe blisse, & saue þe,
For gode *con*seyl ȝif[es]tow me.'
Gij him graiþed & made him ȝare
[1] MS. *loreynie.* Into Loweyne[1] for to fare;
& wiþ him o*þer* fifti kniȝt,
In feld þe best þat miȝt fiȝt.
Y-comen þai ben to Arascoun,
To þe douke þai ben wel-com.
In þe cite þai han her in y-take;
Mani wer bliþe for her sake.
C. 1569. Gij bi þe morwe aros þo,
Riȝt to chirche he is y-go:
Matins & masse he herd þere,
& seþþe went hom wiþ his fere.
Bi þe strete he seye miche folk erne,
Hemself to were þai most lerne.
Sir Gij to his ost sede,
'What is al þis? so god þe rede,
Turnb. p. 68, l. 1735. Bele ost,[2] y bidde, say þou me,
[2] *ost* added over the line. What may al þis erning be?'

He bethoughte than full yerne, [p. 58] Guy
Yf he might goo forthe or ayene tourne.
Than seide he to Heraude, 'what rede ye?
Good counsaille, sir, y pray the,
Yf we in oure wey forthe goo, naving asked
Or to the Duke wende and socour him doo.
What thou me redest y doo shall;
Thy counsaille y woll not forsake at all.'
Than seide heraude y-wis,
'I yiue the counsaille that good is;
Him to helpe ye shall the better spede, the advice of Herhaud,
And also therfor haue grete mede:
A good name and pris thou may ther wynne,
And worship to the and all thy kynne.'
'Sir heraude,' quoth Guy the good, determined
'That lorde that deide on the Rood
Blisse nowe and saue the,
For good counsaille thou yiuest me.'
Guy him thanked and made him yare to help the Duke,
Streight to Louaigne for to fare,
And with him other fifty knyghtes, with 50 other knights.
The beste that might bee in any fightes.
Come they bee right to raumpsome, He repaired to Arascoun.
To the Duke they bee full welcome.
In the Citee they haue their Innes take;
Gladde were many for their sake.
Guy on the morowe aroosse thoo, The next morning,
Right to Chirche he is goo.
Masse and matyns he herde there
And after to his Inne did fare. after mass,

Guy to his hooste than seide, [p. 59]
'What is all this? thou me rede.
Bele hooste, sey thou me, learning that
What may all this doyng bee?'

'Sir, ichil þe telle,' þan seyd he,
'No word nil ich lyȝe þe;
It is þemp*er*ours steward,
A gode kniȝt and no coward
(Anon to Speyne his better nis),
& with hi*m* gret *com*peynie y-wis,
An hundred kniȝtes gode of ker,
Her better no may wepen ber.
Þe cite þai han bisett:
Ȝif ani kniȝt be out y-mett,
He no mai nouȝt passe vn-y-nome,
Oþer y-slayn atte frome.'
Þan seyd Gij, 'lordinges, kniȝt,
Oȝains he*m* we wil ous diȝt.'
Sone þai ben *in* þe way y-don.
C. 1605. Þe steward seþ hem anon:
Þider-ward he hi*m* diȝt,
[1] MS. *aknigt.* Also a kniȝt[1] of gret miȝt.
His armes þan he ginneþ riȝt,
Oȝaines Gij he ritt apliȝt;
Anon to-gider þai gun smite,
Aiþ*er* spard oþ*er* bot lite.
Gij þe steward so hard smot,
Of his stede he feld hi*m* fot hot;
Turnb. p. 69, l. 1761. MS. 118r. col. 1. Þan he smot him wiþ his swerd broun
A quarter of his helme adoun.
Þurch grete strengþe he hi*m* wan,
& hom wiþ hi*m* ladde hi*m* þan.
C. 1631. When þe Almaines þat y-seye
Þat strong wer, and of fiȝt sleye,
Her lord nomen *in* þat fiȝt,
Owai þai priked wiþ al her miȝt.
MS. *ascheld.* Þer was þirled mani a scheld,[2]
Mani a kniȝt lay in þe feld;
Gij is oȝain went wel sone,
& al his feren mid-y-done.

'I shaH the telle,' seide he,
'And noo worde concele fro the;
This is the Emperour's stywarde,
That good knyght is and noo cowarde
(Fro hense to Ispaigne his better nys),
And with him grete companye ywis,
An hondred of knyghtes stronge,
That noon better wepon doo fonge.
AH this Citee they haue besette:
It to destroye they woH not lette,
Nor noo mañ eskape or nom̄e
Or sleyne certaine fuH soñe.
THANNE seide Guy, 'Lording*is* and knyght*is*,
Ayenst theim lete we dresse vs.'
Anone they haue theim in wey doon.
The Styward sawe theim anoon:
Thiderwardes he him dighte,
As a knyghte of grete mighte.
His armes faste he gan arraye,
For formest Guy he thought assaye.
To-geder anone they gan smyte,
Eche spared other bot alyte.
Guy first to him smote,
That of his stede he felled him, god it wote,
And thanne he smote him with a swerde brown, [p. 60]
That a quarter of his helme he felled down.
So thurgh grete strength ther' he [is] nom̄e,
And by treuthe his plighte mañ is becom̄e.
Whan the Almaignes that seye
That stronge were and in fighte fuH sleye,
That their' lorde was take in that fighte,
And[1] prikke awey with aH their mighte.
There was perced many a shelde,
Or they were past aH the felde.
Than Guy ayene wente fuH sone,
And his felawes with him echone.

the Emperor's Steward

was before the town,

Guy sallied out,

fought with the Steward,

and took him prisoner.

[1] *They?*

[1] *Almaines?*

Þe Lombardes[1] þai leggen fast opon,
Nil þai spare neuer on.
When þe kniȝtes of þat cite
Þis dede alle y-seyȝen he,
To army he[m] wel fast hy goþ,
Gij wel gode socour hij doþ;
& seþþen þai went forþ ariȝt,
& Gij socourd ful wele apliȝt.
Swiche strokes men miȝt *þer* se
Togider smiten þo kniȝtes fre:
Boþe wiþ lau*n*ce and wiþ swerd
Thai ȝiuen mani strokes herd.
Þer miȝt men se stray þe steden,
So mani kniȝt cri & greden,
Turnb. p. 70, l. 1787. Þat wer þurch þe bodi wou*n*de,
& ded fellen on þe grounde.
C 1657. ¶ Michel hi*m* peyned sir Gij,
& Herhaud of Ardern sikerly:
Þis Almayns þai han ou*er*come,
Sum y-slawe and su*m* y-nome.
Þan sir Gij anon riȝt
Into þe cite he hi*m* diȝt,
Boþe he & his ferred:
Þe prisouns wiþ he*m* þai lede.
Into þe cite þai ben y-gon,
& to her innes þai wente*n* ichon.
Proude þai ben alle & some
Þat þe Almains ben ou*er*-come,
When þe douke yherd þis tidinge,
For blis his hert bigan to springe,
Þat Gii of Warwike was y-come
& hadde þe steward y-nome.
MS. 118r. col. 2. On his stede he lepe anon,
To Gyes in he is y-gon;
'Gij,' he seyd, 'þou art welcome,
As of the warld þe best gome.

The knights of the city rallied to Guy's assistance, and an obstinate battle ensued.

The Almaignes they haue ou*er*e-cõme,
Sõme sleyne and sõme nõme.

The Germans were vanquished.

There Guy and his felawes in that stede
Aꝋ their' p*ri*souners with theim lede.
To the Citee they wente anoon),
Eche to his Inne forthꝫ is goon).
Proude they were aꝋ and sõme
That the Almaignes been) ou*er*e-come.
Whan the Duke herde that tydinge,
For ioye his herte gan) to springe,
That Guy of Warrewik was cõme,
And the Styward had so nõme.
On a good stede he lepe anone,
And to Guyes Inne he is gooñe.
'Guy,' he seide, 'thou art welcõme,
As in the worlde of aꝋ *christe*n)[1] men)

Guy returned to the city with many prisoners.

The Duke was glad of the news, and welcomed Guy;

[1] MS. *xpen)*.

Toforn al oþ*er* ichaue desired þe :
God y-thanked mot he be
Þat tow art come wiþ me to ben at nede,
For now ich worþ þe more loued & drede
Al of mi dedelich fo,
Þat al þis lond haþ brouȝt *in* wo.
Sire & lord now ichil make þe
Of mi court and of mi cite,
Mine castels & mine londes þ*er*-to eke ;
& hennes forward y þe biseke
Þatow þe worþschipe vnder-fo,
& þine hest þerof þou do.
Bi þi *con*seyl ichil nov don,
For to greue mi[1] dedli fon.'
¶ Wel curteysliche answerd Gij
& seyd, 'sir, gram*er*ci.
Bi mi miȝt ichil help þe
On ich stede where þat y be.'
Þe steward he ȝelt him þan swiþe,
Of whom þat he was glad & bliþe ;
Þurch hi*m* he wende acorded be
Of þemp*er*our, his lord so fre.
Bitvene hem þai tolden tale
Of her gode frendes fale.
Now sent Gij his sondes about,
ȝepe men wiþ-outen dout,
To cuntres þat he haþ þurch-went.
Grete frendes he haþ of-sent,
Of barouns and of knigtes beld
Þe best þat miȝt wepen weld,
Bi hundred and bi þousinde,
Þat al wil ben his helpinde.
Þe castels and þe borwes þat lorn were,
Þe douke oȝain wan hem þere
Þurch Gyes help & his ferrede,
Þat wele wer helpeand at nede,

Turnb. p. 71, l. 1813.

Turnb. p. 72, l. 1839.

[1] originally þ*i*, but crossed out and *mi* written over it in the same hand.

C. 1700.

Ouer aH other' y haue desired the :
God thanked mote he bee
That thou art to me cōme, [p. 61]
For nowe y drede nooman).

Lorde and sire y make the
Of my toure and of my Citee,
My castell*is* and my londe therto eke ;
And henseforeward y the beseke
That the lordship thou haue also,
And aH thy wille therwitH doo ;
For by thy counsaille y woH doon),
For to greue my dedely foon).'
FuH curteisly than answerd Guy
And seide, 'sir duke, g*ra*unt mercy.
WitH my migHte y shaH helpe the
In eu*er*y stede where that y bee.'
Than the Styward he behelde swithe,
Of whom he was fuH gladde and blithe ;
ThurgH him he hopetH accorded bee
WitH the Emper*our*, his lorde free.
Betwene theim two they teld the tale :
Now yiue vs drinke wyne or ale.
NOWE sendetH Guy his sonde aboute
After good men) withoute doubte
In-to Contrees that he hatH thurgH-wente.
Grete multitude he hatH for-sente,
Of knygHtes and barouns bolde
The beste that wepon) in hande may holde.

The Castell*is* and the townes that loste were,
The duke wanne ayene in that yere
ThurgH Guyes helpe in that stede
WitH his felawes that helped weH at nede,

1911 to whom he gave power over all his dukedom.
1915
1920 Guy thanked him,
and induced
1925
1930
hundreds and thousands
1937 of others to aid him in recovering his rights.

Bi him & bi his *con*seyl also,
Þat þennes forward him treweþe wil do.
¶ When þemp*er*our yherd þis,
Þat Gij to þe douke ycomen is,
MS. 118v. col. 1. & þat he haþ his men ou*er*come,
C. 1700. Y-slawe & his steward nome,
Wroþ & sori he is þ*er*-fore,
Þat he haþ so his men forlore.
To his barouns þan he sede:
'Lordinges, what schal me to rede?
Neu*er* no worþ ich glad no bliþe,
Bot ich be awreken swiþe
Of Segyn & Gij þat is our fo,
Þat mi folk haþ brouȝt in wo.'
'Sir,' the douk Paui sede,
'Ther-of þarf þe haue no drede.
Ar þe þridde day worþ to ende y-brouȝt,
Þat play worþ wel dere abouȝt;
For of þine folk take we wille,
Þat gode ben & snelle,
Turnb. p. 73, l. 1865. Þe best doand at swiche nede
Wiþ scheld & spere armed on stede:
Of Sessoine þe douke Reyner,
& þe *con*stable Gaudiner,
& ich wiþ hem wil be,
& gret ferred lede wiþ me.
To Arascoun we schul fare,
ȝif we þe douk finde þare.
Bot we þe treytours þe ȝelde,
We wil þatow *in* prisoun ous held.
C. 1749. ¶ Þemp*er*our answerd: 'y-wis,
A gode *con*seyl so is þis.
Sir douk Reyner, þou schalt go,
& þou, *con*stable, al-so;
Al-so schal þe douke of Þauie
Wiþ his grete cheualrie

By him and his counsaille also [p. 62]
Fro thense foreward woꝧ him trouthe doo.
WHANNE the Emperour herde this, The Emperour,
That Guy of Warrewik with the duke is,
And that he hatꝧ his men ouerecom̄e,
His men) sleyn) and the Styward nom̄e,
Wrothe and sory he was therfore, wroth at his Steward's defeat,
That he his men) so hatꝧ lore.
To his baroñs than he seide : summons a council.
'How shaꝧ we doo, and what is your) rede?
I shaꝧ neuere bee gladde nor blithe,
Bot it bee awreke rigꝧt swithe
Of Segwyn) and of Guy also,
That my folke haue brougꝧt in woo;'
And commaunded his dukes and baroñs aꝧ By the advice of Duke Otoun,
To bee redy in armes at euery caꝧ.

it was determined that Duke Reyner with an army should renew the siege.

To Arascoun, þat gode cite :
Þe douke & Gij bring to me.
Who so to me bring hem to,
Mi loue he schal haue for eu*er* mo.'
'Sir,' þai seyd, 'we willen go
Al þine hest for to do.'
Now hij han her way y-nome,
To Arascoun þat ben y-come.
When þai of þe cite wist hem þare,
Oȝaines hem þai diȝt hem ȝare ;
Turnb. p. 74, l. 1891. Hastiliche to armes þai ben y-go,
Kniȝtes and squiers wiþ hem also.
[leaf 118v. col. 2] When þai wer al redi,[1]
& wele y-diȝt i*n* her parti,
Þe douke cleped Herhaud him to,
& swetely seyd to hi*m* þo :
'Sir Herhaud, þou schalt afong
Four hundred kniȝtes wiȝt and strong
(Þou schalt ȝif þe first asaut
Opon þe Almau*n*des, sir Herhaud) ;
& þou, sir Gij, an hundred to þe
Of mi londe þat best be ;
And ȝif þat Herhaud haue nede,
Him to help þatow spede,
& ichil com wiþouten delay
Wiþ al þe strengþe þat y may.
Togider wiþ hem we schul fiȝt,
C. 1792. & hem ou*er*-com þurch godes miȝt.
As ichaue seyd, loke ye don,
& goþ and asaileþ he*m* anon.'
[2] Herhaud ginneþ he*m* to asaily.[2]
Þat fiȝt he wil comenci.
Of þe douk Ot*us* Herhaud is vnder-nome
In þe alder first scheltrome ;
His fo he is euen forþ his miȝt,
For he it haþ deserued þurch riȝt.

[1] MS. *alredi*

[2] MS. originally *asaile*.

'Sir,' quoth they, 'we woll goo
All thyn heste for to doo.'
So they haue their w[ey][1] nome,
And to Ransone they bee come.
Whan they of the Citee wiste them there,
Ayenst theim they dressed in their gere:
Hastely to armes they bee goo,
Knyght*is* and squiers bothe twoo;
And whan they were all redy
And well dight on either party,
The duke cleped heraude him to
And swetely to him seide tho:
'Sir heraude, thou shalt fonge
Foure hundred of knyght*is* good and stronge
(Thou shalt yiue the first assaute [p. 63]
Vpon the Almaignes, sir heraude);
And thou, sir Guy, an hundred to the
Of all my londe the best that bee,
And if heraude haue nede,
Him to helpe fast thou spede;
And y shall come withoute delaie
With all the strength that y maye:
To-geder with theim we woll fight
And theim ou*er*e-come with godd*is* might.'
And as they seide so haue they doon,
And doo theim assaille right anoon.
Heraude him gooth first to assaily,
That fight for to meyntayny.
Of the duke Otes heraude is vndernome
In the vawarde, as it is aboute come.

[1] two letters illegible.

1981 They proceeded to Arascoun.
1985 The besieged prepared
for a valiant defence
1990 under Herhaud
1995 and Guy.
2000
2005 Herhaud attacked
Duke Otous,
2010

Turnb. p. 75, l. 1917.
C. 1804. Herhaud him seyd, ‘ Otus of Pauie,
Understond tow of þat felonie
þat tow in Lombardi ous dedest,
When þou mi lord betreydest.
Wele we schul þer-of awreke be,
3if god wil, er þe sonne doun te.’
¶ Otus answerd, ‘ þou lexst on me,
& þat y schal sone kiþe þe ;
Gret scorn is here so y go,
Y warn þe icham þi fo.’
C. 1811. Togider þai smiten wiþ gode wille,
þat boþe of her hors adoun felle ;
& after þai drou3 her swerdes newe,
Wiþ gret envie to-gider þai hewe.
þe douk him wereþ mi3tliche,
Herhaud him asaileþ strongliche ;
þurch þe feld he goþ him driueinde.
Wiþ þat com his folk prikeinde,
& her lord rescuweþ þere ;
C. 1824. Herhaud to nim angwisous þai were.
[leaf 118r. a] Herha . . . . . .
Wiþ þ . . . . . .
Wiþ [s][1] . . . . . .
Herh . . . . . .
þan . . . . . .
Non . . . . . .
Turnb. p. 76, l. 1943. Miche . . . . . .
To þe . . . . . .
Mo þ . . . . . .
þat d . . . . . .
þe do . . . . . .
He seye . . . . . .
He seyd . . . . . .
C. 1835. Lordin . . . . . .
No se 3 . . . . . .
þat d[o] . . . . . .

[1] The letters in brackets only partially left.

Heraude to him seide: 'thou Otes of Pauye,
Vnderstondest not of that felonye
That thou in lombardie didest,
Whan thou my lorde and me betraidest?
A-wreke we shuH therof now bee,
Yf god woH, or the sonñe coue*r*e hir blee.'
Otes answerd: 'thou liest on me,
And that y shaH preoue on the.'

reproached him with his treachery,

To-geder they smyte with good wille,
That bothe of their hors they felle.
Than they drawe their swerdes kene,
And hewe to-geder sharply, y wene.
The duke him temptetH mighTly,
And heraude him assailleth strongely:
Thurgh the feelde he gooth him dryuyng. [p. 64]
With that cometh his folke priking,
That their lorde reskewe there,
And heraude to take they angry were:
Bot heraude vpoñ him werred strongly.
With that coñeth his folke hastely:
With strengTh they bee forthe goo,
And heraude they brought on hors thoo.
Than gan they to-geder smyte:
Noon spared other bot a lite.

and would have slain him

but for the succour of his men.

The duke Otes had sorowe gretly,
Whan he sawe his folke sleyn so greuously,
And seide to his felawes thoo:
'Lordinges, what shaH we nowe doo?
See ye not here a man, by name,
That me dooth harme and moche shame,

Otous called upon his men

Þat ha . . . . . .
Ȝour f 2050
Bot ȝe of [h] . . . .
Mi loue n . . . . .
Wiþ þat [þ] . . . . .
& to Herha . . . . .
Þer is Her 2055
When he h[a] . . . .
Ac recou*er* . . . . .
For gret [s] , ...
Herhaud [þ] . . . .
Ac he him 2060

C. 1851. When Gij [s] . . .
& out of . . .
His helme . . . . .
& his scheld . . . .
Turnb. p. 77, l. 1969. & his hors 2065
In strong . . . . .
Wiþ loude . . . . .
To þe douk[e] . . . .
He rescuw[e] . . . .
Þe oþ*er* þai 2070

C. 1861. Ac when [s ?] . . . .
Arnend he . . . . .
Wiþ loude [v ?] . . . .
To þe douk [o] . . . .
Þou fals wr 2075
Wel litel þou þ(?) . . . .

leaf 118^{r} *b and* 118^{v} *a torn off.*

That hath nyghe sleyne alle my men),
Youre frendes and your' kynnesmen)?
Bot ye on him some wreke doo,
I shalle you neuere loue moo.'
With that they assembled echoon),
And to heraude they smyte anoon).
There is heraude mysse bee-falle:
Loste he hath his men alle,
And recouere he shalle sone this;
For grete socour him cometh ywis.
Heraude they dryue strongely,
And he werred on him hardily.
Whan Guy sawe heraude comyng',
Oute of that stronge fighte fleyng',
His helme to-dasshed in stedes moo, [p. 65]
His sheelde to-hewen) alle-moste in twoo
(And his hors wounded sawe he:
In stronge fighte he had bee):
With loude steuene than he yede
To the Duke and made assaute full quede.
He rescowed heraude in the felde,
And the other they toke and helde.
Whan Otes sawe sir' Guyon)
Come rennyng' to him as a lyoun,
With highe voice he gan) vpbreide,
And to the Duke Otes thus he seide:
'Thou false and disceyuable traitour',
Full litell thou thoughte on thyn honour',
Whanne thow bee-traidest me,
And dud my men) with sorowe slee
In the forest of playnes, as y forthe come
With my felawes, good knyghtes echoone.
Fro hense forewarde, y telle the,
Thy dedely foo y shalbee.
In good poynte to bee y am not like,
Tille[1] y haue thyn hede of strike.'

Herhaud was hard pressed,

but Guy came to his aid.

Guy called Otous

a traitor,

and threatened to strike off his head.

[1] *Thille* MS.

C. 1909.

C. 1917.

With that either' of theim pricked his stede,
And in grete wrathe to-gider yede.
Otes smote Guy in the sheelde,
That euen̄ half flowe in the felde,
And Guy gaue Otes a wounde:
Thurgh̄ his theigh̄e he thruste his swerde grounde,
And his hede he had him benom̄e,
Had not grete socour' to him the rather' come.
Two hundred knygh̄tes assailled Guy, [p. 66]
And him wolde haue sleyn̄ wilfully,
And he him defended as a man̄:
Ah̄ that he smote woo theim beecam̄.
There they haue their' lorde redde,
And ah̄ wounded oute of the place ledde.
Guy the Almaignes before him wreketh̄:
Many he taketh̄, and many he sleeth̄.
Guy theim driueth̄, and fast they flee,
As folke that greuously ou*er*ecom̄e bee.

Guy fell upon Otous.

But Otous although wounded, was rescued by his men.

WITH THAT com̄e the Duke Reyner',
And the Constable sir Gaudemer':
In a slade they metten̄ Guy,
And strongly on him sette they;
And Guy him drowe toward the Roume,
And ah̄ his felawes that with him come;
For ther' were a thousand knygh̄tes
With theim to mete anone Righ̄tes.
'Lordinges,' quoth̄ Guy, 'herken̄ to me:
Thise knygh̄t*is* bee com̄yng' as ye may see,
The Duke Reyner of Cessoigne
And the Duke Gaudemer of Cologne.
In eu*er*y side we bee-sette bee,
So that we may not hense flee;
And though̄ we migh̄t y nelle;
For forsothe, y shah̄ you telle,
Better it is to dye manly
Than to flee with̄ shame and vilanye.'

Guy was attacked by Duke Reyner and Constable Gaudiner,

who came with a thousand knights.

It is better to die like a man than to flee shamefully.

C. 1937.

C. 1975.

C. 1989.

AH they answerd in that stede, [p. 67]
'With the we woH abide *ver*aily in dede.'
To-gider they smyte than faste:
Of the Almaignes they were not agaste.
There they beganne aH newe fighte,
Wher-thurgh deide many a good knighte.
Guy gooth to smyte Duke Reyner, Guy threw Reyner off his horse,
And of his stede he felled him ther'.
Heraude smote to Gaudemer' there, as Herhaud did Gaudiner,
And oute of his sadeH he did him bere.
With that com̄eth forth Gilmyn):
Besibbe he was the Duke Segwyn).
Than duke Botolf he smote so, and Gilmyn did Botolf.
That of his hors he felled him tho.
Whan that sawe Duke Reyner
And the Constable Gaudemer,
Before theim their folke sleyne, But the Germans rallied.
With grete sorowe and with peyne
Their' voices lowde they greyde,
And assembled ayene with their' ayde.
With that com̄e the Duke Reyner,
And Gilemyn he mette ther', Gilmyn was wounded,
So that the swerde longe and brode
Thurgh-oute his hepe it glode.
Gilemyn) with-drowe abacke fleyng',
Ayene-warde faste priking',
And is to Duke Segwyn) com̄e: and rode away to Duke Segyn.
WeH he him knewe right so\~ne.
'Sir Duke,' quoth Gilemyn),
Thou abidest to longe, by seynt Martyn).
Socour' thy folke, and that blyue: [p. 68]
The Almaignes begynne fast on vs dryue.'
Whan the Duke of Gilemyn) this herde,
And of his folke how it ferde,
He smote his stede and gan) to goon),
To his men) he seide anoon):

C. 1999. [*the first* 11 *lines of leaf* 118^{v} *b. entirely gone*]

[leaf 118v. b.]

. . . . . [o]n
. . . . . .
. . . . . falle
. . . . . .
. . . . . stiel
. . . . . [h]ond
. . . . . d
C. 2023. . . . . . [R]eyner
. . . . . er
. . . . . es fere
. . . . . .
. . . . . ori
. . . . . .
. . . . . n
. . . . . broun
. . . . . on
. . . . . non

. . . . . tede
. . . . . .
. . . . . me
. . . . . [o]me

C. 2043.

Baroñs, knyght*is*, strengthe you
Guy wele to socour' now;
For and Guy bee dede or nom̄e,
AH we bee thanne ouercom̄e.'
With that com̄e the Duke dryuyng',
And the Almaignes fast assailling'.
The Duke a knyghte smote anone,
That dede he did him to grounde goon).
Guy they socour' weH with aH: 2187
Many a good knyght he did dede down) faH.
On either side they foughte wele
With their' launces and swerdes of stele:
They smote of hedes, armes, and honde;
AH to-hewen) they lye in the sonde.
With that com̄eth Duke Reyner', 2204
Sleyne he hath the good Gayer:
In fraunce he was borne, Guyes feere;
To Guy he was leef and dere.
Whan Guy that sawe he was sory:
To the Duke he smote greuously,
That of his stede he felled him dowñe;
And than he drowe his swerde browne. 2212
Suche a stroke he smote him vpon)
That dey he wende forth-with anoon).
Sone there beganne a straunge shoure: [p. 69] [15]
To-geder they smyte knyght*is* of valoure. [16]
So many strokes yiueñ thou might see
Of the knight*is* that smote so free:
Bothe with spere and with swerde
They yiue many strokes and harde.
Ther' men) might see straye many a stede,
And many a knyght shriche and grede.
Wherto shuld y make a tale of nought?
The Almaignes were to deth brought.
NOWE BEEÑ the Almaignes ou*er*e-com̄e, 2224
To dethe wounded, and greuously nom̄e.

Duke Segyn attacked the Germans.

Either side fought well.

Gayer was killed by Reyner.

At last the Germans were vanquished.

. . . . . [f]leinge
. . . . . [d]riueinge
C. 2047. . . . . ode gome 2195
. . . . . e
. . . . . fro
. . . . . to do 2200
. . . . . t
. . . . . d sket
. . . . . oȝe
. . . . . [þ] me
. 2205
. . . . omen ichon

C. 2059. Or ichil telle þemperour
Turnb. l. 1985. MS. 119r. a. Ȝe han y-don him gret deshonour,
When ȝe for a fewe men
Schul so sone oway flen.' 2210
Þai turned hem anon riȝt,
& bi-gun a newe fiȝt.
Al togider þai gun smite;
[1] *Slemblant* MS. Semblant [1] of loue þai kidde bot lite.
Heteliche to him smot Gyoun; 2215
His scheld nas nouȝt worþ a botoun,
Turnb. p. 78, l. 1995. No his tvifold armes halp him nouȝt
Þat in Loreyn weren y-wrouȝt.
Strokes hij togider delden ywis
On helmes & on briȝt scheldes; 2220
So hard þai striken hem bitvene,
Þat gode stones fallen þer ben.
Aiþer semed a lyoun of mode,
So hard þai smiten wiþ swordes gode.
Wiþ him smot þe douke Segyn, 2225
No lenge miȝt he wiþhelden him;
Togider þai smiten hard and wel
Wiþ brondes wele wrouȝt of stiel.

Toward their hooste they goo fleyng, 2224
The Duke and Guy after theim dryuyng. 26
Witħ that coṁe priking Terry fuħ sone, 27 2195 Then came Tirri with thirty knights.
Of Gornoyse Aubries owne soñe, 28
Of[1] thirty Knygħt*is* swithe and snelle 29 1 *With?*
Of his owne meyne hardy and felle:
Aħ they coṁe armed the hooste fro,
The Almaignes socour for to doo. 2200
There they haue theim mette:
Witħ loude steuene withoute lette,
'Lording*is*,' he seide, 'how goo ye? At the call of Sir Tirri
Ayene wende nowe witħ me
To assaille eftsones your foon), 2205
Of whom ye bee ou*er*coṁe echoon),
Or y woħ telle the Emperour
That ye haue him doo grete dishonour,
Whan ye for a few meñ [p. 70]
Shuħ so swithe awey fleen).' 42 2210 the flying Germans turned again.
Ayene they to*ur*ned anone righte,
And begonne there a grete fighte.
Terry beganne a knygħte to smyte, Guy engaged them,
Semblant of loue he made a luyte.
Hertely to him smote Gyoun); 2215
His shelde auailled him not a botoun).

Harde strokes they to-geder deelde
On helmes and on stronge sheelde; 2220
So harde they striken) theim betwene,
That goolde and stones falle ther been).

Thanne coṁe the Duke Segwyn), assisted by Duke Segyn.
Longe ne migħt he withholde him; 2225
To-gider they smyte harde and wele
Witħ swerdes weħ wrougħt of stele.

Wiþ þat come prikeand Tirri,
Of Gurmoise þerl sone Aubri ;
Wel sternliche he smitt a kniȝt,
þat ded he fel anon riȝt.
C. 2091. So sone so douke Segyn seþ þis,
Wel wroþ he was wiþ him y-wis ;
Wroþlich he seyd to Gij,
'Here is gret scorn sikerly,
When þat olepi kniȝt
Schal ous do so michel vnriȝt,
& þan wiþ his saut owai flen.'
Gij answerd, 'turn we oȝen,
& hardiliche aseyl we hem :
Anon turn we oȝen.'
C. 2101. Þe Almau*n*s þai go to asayl
Turnb. p. 79, l. 2021. Wiþ gret strengþe in batayl ;
Sorweful of he*m* was þe meteinge
Wiþ brondes of stiel wele kerueinge.
Anon þe Almau*n*des gin flen,
& þe oþ*er* turnen oȝen.
Þe douk Segyn oȝain come,
Riȝt to his cite þe way he nome,

MS. 119r. b. & Gij afterward wiþ hi*m* is go,
& eke his feren also.
Wiþ hem þai habben her p*ri*sou*n*s,
Doukes, erls, & barouns ;
Wel glad & bliþe þan ben he,
& al þat weren i*n* þat cite.
To her innes þai ben y-gon,
Wel glad ben hij eu*er*ichon.
C. 2137. Þe douke goþ in-to þe tour :
His prisouns he doþ gret anour,

Than he to*ur*ned his stede Tirry,
As a good knygħt, and a migħti,
And bakward smote to a knygħte,
That dede he falled him anoñe rigħt.
Whan the Duke Segwyñ sawe this,
FuЧ wrothe he was ywis,
And aЧ wrothely seide to Guy,
'This is grete scorne sikirly,
Whan aЧ him self oon knygħte
ShaЧ vs doo this grete vnrigħte.'
Guy answerd, 'to*ur*ne ayene,
And hardily assaiЧe theim;
For better it is manly dede bee
Thañ withħ shame awey to flee.'
The Almaignes they goo to assailly, [p. 71]
And withħ grete strengthħ ou*er*ecoñe bee they.
Tirry to theim was eu*er*e meuyng',
And with his swerde gretly harmyng'.
Now goo the Almaignes fast fleyng',
And in their fistes their swerdes bering'.
The Duke Segwyn ayene coñe,
And lete theim passe their wey hoñe.

THANNE the Almaignes were thus wente
Discomfited in the feelde and shente,
The Duke Segwyñ than wente, as ye may see,
The rigħt wey to the Citee;
And Guy of Warrewik withħ him is goo,
And aЧ their felawes withħ theim also.
Withħ theim they lede their prisounes,[1]
Dukes, Erles, and also Barounes.
FuЧ glad and blithe aЧ they bee,
And aЧ that were in the Citee.
To their Innes they bee goon
FuЧ gladde and ioyefuЧ eu*er*ychoon.
The Duke him wente to his toure:
His p*r*isoun*er*s he lokked withħ grete honoure

Tirri slew a knight.

Segyn was wroth at Tirri's prowess.

But his men soon rallied, defeated the Germans,

[1] *prisouners* MS.

and returned triumphant to the town.

Segyn treated his prisoners very well,

Þerl Reyner of Sessoyne,
& þerl Gaudiner of Coloyne,
& wiþ hem þe stewerd,
Þat gode kniȝt was & wel y-herd.
Wiþ him eten he he*m* dede,
& more þan himself he*m* worþschipede.
Þe douke his soster cleped hi*m* to,
Þe fairest maiden þat miȝt go.
Turnb. p. 80, l. 2047. 'Þe prisouns þou nim to þe,
In þi chamber wiþ þe to be;
In þi chau*m*ber[1] kepes me
Þis gentil kniȝtes hende & fre;
& ou*er* alle o*þer* þe douke Reyner:
In hert he is me lef & dere.'
'Sir,' sche seyd, 'ichil so
Hem to kepe my miȝt y-do.'
C. 2153. ¶ Ac þe riche emp*er*our fre,
Of þis comberment nist he.
Wiþ a kniȝt he pleyd atte ches
Of Hungri, þat he loved y-wis.
Wiþ þat com Tirri prikeinge,
In his fest his brond bereinge:
His hauberk was al to-tore,
& his nasel avaled bifore.
Þurch his bodi þe blod ran;
Tirri made no semblau*n*t of þan;
[2] MS. *alto hewen.* His strong scheld al to-hewen[2] was,
[3] MS. *of þer.* Nouȝt a fot hole þer-of[3] nas.
C. 2165. ¶ 'Emperour,' he seyd, 'vnder-stond to me:
Hard tidinges may y telle þe
Of þine barouns þat y-nome be;
No schal þai neu*er* com to þe.
Sum be ded & brouȝt to grounde,
& su*m* be nomen, & su*m* be wounde:
MS. 119v. a. Turnb. p. 81, l. 2073. Y-nomen is þe douk Reyner,
& þe *con*stable Gaudiner;

[1] the *u* has a stroke too much.

Than),[1] Duke Reyner' of Cessoigne,
And the Erle Waldemer of Cologne,
And with theim Conrad the Stywarde,
That good knyght was and not a-ferde.
With him to ete he theim dude,
And gretly theim he than worshipped.
The Duke his Suster cleped him to,
The fairest maide that on erthe might goo.
'Thise prisouners thou take to the, [p. 72]
And in thy Chambre thou kepe theim me,

[1] *The?*

and committed them to the care of his sister.

And ouer all other the Duke Reyner',
That to me is leef and deer'.'
'Sir,' she seide, 'y shall so
To kepe theim my might doo.'
And the Emperour Reyner' free
Of this combraunce ne wiste he.
With a King he pleide at ches
Of Hungrye, that he loued y-wis.
With that com̄e Terry priking', 2327
And in his honde his swerde bering':
His harneis was all to-tore,
And his vomrell aualed before;
Thurgh his body the blode ranne,
And Terry made noo semblant thanne:
His stronge shelde all to-hewen was,
That skantly any hole pees nas.
'Emperour,' he seide, 'vnderstonde me:
Harde tydings *is* y telle the
Of thy Baron̄s that taken bee;
Ne shall they neuere com̄e more at the.
Som̄e bee dede and leyde to grounde,
And som̄e smitten with dethes wounde.
Take is the duke Reyner',
And of Cologne the Erle Waldemer';

The emperor was playing at chess

when Sir Tirri, in a sorry plight,

brought the bad tidings of the rout of his men,

Þe douke of Pauie wou*n*ded is
Wiþ a swerd þurch þe bodi y-wis:
Of þe deþ he drat him sore,
Hele no worþ him neu*er* more.'
C. 2177. When þemp*er*our herd þo
What þerl Tirri seyd him to,
Wel sori he was, & wroþ þer-fore,
Þat neyȝe he haþ his witt forlore.
Y-sworn he haþ a wel gret oþ
Bi god almiȝti al for-soþ,
Þat neu*er* bliþe no worþ he,
Al what þat cite y-nomen be,
& þat þe [1] traitours ben y-slawe,
O þ*er* for-brent, o þ*er* y-flawe.
C. 2187. ¶ His [2] heste he dede cri anon,
His men to arme hem eu*er*ichon;
His scheltromes anon he diȝt,
& redi þai ben al to fiȝt.
Þe feldes þai ben sone ou*er*-gon
Þat were þe tounes bisiden on,
Al what hij comen to þe cite.
Gaier[3] þan forþ ȝede he
Wiþ fif hundred armed kniȝtes,
Hardi & wele doand i*n* fiȝtes.
Turnb. p. 82, l. 2099. Þo þat weren i*n* þe cite,
On þe Almaynes bihelden he,
& seye þe cuntres & al þe feldes,
C. 2200. Wiþ white hauberkes & wiþ scheldes.
Þe douke hi*m* com forþ wiþ þat,
Wele y-armed on stede he sat:
'Gij,' he seyd, 'what schal we do?
ȝif we go & smite hem to,
Or we gon our walles to were,
Þat þe Almayns ous nouȝt dere?'
Þan spac Sir Gij fot hot,
'Wele schaltow do, for-soþe y wot:

[1] not quite distinct.

[2] *ost* underdotted.

[3] *Gaier* on an erasure.

The Duke of pauye wounded is
Witħ a swerde thurgħ the body ywis:
Of deth he dredde him sore,
To eskape he weneth nomore.'

the captivity of Duke Reyner and Gaudiner, and wounding of Otoun.

Whanne the Emperour herde tho [p. 73]
What the Erle Tirry tolde him to,
FuH sory he is, and wrothe therfore:
AH-moste he hath his witte forlore.
Swore he hath a fuH grete othe:
By god aH-mighti and forsothe,
Neuer glad shal bee he,
For that Citee take bee,
And tiH the traitours bee slawe,
In fire brende, or aH quykke drawe.
His trompettis he bade blowe anoñe,
And his hooste to harneys echooñe.

The Emperor

swore that he would never be blithe again till he had taken the city,

and slain the traitors therein.

His whole host

The feldes sone they haue thurgħ-goon):
Downes ne valeis they spared noon),
TiH they coñe before the Citee.
Gonrande than forthe yede he
Witħ .v. hundred of orped knyghtes,
That hardy were and weH doyng in fighttes.
AH that thoo were in the Citee,
Vpon) the Almaignes gan) beholde and see:
They sawe the Contrees coue*r*ed and the felde
Witħ white hauberkes, speres, and shelde.
The duke him coñe forth witħ that,
WeH armed vpon) a good stede he sat:
'Guy,' he seide, 'what shaH we doo?
Yf we goo to smyte theim too?'

marched to the city,

the van led by his son Gaier with 500 knights.

'Sir,' seide Guy foot hote,
'FuH weH thou shalt doo, y it wote.

Guy advised Segyn to sally out with 100 knights;

Nim we now an hundred kniȝtes,
& go asayl hem anon riȝtes.
Bifor þe cite y se stond here
Gaier, þempe*r*our sone Reyner,
& fif hundred [1] kniȝtes in her ferred,
Wele y-armed on heye stede.
Biforn her ost þei ben y-comen,
Angwisous ous to nimen;
& ȝif we habbeþ gret nede,
C. 2218. Oȝain-ward we mai ous spede.'
Anon þai nomen an hundred kniȝtes,
Hardi & of most miȝtes;
þai wenten out of þat cite,
Wel modi men weren he.
Turnb. p. 83, l. 2125. Wiþ þe Almau*n*s þai wil iusti,
Nil hii nouȝt wiþ he*m* acordi;
Togider þai smiten hard & swiþe,
Of hors þai fellen mani a siþe.
¶ Sir Gij hi*m* smot to Gaier,
& feld hi*m* doun of his destrer,
& seþþen he wan hi*m* *in* þat fiȝt;
[2] þe oþ*er* oway flowen [2] anon riȝt.
Toward þe ost þai flowen snelle,
þe hete was swiþe strong wiþ alle.
Mani þai nomen & bounden fast,
& ladde into þe cite on hast.
C. 2235. When þai of þe ost y-seye þis,
þat her folk ou*er*comen is,
& þat was in þat fiȝt y-nome
Gaier, þat was þempe*r*our sone,
[3] þan [3] hastiliche þe ost ichon
Opon Segyn þat smiten anon.
þer bigan a newe fiȝt,
Whar-þurch died mani a kniȝt.
On aiþer side mani on dyed y-wis;
Ac þe douke wers bifallen is,

[1] originally *hundered*, but the first *e* underdotted. MS. 119v. b.

[2] originally *blowen*.

[3] *an* not quite distinct.

WoH we take a thousand knygħtes, which was done.
And goo theim assaile anone rigħtes.
Before the Citee y see stonde here [p. 74]
Gaier, the Emperours soñe Reyner,
And .v. hundred knygħt*is* at his lede,
FuH weH armed vpon their stede.
Before their hoost they bee coñe:
Lete vs theim assaille now fuH sone.
Yf we of socour haue any nede,
Ayenewarde we mowe vs sone spede.'

Than oute of the Citee bee they goon
FuH swithe hasty rigħt anoon,
The Almaignes for to assaille:
Therof they thinke not to faille.
To-geder they smyte harde and swithe,
Of hors they felle many a sithe.
Guy dooth smyte to Gaier, Gaier was taken prisoner,
And felled him downe rigħt ther,
And so toke him ther in that figħte: and his men put to flight.
The other flowen anone rigħte.
Toward the hoost they flee, y you telle,
The other after, theim to quelle.

Whan they of the hooste sawe this, The German main army
That their folke so ou*er*e-coñe is,
And that ther was in that figħte noñe
Gaier, the Emperours soñe,
Than hasted they of the hoost echoon,
Vpon Segwyn they smyte anoon: attacked Segyn,
Begonne they haue a fuH stronge figħte,
Wher-thurgħ deide many a knygħte. and slew many of his men.

For miche of his folk he les.
Al au*n*treousliche *þer* he come*n* wes.
Þurch pride þan ferd he
Fram his ost, and fram his cite.
Turnb. p. 84, l. 2151. Wele hii deden no þe les,
He and Gii þat miȝti wes,
[1] originally ȝ*ernne*, but the second *n* underdotted. & wiþ hem Herhaud of Arderne;
To hem þai smite*n* swiþe ȝerne.[1]
C. 2253. ¶ Wiþ þat com prikeing Tirri,
Þat gode kniȝt was & hardi;
To þe douk Segyn he smot,
& of his hors feld him fot hot;
Ac þe douk anon vp stert,
As he þat was agremed in hert,
MS. 120r. a. & out he drouȝ his swerd of stiel,
& defended him swiþe wel.
Whom þat he rauȝt, ded he fel;
Strong kniȝt he was, hardi & snel.
Þer he defended him asp*er*liche;
Þe Almaunis hi*m* asayl hastiliche:
Y-loken he was hem amidwerd,
To him þai launced boþe spere and swerd.
In mani stede wounded is he;
C. 2268. Wele he werþe hi*m* þei he sailed be.
When Gij seye þe douke of fot,
For sorwe no wist he no bot;
Wel hardiliche he smot a kniȝt,
Þat ded he feld hi*m* anon riȝt.
His swerd of stiel he haþ up pliȝt,
& smot so anoþ*er* kniȝt
Turnb. p. 85, l. 2177. Þat asailed þe douke Segin,
Þat heued sone binam him,
& seþþe he sett him his stede opon,
& fast hii asailed her fon;

Segyn, Guy, and Herhaud wrought wonders.

With that cõme priking' Tirry,
That good knygħt was and hardy:
To the duke Segwyn) he smote, [p. 75]
That langestreigħte he felled him fote hote;
And the Duke anone vpsterte,
As he that wrothe was in herte,
And smote aboute with his swerde of stele,
And as a man defendetħ him wele.

Segyn, dismounted by Tirri,

was pressed hard,

Tirry him assailleth sharply,
And the Almaignes forth-witħ him hastely:

In many places wounded is he,
That aħ-moste he weneth dede bee.
Whañ Guy sawe the Duke afote,
For sorowe ne wiste he noomaner bote:
There he smote to a knygħt,
That dede he felled him anoon) rigħt.

but rescued by Guy.

The Duke he sette his stede vpon),
And gooth to assaille than their' foon).
Fro thense woħ they neuere drawe,
Tiħ they the Almaignes haue slawe.

Þennes nil hii neu*er* gon
C. 2280. Er hii han slawe mani on.
¶ 'Sir douk,' seyd Gyoun,
'Vnderstond to mi resoun :
To þe cite oȝain we wil go,
Ful wele we may it now do ;
A þousand þer beþ of armed kniȝtes
Þat sone wiþ ous wil holde fiȝtes ;
& we here lenger duelle
For foles we schullen ous telle.'
Into her cite þai ben y-gon,
Togider þai asembled hem ichon,
[1] *i* on an erasure. & at þe alours þai [1] defended hem,
& abiden bataile of her fomen.
C. 2293. ¶ When þemp*er*our y-herd þis,
Þat his sone y-nomen is,
Wiþ loude steuen þan hete he
His folk asayl þat cite
Wiþ schot of bowe and alblast,
Wiþ swerdes, speres schete & cast,
Wiþ laddren steye, þat couþe best.
Þe cite to asail haue þai no rest,
Turnb. p. 86, l. 2203. Wiþ stones & mangunels fast to cast :
[2] MS. *alto dast.* Þe fair walles al to-dast.[2]
MS. 120r. b. & hii wiþ-in fended hem wele apliȝt,
& hii wiþ-outen ȝeld hem gret fiȝt ;
Þe Almayns þat ilke day þere
Wiþ gret sorwe y-slawe were.
Strongliche þai asail þe cite,
Ac þat day noþing no speden he ;
At euen þat wiþ-drouȝ hem oȝan.
C. 2311. Þemp*er*our was þer-fore a sori [3] man,
[3] MS. *asori* [4] *nomight* MS., not *nought*. Þat he no miȝt [4] of þat cite spede,
No awreken him for no nede.
Þe cite ich day what niȝt
Þai asailed wiþ gret miȝt ;

The Almaignes on theim p*ur*sewe so stronge,
That it endure they might not longe.
'Sir duke Segwyn),' seide Gyoun),
'Vnderstonde to my reesoun):
To the Cite ayene y rede we goo,
For well we may it nowe doo;

At Guy's advice they retreated

For, and we here any lenger duelle,
For fooles we may oure-self telle;
For they been) fourty ayenst vs oon).'
Withoute moo to the Citee they bee goon),
And at all houres defended theim,
And so refresshed theim-self and their' men).
Whanne the Emperour' herde this, [p. 76]
That his soñe so taken) is,
With lowde steueñe than co*m*maunded he
His folke in haste to assaille that Citee
With shotte of bowe and arblaste,
With swerdes and speres shete and kaste;

into the town.

The Emperor with his whole army

now assaulted the city,

Bot they within defende theim a-right,
And they withoute yelde theim eu*er*e grete fight:
Bot the Almaignes that daie there
With grete sorowe sleyne were,

but it was well defended.

And at Euen) they been) withdrawe:
The Emp*erour* was sory in his sawe,
That he ne mighte of the Citee spede,
Ne awreke him at his nede.
Bot for all that the Citee eu*er*y day fourtnyght
They dud assaille with grete myght,

The assault, though repeated every day,

Ac þe douk, Gij, and Herhaud,
Oft hem makeþ mani asaut,
& miche of his folk þan slouȝ hii,
Wharfore he was *in* hert sori.
Lordinges, listeneþ to me now!
Of a tresoun ichil telle ȝou:
It was opon a somers day,
Þemp*er*our hadde eten, soþ to say;
His huntes he of-sent þo,[1]
& seyd he wald on hunting go
Into þe forest erlike,
Þat þe douk Segyn nouȝt no wite,
No his kniȝtes neu*er* þe mo.
Þat him herd a spie þo,
Þat out of þat ost dede him fast,
To þe douke Segyn he com an hast.
¶ Þe douke Segyn oxed him snelle
What newe tidinges he couþe telle:
'Sir,' quod [he [2]], 'herken to me:
Gode tidinges y telle þe,
Þat þemperour, sikerliche,
Wille huntte to morwe arliche
In his forest priueliche
Wiþ litel folk & nouȝt wiþ miche,
Wiþ also litel als he may.
Y no gabbe nouȝt, for soþe to say.'
Þan he hade seyde þus to Segyn,
'Bi Seyn Richer! leue frende mine,'
Seyd þe douke, 'and it so be,
An hundred bessau*n*s ȝif y þe.'
Þe spie seyd, 'soþe y sigge:
My bodi þerfore in ostage y legge.'
¶ Þan haþ þe douk y-cleped Gij,
& Herhaud of Arderne sikerlij,
Dan Belin, & dan Gauter,
& þe þridde dan Holdimer,

[1] *þo* altered from *so*.

Turnb. p. 87, l. 2229.

[2] *he* omitted in MS.

MS. 120v. a.

And the Duke, Guy, and heraude
Mightly withstode their stronge assaute:
Moche folke of his slowen they,
Wherfor he was in herte sory.

was unsuccessful.

One day the Emperor determined to go hunting next morning.

A spy informed Duke Segyn of it.

The Duke told the news to Guy, Herhaud, Belin, Gauter, Holdiner and Joceran,

& Joceran þat was of Speyne
(Was non wiser in-to Almayne
Turnbull p. 88, l. 2255. A gode *con*seyl for to ȝiue;
þer-fore he was michel to leue).
C. 2361. 'Lordinges,' he seyd, 'what rede ȝe, 2485
[1] MS. *tome* Seþþe þat ȝe be sworn to me[1]?
What is ous best for to done
Of our king Reyner? telle me sone.'
Gij to him answerd snelle,
'þe best rede ichil þe telle: 2490
Kniȝtes we schul han a þousinde,
& bi þe morwe, ȝif we him finde,
Ichil him bidde wiþ hert fre
þat he wil acord wiþ þe,
& þat he cum wiþ þe at ete; 2495
& ȝif he seyþ ouȝt wiþ hete,
þat he it wil graunt for no þing,
Hider we schul bring þe king.
& þou schalt here bileue now,
Opon þi lord go no schaltow; 2500
þi palays þou schalt grayþi,
& riche metes diȝt redi.'
þe douk answerd anon riȝt:
'So help me god, ful of miȝt,
Also þou wilt, þou schalt do.' 2505
Wiþ þat is Gij þennes y-go;
In-to þe way he dede him anon
C. 2400. þer þemp*er*our schuld forþ gon.
Turnbull p. 89, l. 2281. þemp*er*our bi þe morwe aros,
Into his forest he rideþ & gos: 2510
A gret bore þai fou*n*den, y-wis,
& hij vncopled her houndis;
[1] *schrille?* Her hornes þai blewe loude & stille,[1]
Her houndes vrn wiþ gode wille.
¶ þemp*er*our biheld sone wiþ þan 2515
[2] MS. *adiche* Unto a diche[2] þat wat*er* in ran;

asking counsel.

Guy offered to
meet the Emperor
in the forest with
a hundred
knights,

ask him to dine,

and at least
bring him into
the city.

The Duke readily
assented,

and Guy set out.

Next morning
the Emperor
repaired to the
forest.
A boar was
unsloughed.

Pursuing him,

He seyd, 'y-treyst we ben here:
Sir Tirri, mi frende dere,
[1] MS. 3ou — No sestow hou[1] þat 3onder ride
Kni3tes? þai ben of gret pride.
MS. 120v. b. — On ich halue bisett we beþ,
Nis her nou3t bot þe deþ.
Felawes þai be þe douke Segyn,
Whom þat god 3if iuel fin!
Gij of Warwike þer y sey,
Y-armed on his stede an hey.'
'Sir emp*er*our,' quod Tirri anon,
'For þe rode loue þat god was on don,
Ich þe bidde, hennes go now,
For godes loue no lenge bileue þou!
& ichil here bileuen ay,
& 3if ich Gij mete may,
C. 2436. Wiþ meschau*n*ce y schal him gret,
& al his feren þat y mete.
Turnbull p. 90, l. 2307. Ar ich be ded or nomen be
þou schalt passe al þis cuntre.'
þemperour seyd, 'for soþe, y nille:
[2] *w* in *wiþ* altered from 3. — Here ichil wiþ[2] 3ou duelle.'
Hastiliche þai armed hem anon,
& lepe her gode stedes opon.
¶ Wiþ þat come Gij prikeinde,
& a smal tvige *in* his hond bereinde
Of oliue, in token of pais:
To þemperour he grad as curteys,
& seyd, 'god, þat alle þing may se,
C. 2452. Sir emperour, so loke þe
þiselue, & al þi meyne,
þat *in* place wiþ þe be!
þe douke Segyn þe sent bi me
þat trewþe & loue he wil to þe,
& biddeþ þe als his lord dere,
þeselue, & alle þine fere,

they found
themselves
amid armed men,

among whom
they recognized
Guy.

Tirri advised the
Emperor to
retreat,

but he refused.

Guy approached
with an olive
branch in his
hand,

and in Segyn's
name,

invited the
Emperor
and his com-
panions

Þat wiþ þe ben togider here,
Þat ȝe come to him to þe dinere;
And his gode cite he wil þe ȝelde
Wiþ al his castels he haþ in welde;
& ȝif he haue don oȝain skille,
He wille amende it to þi wille.'
¶ When þemperour herd him speke so,
& so gret loue bede him to,
þe king of Hongrie[1] he cleped þo,
And sir Tirri he dede also:
'Lordinges,' he seyd, 'what schal we do?
C. 2472. Rede ȝe þat we þider go?'
[A leaf lost: only the capital letters of about a third of first page, first col., left.]
Þ . . . . . .
Þ . . . . . .
W . . . . . .
Þ . . . . . .
H . . . . . .
Þ . . . . . .
T . . . . . .
W . . . . . .
ȝ . . . . . .
M . . . . . .
Y . . . . . .
F . . . . . .
Y? . . . . . .

C. 2491.

[1] *o* in *Hongrie* altered from *u*.

to dine with the Duke, who was willing to surrender.

WHANNE the Emperour herde him speke so,
And so grete loue shewe him to,
The kingꝰ of hungry he cleped him to,
And sirꝰ Tirry of Gurmeyse also:
'Lordinges,' he seide, 'what shaꝧ we doo?
Rede ye that we thider goo?'
Than seide Terry to the Emperourꝰ:
'The Duke you dooth̄ grete honourꝰ,
Whan he his Citees and Castellis echooñe, [p. 77]
That stronge beenꝰ of lyme and stooñe,
AꝧH deliuere at thynꝰ owne wille
(Thanke thou owest him by reasonꝰ and skille),
And at thy wille his body doo.
Wende ye thiderꝰ, y rede you so;
For, if he doo as thise menꝰ haue higꝧte,
More Worship the doo he ne migꝧte;
For withꝧ strengthꝧ thou getestꝧ this profre neuere,
Withꝧaꝧ the powerꝰ that thou kanꝰ keuer.'
'I woꝧ,' quothꝧ the Emperour, 'that it so bee,
Bot that y him nougꝧt see,
TiꝧH y haue counsailled me
Withꝧ my baroñs that in theirꝰ hostage bee.'
Withꝧ that they gynne for to wende,
And of accorde speke the knigꝧtis hende.
To Ransoñe they bee coñe,
And richely there they bee vnder-nooñe;
And Guy him dresseth̄ withꝧ aꝧH his migꝧt
WeꝧH to serue bothe baronꝰ and knigꝧt:
Therꝰ was yomanꝰ ne swayne noonꝰ,
Bot Guy theim yiftes yaue good wooꝰ.

The Emperor asked his men's advice.

On Tirri's representation,

the Emperor accepted the invitation.

At Arascoun

they were serve very well.

C. 2509.

C. 2527

Whan it was nygħte, to bedde they goo,
And erly arise withoute moo.
To the Chirche the Emperour is goo,
For to here his masse tho.
His eerles and baroñs aboute him gan stonde,
That were of many dyuerse londe;
And the Duke there was nought,
For the Emperour hym hated in his thought.
The same daye tymely [p. 78]
The Duke aroosse fuħ eerly:
Rewthfully he digħte him there
In his sherte allone with open heere:
A stronge roope he toke thoo,
And aboute his nekke he gan it doo.
Than to his prisouners he is goon,
And theim dooth reson oon by oon:
'Lordinges, barouñs, y bidde you,
That ye woħ prey for me now
To our' lorde, so weħ ye may,
That he me foryiue this same day
His wrathe and his male-talent.'
And aħ they him graunte with oon assent.
Than he threwe his manteħ of:
Many man had grete rewthe therof.
In his sherte he stode allone:
For him was made mikeħ mone.
To the Emperour' he gooth soo,
An Olyue boughwe in his handes twoo,
That pees shuld beetoken betwene theim.
Aħ weping his wey forth he doth kenne.
Thurgh the strete barefote he gooth
And barehede in his sherte forsoth
With a roope aboute his swere:
Many man behelde him there.
Erles and Dukes of grete valour'
For him they preide to the Emperour:

The next morning the Emperor went to church.

The Duke

asked his prisoners

to intercede for him with the Emperor,

which they promised to do.

In his shirt,

barefooted

and bareheaded, with a rope round his neck, he went towards the church.

C. 2539.

C. 2561.

C. 2567.

On their knees vpon the stoon
For him they besoughte euerychoon,
That he wolde haue mercy of Segwyn [p. 79]
For goddis loue and seynte Martyn.
With that is Segwyn to the Chirche come,
On his knees he felle full sone:
Of the Emperour he besoughte mercy
For goddis loue and oure Lady.
'Sir Emperour,' seide Segwyn,
'This daie is come ending myn,
Bot thou haue mercy on me.
At thy wille it shal bee.
No lenger y ne woll thy wrath dryue,
While y am man a-lyue,
Bot oute of this londe y shall goo,
And neuere ayene to come moo.
Here my swerde, thou take it,
And myn hede of thou smyte,
Or what thy wille is, doo by me
(Myn owne Lorde, y woll it so bee)
For the folie that y dude,
Whan y slowe thy neuiew in that stede.'
Than bespake the Emperoures sone
To his fader and seide: 'sir, of your benesone,
Segwyn is a noble baroun.
Holden he hath vs in prisoun:
To vs he hath bee full kynde,
And to you heraftер[1] may bee well helping.
Bot thou foryiue him thy wrath swithe,
Of me thou shalt neuere bee blithe.'
Than seide the Duke Reyner full sone:
'Sir Segwyn is a noble baron.
Sithe he obeyeth him to thy wille, [p. 80]
Foryiue him thy wrathe, and that is skille,
Of thy neuyew, that he slow by cas;
For in his defence, by god, it was.

Segyn asked the Emperor's mercy:

he would rather die than endure the Emperor's wrath any longer

for having killed his nephew.

The Emperor's son seconded Segyn's entreaties.

Duke Reyner protested that Segyn slew the Emperor's nephew in his own defence.

[1] MS. apparently *heraftis*.

C. 2579.

C. 2587.

C. 2597.

C. 2607.

And if any woꝧ contrary that y-sey,
Before you to preoue it my gloue y woꝧ ley.
And bot if thou haue of him mercy,
Euer here-after y shalbee thyn enmy.'
Than comme forthe sir Gaudemer, 2665 Gaudiner,
And thus to the Emperour he spake there:
'Sir, y loue the Duke ouere aꝧ thing;
For he vs hath doo grete worshipping,
And sworne brethern we bee two: a sworn brother of the Duke's,
And thou hense forewarde him mysdoo, 2670
Aꝧ my people y shaꝧ forsende,
And in-to Cologne y shaꝧ wende: even threatened to make war upon the Emperor if he should refuse to pardon Segyn.
Thy Castellis and Citees, that been so stronge,
Destroye y shaꝧ for thy wronge.
Bot thou mercy of him haue nowe, 2675
Aꝧ this y shaꝧ ayenst thy prowe.'
Wiꝧ that come the Styward forthe: After him came the Emperor's Steward,
'Sir, the Duke is moche worthe,
And grete worship he hath vs doo
(Neuere more yet come vs vnto), 2680
Whan he in bataille vs hath nome,
And you hath thus doo hider come.
Bot thou of him haue the rather mercy,
Euere of me herafter thou shalt failly.'
Wiꝧ that cometh forth Guy 2685 then Guy of Warwick,
Of Warrewik, the Knyght hardy:
'Sir, for goddis Loue y bidde the, [p. 81]
On this Duke thou haue mercy and pitee,
And wiꝧ that y shaꝧ your man become
To serue the, Lorde, aꝧ and some.' 2690
Tirry is than forthe come, and even Tirri.
Of Gormeyse Aubries sone:
'Sir, on this Duke ye must haue mercy
For loue of thise good men, that stonde you by.
Yf thou haue loste thurgh him 2695
Sadok the hende, that was thy kyn,

C. 2613.

MS. fol. 121r. a.
C. 2633.

‘Sir emperour, wat hastow do?
Is þe acord made bitven 3ou to?
Astow þe douke Segyn y-kist,
þe strong traitour & vnwrest?
& haþ for-3if al in loue
Sadok deþ, þi suster sone?
Þat þe wil dred, say me on;
þe misdo þai willen ichon;
When her wretþe and her gilt
So li3tliche for-3if þou wilt,
Hennes forward wil þe dred non,
Schame anou3 þai wil þe don;
& 3if þou haddest þe douk anhong,
In þi lond men wold[1] þe dred strong,
& þan after-ward þe treytour Gij,
Þat neu*er* dede ous bot vilayni.

[1] MS. *wil*

In his stede y shaH bee,
And with aH my migHt serue the.
Therfor' at an ende y beseche the,
Foryiue him your wrathe witH herte free.
And bot ye woH that doo,
Beleue it weH withoute wordes moo.' [1]

[1 Two lines, at least, lost.]

So longe they haue the Emper*our* bede,
That he is agreable to their rede.
To theim he seith witH herte free:
'Lordes, baroñs, herken to me.
Now ye aH haue bidden so,
For your loue y shaH thus doo,
And for sir' Guy, that is englissH,
That so good knygHt and curteys is:
AH my wrathe y foryiue him
For loue of the soules of my kynn),
And for y him so mylde see.
Vnderstonde nowe and herken) to me:
For he me crieth m*er*cy withoute pride,
Mercy he shaH haue to his mede.'

At last the Emperor yielded to their entreaties,

seeing Segyn so humble.

[*A few lines lost* = C 2625—2632.]

But Duke Otoun blamed the Emperor's lenity.

Ac now þai worþ wiþ þe priue,
& better þan alle we.
Turnbull p. 92, l. 2359. & topen al þis, 3if Gij wer ded,
We mi3te*n* haue þe lesse dred.'
C. 2645. When Gij herd Ot*us* speke so,
Als a wilde bore he lepe hi*m* to:
'Ot*us*!' quaþ Gij, 'þou schalt daye,
When þou of tresoun clepes ous baye,
Boþe Segyn & eke me:
Þou it schal abie, bi mi leute!'
Him he smot wiþ his fest
[1] *al in* on an erasure. Amide the teþ, ri3t al in[1] ernest.
Ac þe barouns bitvene hem goþ,
& þemp*er*our swore his oþ,
3if ani þer were so hardy
Þat dede oþ*er* schame oþ*er* vilanie,
[2] a letter erased before *hewe*. Bren men hi*m* scholde, oþ*er* to-hewe,[2]
[3] *to-drawe*? Oþer al to-hewe[3] at wordes fewe.
Þan doþ þai crie þurch þe cuntraye,
Þat of þo wordes no man schuld saye;
'& 3if þer doþ, wiþ-outen no,
Hond oþ*er* fot he schal for-go.'
C. 2675. ¶ Than seyd þemperour on þis maner
To þe douke Segyn oforn hem þer:
'Sir douke, ichil loue þe:
Wiif þou schalt haue bi me.
A feir soster ich haue i*n* mi bour
Ichil þe 3if,' quaþ þemp*er*our:
MS. 121r. b.; Turnbull p. 93, l. 2385. 'Erneborwe hat þat may.'
Anon he hir spoused þat day.
Þe bridale was holden wiþ game, y pli3t.
Neuer 3et nas non fairer in si3t.
He loued hir, & worþ-schiped swiþe:
To his cite he ladde hir siþe,
He and Ernneborwe his leuedi
[4] MS. *soiormij* þer hii wold soiornij.[4]

Guy, in wrath,

challenged Otoun;

but the Emperor,

on pain of death,

forbade the fight.

THANNE seide the Emperour anone [p. 82] 2755
To the Duke Segwyn, as ye may here echoñ:
'Sir Duke, y shaƕ loue the:
Wif thou shalt haue thurgh̄ me
A faire Suster y haue in my boure:
I shaƕ hir yiue the to paramoure.' 2760
Erneborugh̄ higȟte that faire may:
Anone he spoused theim that same day.
The brideale was holde with̄ game and pley,
And therof had a ioyefuƕ day.
He loued hir, and worshipped swithe: 2765
To Bornewik he ledde hir blithe,
He and Erneborgh̄ his wif gentiƕ
There they wolde soiourne a whiƕ.

Segyn was wedded to the Emperor's sister,

Erneborwe.

Anon after þe tende day
Of her soiourn, soþe to say,
C. 2685. ¶ Gij is to þe douke y-go,
& at him asked leue þo:
'Sir douk,' he seyd, 'gon ich-ille,
In þis cuntre bileue y nille.
In wer ich haue serued þe:
ʒif þou haue eu*er* eft nede to me,
After me þou sende sikerliche,
& ich com to þe hastiliche.'
'Sir,' quaþ þe douk, 'gram*er*ci!
ʒete haue y nouʒt serued þe, sir Gij.
Here, ich bid þe, bileue wiþ me:
Half mine castels, & half mi cite,
Þe worþschip of Lowayn halue*n*-del,
Ich it þe graun*t*, Gij, fair & wel.'
Gij tok his leue; oway went he:
C. 2700. Þe douke wepe sore, & hadde pite.
Turnbull p. 94, l. 2411. Þemperour þat was so fre,
Wiþ him Gij þan ladde he;
Castels him bede, & cites,
Gret worþschip, & riche fes,
Ac he þ*er*of nold afo,
For noþing þat he miʒt do.
To Almayn went ben he,
To Espire þat riche cite.
¶ Þemperour worþschiped Gij þe fre;
A while wiþ him bileft he.
To pleyn hem þai went bi riuer
Þat of wilde foule ful were;
To her wille an hunting hij gos,
To chace þe hert & þe ros.
On a day as he cam fram hunting
A dromond he seye ariueing.
Þider-ward sir Gij is y-gon,
& gret þe marchandes eu*er*ichon.

And after the twentiṫh day
Of his soio*ur*nyng, the sothe to say,
Guy is to the Duke goo,
And asked him leue thoo.
'Sir Duke,' he seide, 'goo y shaⱡ
In-to my Contrey withoute lenger taryng at aⱡ.
In thy werre y haue serued the,
And yf thou haue any thing' to doo with me,
After me thou sende hardily,
And y shaⱡ come riġt hastely.'
'Sir,' seide the duke, 'g*r*aunt mercy!
I haue it not deserued to the, sir Guy.
Abide heer, and duelle wiṫh me:
Half my castell*is* thou shaⱡ haue and Citee.'

Guy took his leave of Segyn, who in vain tried to detain him.

Guy toke his leue, and forthe wente he:
The Duke wepte sore for pitee.
The Empero*ur* also wente his wey, [p. 83]
And Guy wiṫh him, the sothe to sey.
Castell*is* were boden him, and Citees,
Riche worship, and grete fees,
And he therof wolde noon),
For noo thing' they kouthe doon);

Guy followed the Emperor to Spires.

Staying there,

Bot at their' wille an huntyng' they goo
In eue*ry* man*er*e Guy solace for to doo.

ON A DAYE as Guy coṁe fro dere sheting'
By a cooste he sawe a shippe aryving'.
Thiderwardes he is gooñ:
Faire he grette the maryners echoon).

Guy one day, returning from hunting,

MS. fol. 121v. a.

‘Lordinges, whe*n*nes com ȝe,
Þat in Þis riuer ariued be?
Bi ȝour semblant y se, y-wisse,
Þat ȝe ledde gret richesse.’
Among hem alle Þ*er* spac on,
Þat couÞe speke for hem eu*er*ichon:
‘Fram Costentine Þe noble y-comen we be:
Lond of peys Þan seche we.
Marchandes we ben of Þat lond,
& out y-driuen wiÞ michel wrong:
Out of Coyne Þe riche soudan,
So prout he is, & of so gret boban,
Þat wiÞ .xv. heÞen kinges,
& Þritti emeraus, wiÞ-oute*n* lesinges,
¶ In Costentyn Þe noble emp*er*our Ernis
Þai han strongliche bisett, y-wis.
Castel no cite nis hi*m* non bileued,
Þat altogider Þai han to-dreued,
& for-brant, & strued, y-wis.
Into Costentyn flowen he is;
Þer he werÞ him oȝaines his fon,
Þat secheÞ on him for to slon.
Þritti mile men may riden & gon,
Ne schal men finde man non;
& we ben aschaped vnneÞe,
Þat we no were to-hewen to deÞe.
Y-comen we ben into Þis cuntre:
Fowe & griis anouȝ lade we,
Gold and siluer, & riche stones,
Þat vertu bere mani for Þe nones,
Gode cloÞes of sikelatoun & Alisa*u*ndrinis,
Peloure of Matre, & pu[r]per & biis,
To ȝour wille as ȝe may se;
Swiche be Þe tidinges of Þat cuntre.’
Gij answerd, ‘mi frende fre,
For ȝour tidinges blisced ȝe be!

Turnbull p. 95, l. 2437.

'Lording*is*,' he seide, 'of whense cõme ye,
That in this contree thus arriued bee?
By your' semblant y see, y-wis,
That ye lede grete richesse.'
Amonges theim aⱡ ther' spake oon),
That weⱡ kouthe speke for theim, anoon):
'Fro Constantyn)-noble cõme bee we,
Londe of pees to seche, in verite.
Marchant*is* we been) of that lande,
And oute driuen) with stronge hande;
For of Coyne the riche sowdan)
(Proude he is, and of grete boban)),
He hatⱡ with him fiftene kynges,
And .xxx.^{ti} admirall*is*, withoute lesinges.
In-to Constantyn-noble the Emp*erour* flowen) is,
And they haue him beseged, y-wys.
There is him lefte nooñ other Citee,
Bot aⱡ haue destroied withoute pitee.

learned from Greek merchants

that the Soudan

had besieged the Emperor Ernis, in Constantinople,

after devastating all Greece.

Fro thense we migⱡt eskape vnnethe, [p. 84]
Bot were weⱡ nygⱡe brougⱡte to dethe.
Cõme we bee thus in-to this contree:
Voir' and grys enougⱡ lede we,
Golde and siluer and riche stones,
That vertues bereⱡ for the nones.

They had escaped with difficulty.

Suche bee the tiding*is* of that contree.'
Than answerd Guy: 'my frend*is* free,

Guy,

God, for his name seuene,
He bring ȝou to gode heuene!'
When þe marchau*n*des hadde seyd as y say,
a altered from *e*. Gij bitauȝt hem god & gode day.[1]
Vnto his in he is y-go,
And Herhaud he cleped anon him to.
'Herhaud, mi frende, wille we gon?
At þemp*er*our take we leue anon.
MS. 121v. b. Into Costentyn-noble ichil go
To help þemp*er*our of his wo:
Þat wiþ þe soudan biseged is he,
So siggeþ men of þat cuntre;
Þat lond destrud & men aqueld,
& cristendom þai han michel afeld.'
Herhaud answerd, 'y grau*n*t it be:
Miche worþschipe it worþ to þe.'
At þemp*er*our þai toke leue to go,
& he hem grau*n*ted vnneþe þo;
Anouȝ he bedeþ hem castels & tours,
Riche cites, halles, & bours.
Sir Gij toke an hundred of his kniȝtes,
Strongest and best in fiȝtes,
Þat he miȝt in Almayne finde,
Mest y-preised & best doinde.
Turnbull p. 97, l. 2489. Now þai ben to schippe y-went:
Gode winde god haþ hem lent.
To Costentyn-noble þai ben y-come,
& in þe cite her in y-nome.
Ac when þemp*er*our wist atte frome
Þat Gij of Warwike was y-come,
Tvay erls he dede after him go,
& loueliche he bad hem com hi*m* to.
& sir Gij hi*m* goþ to þemperour fre:
'Welcome, sir Gij,' þan seyd he.
'Of þine help gret nede haue we.
Michel ich haue herd speke of þe.

God, for his names seuen),
Bringe you sone to good haūen).'
WHANNE the m*er*ch*aun*t*is* had tolde as y you sey,
Guy betaugħte theim god and good day.
To his ynne he is goo,
Heraude of Ardern) he cleped him to.
'Heraude,' he seide, 'woll we goon
At the Emper*our* to take our' leeue anoon̄?
In-to Constantyn)-noble woll we goo
To helpe the Emper*our* oute of woo:
That with a Sowdan) beseged is he,
So telleth̄ me men) of that contree.'

Heraude answerd, 'y g*r*aunte it so bee:
Grete worship it may to*ur*ne the.'
At the Emper*our* he toke leeue to goo,
And he him g*r*aunted vnnethe tho.

Thañ toke Guy an hundred knigħtes
Of the stalworthest and best in fightes,
That he migħt in Almaigne fynde,
And most preised and best doyng'.
Anoñe they bee to shippe wente: [p. 85]
Good wynde god hath̄ theim sente.
To Constantyn)-noble they bee coñe,
And, whan the Emper*our* wiste that anooñe,
That Guy of Warrewik with̄ his compaignye
Was logged in his Citee,
Two erles he did for him goo,
That he wolde coñe him to.
And Guy him gooth̄ to the Emper*our* free:
'Welcoñe, sir Guy,' than seide he.
'To thy helpe grete nede haue we.
Moche y haue herde speke of the.

by the advice of Herhaud,

determined to help the Eastern Emperor,

and took leave of the Western one.

The arrival of Guy with 100 knights

at Constantinople

was heartily welcomed by the Emperor,

Mine men ben sleyn in þis tide,
& mi lond destrud in ich a side :[1]
Al bot þis ich selue cite
Destrud & brent hauen he.
Fourti þousand þai[2] slowe on a day
Of mine men, as ich ȝou telle may.
Mine men þai slowe, mi sone also,
Wharfore, leue frende, y bede þe to,
ȝif þou miȝt me of hem wreke,
& þe felouns out of mi lond do reke,
Mine feyr[3] douhter þou schalt habbe,
& half mi lond, wiþ-outen gabbe.'
Þan answerd anon sir Gij,
'Sir,' he seyd, 'gramercij !
& y þe sigge, bi mi leute,
Þat treweliche ichil serue þe
Al þe while þat ich wiþ þe be :
Þerof, sir, þou miȝt leue me.'
At þempe*r*our he toke leue anon,
Vnto his in he gan to gon.
Noyse & cri he herd in þat cite :
He gan oxy what it miȝt be.
He hem oxed what it were,
& what was al þat noise þere.
So mani kniȝtes he seye to armes go,
So mani seriau*n*ce steye to kernels þo.
'Sir,' quaþ a burieys, 'bi seyn Martin,
It beþ þe liþer Sarrazin :
It is þe amiral Costdram,
Þe nevou of þe riche soudan.
So strong he is, & of so gret miȝt,
In world y wene no better kniȝt ;
For þer nis man no kniȝt non
Þat wiþ wretþe dar loken hi*m* on.
His armes alle avenimed beþ :
Þat venim is strong so þe deþ :

[1] MS. *aside*.

[2] originally *þai þai*, but the second *þai* crossed out.

[3] MS. *feyir* with the *i* underdotted.

C. 2800.

Turnbull p. 98, l. 2515.

MS. fol. 122r. a.

C. 2824.

Thise Saresyñs haue my men quelled,
And aⱡ this londe made bare felde,
Aⱡ bot this oon) Citee
Destroied and brent, y telle the.
Fourty they slowe vpon) a day
Of my men), the sothe to sey.
My men) they slowe and my soñe also,
Wherfor', leef frende, y pray the to,
That thou woldest me vpon) theim wreke,
And the theeues oute of my londe reke:
My faire doughter thou shalt haue
Witⱡ half my londe by the lawe.'
Than answerd him sir Guy,
And seide: 'sir', g*ra*unt mercy!'

who offered Guy the hand of his daughter.

At the Emper*our* he toke his leeue anoon),
And to his Inne he is goon).
Grete noyse and crye they herde in the Citee:
Guy anone asked what that migⱡt bee.

Guy very soon learned that the

So many knygⱡtes he sawe to armes goo, [p. 86]
And as many sergeant*is* renne to corners thoo.
'Sir,' quoth a burgeis, 'by seynt Martyn),
It is the wicked hooste of Sarasyn:
It is the Admiraⱡ Cosdram,
The neuyew of the riche Sowdañ.

Emir Costdram, the strongest of the enemies, was before the city

There nys man) ne knygⱡt noon)
That in wratⱡ darr*e* loke him vpon).
His armes aⱡ venymed bee:
That venym is detⱡ, truly.

In þis world nis[1] man þ*at* he take miȝt
þat he ne[2] schuld dye anon riȝt.
þat oþ*er* day he dede ous sorwe anouȝ
Of þemp*er*our sone þat he slouȝ,
þat was[3] so gode and stalworþ kniȝt,
þat opon hem had ȝeuen mani fiȝt.
In þis cite so gode kniȝt was non,
þat with wretþe durst loke him on.
Comen he is wiþ grete cheualrie,[4]
& wiþ him þe riche king of Turkye
Wiþ an hundred Turkes strong:
Beþ non better in non lond.'
¶ & when sir Gij herd þis
þat his ost seyd to him, y-wis,
To his felawes he seyd anon,
C. 2836. 'To armes,' he seyd, 'eu*er*ichon!
þe Sarrazins we willen agast.
For godes loue, smiteþ on fast!'
Hastiliche y-armed hij beþ,
Opon her stedes as foule þai fleþ.
Forþ þai went & on hem smite
Wiþ her swerdes þat wil wel bite.
Gij to þe amiral smot so,
Scheld no hauberk nas hi*m* worþ a slo:
MS. fol. 122r. b. þurch þe body he ȝaf him wounde,
& dede he feld him on þe grounde.
Sir Gij his gode swerd out drouȝ,
þat heued fram þe bodi he slouȝ.
To þemp*er*our he it haþ y-sent,
þat wel glad was of þat present.
Turnbull p. 100, l. 2567. ¶ Herhaud smot þe king of Turkie
(Was non feller into[5] Surrie):
þurch þe bodi he him smot,
Ded he feld him doun fot hot.
Wiþ þat com Tebaud prikeinde,
In Fra*un*ce y-bore, a kniȝt wel kinde:

[1] MS. *is*

MS. omits *ne*

[3] *was* at end of line in MS.

[4] *cleualrie* MS.

[5] *nto* MS.

In the worlde nys mañ, and he hy*m* take mig͠ht,
That he ne shulde dye anone rig͠ht.

Co͠me he is with his Chiualrye,
And wit͠h him the riche king of Turkye
Wit͠h an hundred turkes in fig͠hte stronge:
Ther' been) noon) better in noo londe.'
Assone as Guy hat͠h herde
What his hooste to him seide,
To his felawes he seide anone,
'To armes swithe eu*er*ichone!
The sarasyn̄s we wo͠h agaste.
For godd*is* loue, smyte faste.'

with a great force.

immediately sallied out.

Guy to the Admira͠h smote so,
That shelde ne hauberk aduailled him not a sloo:
Thurg͠h the body he gaue him a wounde,
That dede he felle anone to grounde.
Guy his swerde anone to him drowe,
That the heuede fro the body flowe.
To the Emper*our* he hat͠h it sente,
That fu͠h glad was of that presente.

Guy

bereft the Emir of his head, which he sent to the Emperor.

Heraude smote the king of Turkye [p. 87]
(Ther' was noon̄ feller in a͠h Surrye):
Thurg͠h-oute the body he him smote,
That dede he felle to the grounde fote hote.
Wit͠h that co͠me Thebaude priking,
In fraunce borne, a knyg͠ht fu͠h kynde:

Herhaud,

Tebaud,

Wiþ swiche strengþe he smot Helmadan,
Al was nouȝt worþ he hadde opan.
Þurch his bodi þe lau*n*ce glod;
Ded he fel wiþ-outen a-bod.
Gauter come prikeing anon riȝt,
Of Almayne a wel gode kniȝt.
Heteliche he smot Redmadan
C. 2856. (Ȝe no haue herd speke of no swiche man):
Þe bodi atvo he haþ to-deled,
Þat he fel doun in þe feld.
Wiþ þat come sir Morgadour,
Þat was steward wiþ þemp*er*our.
Kniȝt he was gode & hardi,
Ac traitour he was, ful of envie.
He smot vnto a Sarrazin,
No halp hi*m* nouȝt his Apolin.
Now þai smitte togider comonliche,
& fiȝt þai agin ardiliche.
Þer men miȝt se Gij smite,
& þe Sarrazins heuedes of strike,
Turnbull p. 101, l. 2593. & wiþ him Herhaud also:
Boþe þai strengþed he*m* wele to do.
Þe Sarrazins þai strengþed he*m* for to sle,
To-hewen, & iuel to bise.
Þe Sarrazins hem ȝeld gret fiȝt,
For strong þai ben, & of gret miȝt.
Wiþ þat come Esclandar prikeinde,
A Sarrazin & of foule kinde,
Þe kinges sone of Birrie,
Strong he was for þe maistrie.
Dan Tebaud he felled þo,
Þurch þe bodi he dede þe launce go;
MS. 122v. a. & seþþe he slouȝ a Freyns kniȝt,
In Bleyues he was born ariȝt.
Romiraun*t* com forþ snelle,
A Sarrazin a strong wiþ elle,

With suche strength he smote Elmadan,
That him aduailled noo thing he had on.

Gauter' come priking anone with that,
Of Almaigne a good knyght of astat.
He began to smyte to Amodan
(Thou hast not herde of a feller man):
His body in two he hath clefte,
And dede in the felde it hath lefte.
With that come forth Morgadour':
Styward he was with the Emperour.
Knyght he was good and hardy,
And traytour' he was, and ful of enuy.
He gan to smyte to a sarasyn,
That noo-thing him helped Appolyn.
Than they smyte to-gider manly,
The bataille they begynne biggely.
There men might see Guy smyte
The sarasyns heedes of at a strike,
And with him heraude also:
Bothe they strength theim wel to doo.

The sarasyns theim yiue grete fighte,
For stronge they bee, and of grete mighte.
With that come Escladar priking,
A Sarasyn he was of bigge making.

Gauter,

Morgadour,

all distinguished themselves.

But the Saracens rallied;

Esklandar slew Tebaud.

Romiraunt

Y-slawe he haþ dan Guinman,
A strong kniȝt he was & an Aleman.
Wiþ þat come forþ an amireld,
A Sarrazin of wicked erd,
Dan Gauter he haþ y-slawe,
& gode Gilmin his felawe.
When Herhaud þat of-seye þo,
In his hert him was ful wo;
An amiral he smot so,
Ded he feld him an hast[1] þo,
& mani anoþer he haþ aqueld,
& adoun feld in þe feld.
Sone so Esclandar y-seye þis,
To awreke þe amiral lef him is.
To Herhaud he smot heteliche,
& he him mett hardiliche;
Heteliche þai smiten togider þo,
þat of her hors þai fellen bo.
Seþþen þai drouȝ her brondes of stiel,
& smiten togider hard & wel,
To-hewe hauberk & scheldes also,
Gode bodis þai ben boþe to.
Of her helmes þe flours gan fle,
So heteliche togider smiten he.
Herhaud goþ him driueand fast,
His heued to smiten of on hast.
Ac so gret socour him com þer,
An hundred Turkes & her pouer;
Herhaud þai gin alle asaile,
& neye hadde slain him *in* þat bataile,
No hadde Gij[2] þat y-seye, þat was sorij;
Hastiliche he com him to socourey.
His gode brond þan drouȝ he,
þe heued of a Sarrazin he dede of fle,
& anoþer he dede also;
þe þridde to deþ he dede do.

[1] MS. *anhast*

Turnbull p. 102, l. 2619.

C. 2900.

[2] *Gij* added over the line.

slew Guinman.

An Emir

Thus thise sarasyn̄s with̄ grete pride [p. 88]
Many *crist*en knyght̄es to deth̄ they leye aside.
Whanne heraude hath̄ that seyn̄),
Therof he was noo-thing fayn̄).
To Amylorde he smote so,
That dede he felle to grounde tho.

slew Gauter and Gilmin.

Herhaud

slew an Emir,

Whan̄ Escladar sawe this,
To awreke Amylorde leef him̄ is.
To heraude he smote hertly,
And he him mette boldely.

but was violently assailed by Esclandar

and others,

So egre was heraude to slee Eskladar',
That, or he was any-thing' war',
An hundred turkes ther' were com̄e,
And heraude aH-most they had nom̄e.

Whan Guy sawe that, he was sory:
Hastly he gooth̄ him to soco*ur* truly.
His good bronde in honde helde he:
The hede of a Sarasyn̄ he dud of flee.

but Guy came to his aid.

Herhaud he socourd in þat nede,
& dede him lepe opon his stede.
þe Sarrazins anon gun þai mete,
Mani on *þer* her liif þai lete,
Mani on *þer* dyed in aiþer[1] side,
Ac þe Sarrazins wers gan bi-tide.
Sir Gij & alle his feren,
þe Griffou*n*s þat gode weren,
Han ou*er*-comen & aqueld;
To-hewen þai leyen in the feld.
Toward her ost þai ben fleinge,
& Gij hem after fast folweinge;
Ar hij þe doun were ou*er* gon,
Y-slawe hij ben & to-hewen ichon.
Esclandar is oway fleinde,
Ou*er* þe dounes fast erninde,
& al to-broken[2] his scheld is,
His helme al to-dassched[3], y-wis.
Gij it of-þou3t when he it seye,
þat he so li3teliche oway fleye:
'Esclandar,' seyd Gij, 'wende o3ain to me,
& forsoþe al siker þou be;
Drede þe of no noþer þan of me,
Ones to iusti ich oxi of þe.'
Esclandar seyd, 'artow Gij?
Ich þe defende sikerly.
Bi Mahoun þat ich leue opon,
Neuer no schal ich oway gon,
No neu*er* schal y bliþe be,
Til ich þat heued binim þe;
Bihoten ich it haue a maid*en* of p*ris*,
þe soudans douhter þat wel fair is.'
Her steden þai turned snelle,
& to-gider þai smite*n* wiþ gode wille;
Esclandar first smot Gij
þurch þe scheld as kni3t hardi;

Turnbull p. 103, l. 2645.

MS. 122v. b.

[1] MS. *inaiþer*

[2] MS. *alto broken*

C. 2926.

[3] MS. *alto dassched*

Turnbull p. 104, l. 2671.

C. 2943.

Heraude he socoureth̄ weH in that nede,
And made him worthe vpon) his stede.

Many were slain,

but the Saracens
had the worse.

Than Guy and heraude bothe in fere
With̄ their' felawes, that good were,
Haue discomfited and quelled
And the sarasyn̄s hewen) in the feeld. 3030

The Saracens fled.

Guy, pursuing
them,

called upon

Esclandar, to

turn and joust
with him.

He answered that

he would have
Guy's head for
the Soudan's
daughter.

Gij smot him anon riȝt,
Scheld no hauberk halp hi*m* no wiȝt;
He smot hi*m* þurch at þat chau*n*ce
Þurch þe bodi wiþ his launce.
Esclandar fleye forþ a wel gode pas,
Sir Gij of-toke hi*m* nouȝt, þ*er*for wo hi*m* was;
To his fèlawes he is y-go,
Riȝt to þe cite he ȝede him þo.
Þe Sarrazins were ou*er*-come,
Þerfore þai were bliþe, all *and* some.
Þemperour of-sent Gij hi*m* to,
& miche honour he haþ him do.
MS. fol. 123r. a. 'Gij,' quaþ he, 'þou art me dere,
Þou schalt bileue wiþ me here:
Mi feir douhter, þat is of p*ri*s,
Ichil þe ȝiue to spouse y-wis;
Turnbull, p. 105, l. 2697. Þou schalt ben emp*er*our after me,
Þou art a kniȝt of gret bounte.
Al þo þat ben to me serueinde,
Ichil þai be to þe boweinde.'
'Gram*er*ci,' seyd sir Gij anon;
'A fair ȝift is þis now on.'
Þe steward come forþ bliue,
More treytour nas non oliue;
His name was hoten Morgadour,
God ȝif him euel auentour!
[1] a dot over the *t* in *gret*. Toward Gij he bar gret [1] ond,
& seþþe he died þurch his hond.
Quaþ Morgadour, 'sir, þ*at* wil wele be,
For Gij is curteys, gentil, & fre;
When he schal þi douhter spousy,
Riȝt is þat we him onoury.'
Ac what so he seyd bifor Gij þo,
C. 2972. ȝif he may, to deþ he wille hi*m* do.

Esclandar went oway fleinde,
Toward her ost fast prikeinde;

After a
fierce combat,

Esclandar fled
with a lance
through his body.

Guy and his
fellows returned
to the city.

Thus they thanked god a�al and soꝰe, 3065
That the Sarasyñs were ou*er*e-coꝰe.

All were blithe.

The Emperor

again offered
Guy his daughter,

and promised to
make him his
successor.

But his steward,

Morgadour,

was envious at
that,

and secretly

plotted mischief
against Guy.

Esclandar,

þurch þe bodi he bar a trounsoun,
Wiþ boþe honden he held him to þe[1] arsoun.
Boþe bifore & eke bihinde,
þe blod gan out fast winde,
His helme in þe on half honginde,
& his visage al bledeinde.
His scheld to held hadde he no miȝt,
He drad him to dye anon riȝt.
To þe soudans pauiloun he come,
þe soudan him bi-knewe anon:
'Esclandar, when comestow?' seyd he;
'In strong fiȝt þou hast y-be.
Were þou alon at þe cite?
Say me who haþ þus wou*n*ded þe?'
'Sir,' quaþ he, 'ichil þe telle
Of hard tidinges wel snelle:
Y-lorn þou hast þe amiral Cosdram[2]
þat leuest þe was of ani man,
& þe king of Turkie þou hast forgon,
Of hem no tit þe neuer help non.
& alle þe best men y-bore
Bifor þe cite þou hast forlore.'
Þan answerd þe riche soudan,
þat hadde no gamen of þan:
'Hi*m* is þan sum socour y-come,
Whar-þurch mi Turkes be me binome?'
'Sir,' quaþe Esclandar, 'y-wis,
An onwrast gome y-comen *þer* is;
Socour he haþ gret & beld,
In þe warld nis swiche a scheld[3];
Gij of Warwike his name it is,
Sterner þan ani lyoun, y-wis.
His strokes no may noman dreye,
þat he ne most dye on hye.
Wiþ him he haþ an hundred kniȝtes
Of Almayne, þe best in fiȝtes;

[1] *e* in *þe* added over the line.

Turnbull, p. 106, l. 2723.

MS. fol. 123r. b.

C. 2300.

[2] *s* on an erasure.

[3] MS. *ascheld.*

Turnbull, p. 107, l. 2749.

all bloody,

came to the
Soudan

with the bad
news

of their losses,

and told of

Guy's valour.

Þurch þe bodi þus me he smot,
Dede ich am, wele y wot.'
¶ Þan swore a gret oþ þe soudan
Bi Mahoun þat he leued opan,
Þat neu*er* glad no worþ he
What he haue y-nome þ*at* cite;
For asayle he it wille do
Ar þe þridde day be ago.
[1] So MS. for *herd* or *iherd*? Anon a spie it herd[1] þis,
Þat to Gij it nold for-hele y-wis.
Sone he com to þe cite;
Al þis to Gij þan teld he,
Þat þe soudan wiþ his men elle
Þe cite wil aseyle snelle.
Ac þemp*er*our wist þer-of nouȝt
Þat so strong tiding þ*er* were y-brouȝt.
Ac when he wist þe soþe herof,
C. 3020. Ernist him þouȝt, & no scof.
¶ Þemperour made hi*m* bliþe þo
Þat ou*er*-comen weren his fo,
& Gij to þemp*er*our is y-go,
& swiþe feyr he gret him þo.
Turnbull, p. 108, l. 2775. 'Sir,' quaþ he, 'be bliþe & glad;
Gode tidinges me haþ ben seyd.'
Þemp*er*our of-sent his foules þo,
Oscuriis, faucouns, & ierfaukes also;
Gon he wil to þe riuer,
Him to solas & play þer.
MS. fol. 123v. a. Seþþe he of-sent of his Gregeys,
Þat gode weren & curteys.
To þe riuer þai ben y-gon
Wher foules were mani on.
Wiþ þat come forþ sir Morgadour,
Þat steward was wiþ þemperour,
& seyd to Gij, 'mi frende dere,
Y þe loue in gode manere.'

The Soudan swore a great oath to take Constantinople.

A spy told this to Guy,

but the Emperor as yet knew it not.

THE EMPEROUR was fuƕ gladde tho
That ouere-cōme thus was his foo. The Emperor

Goo he woƕ to the Ryuere,
To pley him and to solace there.
The Emperour sente for [his fowlis] thoo, [p. 89] went a-hawking.
Ostreyes and faukons, girfaukes also.

Sethe he sente for his knyghtes, Thereafter
That good were and curteys.
To Ryuer' they been) goon)
Aƕ, bot Guy is lefte at hoom). 3160
Tho cōme to him Morgadour', Morgadour,
That Styward was with the Emperour.
To Guy he seide : 'my frende dere, feigning friendship for Guy,
With herte y loue the in good manere.

Ac alle þat he seyd, Gij to bitraye,
Þat was wele sen in his last daye.
Non no may so wele tresoun do
So may he þat his trust is to.
Ȝete seyd to him Morgadour,
'Castels ich haue, & mani feir tour,
Riche cites, & ful strong,
To þine wille þou hem afong;
C. 3038. Michel y desire þi loue to haue.
Go we togider wiþ game & plawe:
Into þe chaumber go we baye,
Among þe maidens for to playe;
Turnbull, p. 109, l. 2801. At tables to pleye, & at ches;
Wele we may don it y-wis
Bifor þi leman Clarice so fre,
Þemperours douhter briȝt of ble.
& lete we þemperour to wode go,
To chace þe hert & þe ro.'
'Sir,' quaþ Gij, 'wille we go?
When þou it wilt, it schal be do.'
Into þe chaumber þai ȝede þo
Hond in hond y-fere bo.
To þe mayden þai come wel sket,
Þat curteysliche hem haþ y-gret.
'Sir Gij,' sche seyd, 'welcome þou be!
Cum sitt & pleye þe here wiþ me.'
C. 3050. He toke þe maiden & hir kiste:
Þat of-þouȝt þe steward vnwreste.
He hir hadde loued mani a day,
& wende haue spoused þat feir may.
Þe cheker þai oxy & þe meyne;
Bifor þe maiden þan pleyen he.
Y-sett þai han þe first game,
Þe steward it les, bi godes name.
Seþþe þai han anoþer y-gonne,
Anon it haþ Gij y-wonne,

invited him

Moche y desire thy loue to haue,
And therof hertly y the craue:
And in-to the Chambre lete vs goo,
Amonges the maydeñs soṁe sportes to doo

to have some pastime in the chamber

Before thy lemman), Clarice the free,
Themperours doughter of brigh̄t blee,
Whiles the Emperour is to wode goo,
To chace the herte and the Roo.'

of the Emperor's daughter.

Guy,

In-to the Chambre they wente thoo
Honde in honde bothe twoo.
To the maide they coṁe withoute lette,
That curteisly theim hath̄ grette.
'Sir' Guy,' she seide, 'welcoṁe thou bee!
Is it thy wille, coṁe sitte by me.'
He toke that mayde and hir kiste:
That forth̄oughte the Styward in his breste;
For he hir had loued many a daye,
Wenyng' to haue spoused that faire maye.
Than) at Chequer with the meyne
Before that maide pleyden they.
The first game they haue sette, [p. 90]
And the Styward it loste withoute lette.
Than another anone they haue begonne,
And that also hath̄ Guy wonne,

having been tenderly welcomed by the maiden,

played at chess with the steward,

and won several games.

MS. fol. 123v. b. & þe þridde ful hastiliche.
þe steward was sori sikerliche ;
Turnbull, p. 110, l. 2827. Al mody he ros vp þo :
Wroþ & sori he was bo.
'Gij,' quaþ he, 'bi-leue þou here,
Þiself & Clarice, þi pleye-fere,
Al what ich come now son oȝe.'
'Anon,' seyd Gij, 'it schal so be.'
Out hi*m* went Morgadour,
At his in he tok a chasour,
To þemp*er*our he goþ riȝt.
When þemp*er*our hadde of hi*m* siȝt,
OȝaineS him he is y-gon,
& tidinges he oxed him anon.
C. 3066. 'Now forþ, sir steward,' he sede,
'Comestow for gode or for qued ?
Whi comestow so prikiinge ?
Tel it me wiþ-outen lesinge.
Ȝif þou of Sarrazins hast herd ouȝt,
Tel it me ; for-hele it nouȝt.'
'Sir,' quaþ he, 'y schal þe telle :
þi schame forhele y nille.
An soudour þou hast wiþ þe,
& wil þat þou y-schent be.
þi douhter, þat so feir is,
Forlay he haþ, for-soþe y-wis.
Into hir bour wiþ strengþe he ȝede,
& bi þi douhter his wille he dede.'
Turnbull, p. 111, l. 2853. Ȝif þou ne me leuest, hom þou fare,
Ȝete þou schalt him finde þare.
þer þou miȝt him finde, y-wis,
C 3080 & þi douhter clippe & kisse.
þerfore y com þe to say,
For þi schame forhele y no may.
Ȝif þou him finde in þat stede,
Into þi prisoun þou him lede,

And the Styward vp̄ roosse thoc : — The steward left him,
Wrothe and angry he was also.
'Guy,' quoth̄ he, 'y leue the here,
Thy self and Clarice pley in fere,
Tiħ that y com̄e ayene.' — promising to return soon ;
'It shalbee doo,' quoth̄ Guy, 'certeñ.'
Oute wente him Morgadour',
And at the stable he toke a chasour',
And to the Emperour he gooth̄ righ̄t. — but he went to the Emperor
And, whan the Emperour had of him sigh̄t :

'Why com̄est thou so yerne priking'?
Telle me withoute lesyng'.
Yf thou of the Sarasyns here augh̄t,
Telle it me and concele naugh̄t.'
'SIR,' QUOTH he, 'y shaħ the telle : — to accuse Guy
Thy shame noo lenger couere y nelle.
A Souldiour thou hast with̄ the,
That thinketh̄ for to shende the.
Thy dough̄ter, that so faire is, — of having dishonoured the princess,
He hath̄ leyn) by, ywis.
In-to hir' boure with̄ strength̄ he yede :
By thy dough̄ter his wille he dede.
And thou beleue me not, hoom) thou fare,
And to-geder thou shalt fynde theim there.'

counselling that he should be punished

& in þi court þou deme him do ;
For treitour he is, y telle þe to :
þe more adouted þou schalt be
Of alle þi regne, y telle þe.
þer-fore ne wonde þou no-þing
Nouȝt for him no his helping ;
After-ward þat he demed is,
& þi court of þat treytour deliuerd is,
MS. fol. 124r. a. Into Almayne ichil gon
To þemperour Reyner anon ;
Socour fram him ichil bringe,
& deliuer þi lond, wiþouten lesinge,
Of alle þine dedeliche fon,
þat þine men haue sleyn ichon.'
'Who is þat?' þemperour sede.
'Gij of Warwike, so god me rede !
þou do him nim, & binde fast,
& in þi prisoun þou do him cast.'
Quaþ þemperour, 'lat now be,
No speke nouȝt so of him to me :
Oȝaines me misdo he nold
Nouȝt for tventi somers of gold,
C. 3100. No for to ben al to-hewe :
So gode a knigt he is & trewe.
& ȝif he is þer-in, wele be it so :
Wiþ hir his wille he may do ;
For mi douhter ichim bi-hote habbe,
Nil ich nouȝt of couenant gabbe.'
¶ When þe steward him haþ bi-þouȝt
þat þemperour nold here him nouȝt,
Hom to his in he is y-go,
& aliȝt of his palfrey þo.
Anon in-to chaumber he ȝede,
& to Gij of Warwike he sede,
'Gij, þou art ful wele wiþ me,
þerfore ich-il kiþen it þe :

as a traitor.

'Who is that?' the Emperour seide. The Emperor
'Guy,' quoth he, and gan vpbreide.
'Anone thou him take, and bynde faste, [p. 91]
And in thy prison thou doo him kaste.'
Quoth the Emperour: 'lete this bee; refused to believe
For so shuld thou not speke of him to me.

the story.

Yf he haue assentted therto,
With hir his wille for to doo,
She is his, and him hir yiuen y haue,
Me to socour, helpe, and saue.'
Whan the Styward vnderstode in his thoughte The steward,
That the Emperour herde it noughte,
Well sone him forthoughte thoo, having failed in this plot,
And hoīne ayene he gan goo.
Anone in-to the Chambre he yede,
And to Guy thise wordes he seide: returned to Guy,

To þemperour y-teld it is,
Bi þe lord seyn Denis,
[1] *in* added over the line.
þat wiþ strengþe þou com i*n*[1]-to his bour
& has forleyn his douhter wiþ desonour.
& ȝif he þe may ouer-go,
He wil þe bren oþ*er* slo.

& ich hot þe þat þou hennes fle,
þat he nouȝt of-take þe.'

C. 3129. Turnbull, p. 113, l. 2905.
'Bi god,' quaþ Gij, 'þat were wrong,
þat y schold here mi deþ afong
For þing þat ich haue gilt non,
No neuer þouȝt it to don.
An arnemorwe, when he out ȝede,
Miche he me o loue bede;
Hou schuld ich euer sik*er* be
Of ani bi-hest men hotes me?

MS. fol. 124r. b.
For þemp*er*our me seyd þo,
And trewelich me bihete þ*er*to,
þat he me wold gret worþschipe,
& now he me wil sle wiþ schenschipe
For þe speche of a losanger,
& of a feloun pautener.'
Out of þe chaumber he is y-go:
Sori & dreri he was þo.
To his in he ȝede swiþe,
And cleped his felawes bliue.
'Lordinges,' he seyd, 'to armes snelle!
Here wil we no longer duelle:
To þemp*er*our y-wraid we beþ,
Alle he wil don ous to þe deþ.
Bi þe treuþe y schal our lord ȝeld,
þat heuen and erþe haueþ i*n* weld,
C. 3153. Er þan we be nomen & ded,
So mani schal dye of her ferred,

'Guy, to the Emperour tolde it is,
By the Lorde sainte Denys,
That with strength tho[u] come in-to his boure,
And hast defouled his doughter with dishonour.
And if he may the come to,
Brenne he woll the or fordoo,
And that shuld full sore greue me;
Wherfor' y counsaille, thou hense flee,
Leste he take greuously the,
Yf thou befounde in this Citee.'
'ALLAS,' QUOTH Guy, 'that were wronge,
And y shuld here deth fonge
For thing that y gilte haue noon',
Ne neuere thought it to doon'.
To day, before he oute yede,
Gretly he me loued, as he seide.'

and advised him to flee from the Emperor, who in consequence of a calumny was resolved to slay him.

Guy, filled with indignation,

Oute of the Chambre he is goo: [p. 92]
Sory and heuy he was thoo.
To his Inne he yede, y you telle,
And cleped to him his felawes all.
'Lordingis,' he seide, 'arme we vs at this tyde;
For here noo lenger' we woll abide.
To the Emperour tolde it is,
So that he woll vs slee, withoute mys.

went to tell the news to his fellows.

And, or we bee take or dede,
Many of theim shull dey to their' mede.'

Turnbull, p. 114, l. 2931.

Þat it worþ abouȝt wel strong
Þat ich am bi-wrayd wrong!'
To armes Þai went wiþ Þat ichon;
Out of Þe cite Þai ben y-gon,
& went toward Þe heþen men,
Wiþ Þem to holden & to ben,
To help Þe heþen men ichon.
Wiþ Þat com Þemperour anon:
Fram Þe riuer he come rideinge,
& wiþ his folk fast prikeinge;
Feir weder it was, & miri also,
Þe briȝt armes he seye Þo.
¶ Þemperour hem seye, & knewe Gij,
For he come hem swiþe neye.
At an herhaud Þan asked he,
'This armed folk, what may Þis be?'
'Sir,' quaþ he, 'it is Gij,
Þat in wretþe fram Þe wil parti;
Vnto Þe soudan he wil fare,
& wirche Þe sorwe & michel care
Þurch wraying Þat teld him is:
Wele y wot Þat soþe it nis.
Wele it semeþ Þat wroþ is he;
Al armed on his stede ich him se.'

C. 3175. When Þemperour herd Þis,
Alle droupeninde he was y-wis,
MS. fol. 124v. a. Turnbull, p. 115, l. 2957. He gan to prike, & Þat anon:
As hauk *Þat* fleyþe his hors gan gon.
After Gij loude he gradde Þo:
'Abide & speke me now to!
For godes loue lete now be;
Whi wiltow, sir, go fro me?
ȝif ich ouȝt haue agilt to Þe,
For godes loue Þou say it me;
Be it in dede oþer in speche
That ani Þe han agilt, y Þe biseche,

To armes with that they wente echoon),
And oute of the Citee they bee goon).
They wente toward the hethen) meñ,
As with theim to holde and to been).

They armed themselves, and left the city, to go over to the heathen.

WITH THAT coñe the Emperour[1] ridingt:
Fro the Ryuer he was coñyngt.

Faire weder it was, and mery day also,
The brighte armes he sawe thoo.
Whan) the Emperour theim sey,
He hyed fast, tiH he coñe theim ney.
Of an heraude than asked he,
Thise armed knightes what they bee.
'Sir,' quoth he, 'it is Guy,
That in wrath fro the woH departi,[2] truly.
To the Sowdan) he woH nowe fare,
And werke the moche sorowe and kare.'

But in their way,
they met the Emperor,
who, astonished,

Whanne the Emperour herde this,
All mourнyng he was, y-wys.
He gynneth to prike, and that anone,
His hors as fast, as he might goon).
After Guy he cleped thoo : [p. 93]
'Sir Guy,' he seide, 'noo farther thou goo.
For goddis loue lete nowe bee,
And abide stille with me.
And if y haue ought offended the,

rode after Guy,
and asked
what he had to complain of,

[1] Empererour MS. [2] *departi* altered from *departe* MS.

To þi wille it schal amended be,
& topon al oþer y loue þe.
Wele ich wene þat þe soudan, y-wis,
To whom al P*er*cie atended is,
After þe haþ sent: ich vnderstond so.
He þe schal habbe, & y forgo.
Gold & siluer he may ȝiue þe,
& feffe þe wiþ mani a riche cite;
Þer-fore þou wilt wiþ him be,
& strongliche holden oȝaines me.'
'Sir,' quaþ sir Gij to þemp*er*our,
C. 3200. 'No was ich neuer þi traitour,
And ȝif god wil, y nil nouȝt be,
Þerwhiles þe lif is in me.
Me was y-teld biforn now riȝt
Of on þat is þi priue kniȝt,
Turnbull, p. 116, l. 2983. Þat þou no hadest to don wiþ mi seruise,
& þat y þe serue wiþ feyntise;
And þat ich was biwrayd to þe
(For þi nold ich no longer here be),
And þat þou wost do me to-hewe,
& mine barouns, þat ben so trewe.
For þi y þouȝt þat y go scholde
To hem þat mi seruise ȝeld me wold;
Ac for al Damas & þat cuntre
Nold ich haue holden oȝaines te.'
¶ Þemperour þan him nome
Bitvene his armes, & seyd anon,
'Nay, sir Gij,' he seyd, 'bi seyn Denis,
It no was nouȝt so, y-wis.
Mi dere frende Gij, oȝain þou go
(Lordinges, barouns, biddeþ him so);
For to þine wille it is alle,
Alle þat min is, *and* ben schal.
MS. fol. 124v. b. Ac biwrayed þou war to me,
& þer-fore haue he maugre!

At thy wille it amended shalbee.'

or if he was going over to the Sultan,

to be made a rich man.

'Sir,' quoth Guy to the Emperour,
'Was y neu*er*e yet traytour',
Ne, if god woꝧ, noon wolbee,
Whiles the lif is with-in me.
Me was tolde before nowe riꝧt
Of oon) that is thy priue knyꝧt,

Guy answered

that he had been told

that the Emperor made light of his service.

That thou woldest me aꝧ to-hewe,
And my baroñs, that bee so trewe.
Therfor' y thoughte that y serue wolde
Suche oon) that my seruyse yelde sholde.'

The Emperor embraced him,

and begged him not to believe it.

'My dere frende Guy, ayene thou goo
(Lording*is*, baroñs, bidde him also);
For at thy wille it is aꝧ,
Aꝧ that myn) is, and bee shaꝧ,'

Neu*er* eft worþ non loued of me
Þat ouȝt sigge bot gode of þe.'
Þemp*er*our þan to Gij seyd,
'Þi wille þou do bi þat mayde.'
Sir Gij kist þemp*er*our þo,
& to þe cite þai ben y-go.
Þo wist wele Gij bi þan,
Bitreyd[1] him hadde his foman;
Ac no semblau*n*t þerof he no made,
No no þing to him seyde.

Turnbull, p. 117, l. 3009.
[1] or *Bitrayd*, *a* being altered from *e*?

C. 3222.

An armorwe erliche
Þemp*er*our aros, sikerliche;
Anon he seyd to Gij his speche:
'Herken to me, y þe biseche.
In þis morning anon
We worþ aseyled of our fon,
Of Sarrazins þat misbileued be;
Alle for soþe y telle it to þe.
Þe soudan himselue wil þ*er* be.
A spie for soþe teld it me,
Þat hij þe cite wil asayli,
& þat hij þennes nil p*ar*ti,
Al fort he haue nome þis cite,
Or þat it destrued be.'
Þemp*er*our seyd, 'sir Gij þe fre,
Als so þou wilt it schal be.
Þe cite alle op þe y do
Wiþ Cristes blisceing þ*er*-to.
Ȝif hij ous seyl we schul ous were;
Þe cite is strong, þai mow it nouȝt dere.'
Gij þat *con*stable cleped him to,
Þat gode kniȝt was, & wise also:
Tristor he hete wiþ þe berd blowe,
Lord & douke of Almayne, y trowe.
'Sir Tristor,' he seyd, 'listen to me:
Aseyled we worþ, siker þou be.

Turnbull, p. 118, l. 3035.

Also the Emperour to Guy seide,
'Thy wille to doo by that maide.'
Guy kiste the Emperour tho,
And ayene to the Citee they been) goo.
Tho wiste Guy weH by than),
Betrayed him had his fooman).

Guy knew then who had betrayed him.

On morowe, fuH sikirly,
The Emperour aroosse eerly.
To him seide Guy this speche:
'Herken) to me, sir, y the beseche.
In this mornyng' anoon̄ [p. 94]
Assailled we shalbee of our' foon),

Next morning

the Emperor was informed

of the new assault intended by the Saracens.

And the Sowdan) him-self woH there bee;
For a spye it tolde me,
That this Citee he woH assaille,
And neuere thense departe, withoute faille,
TiH he haue take the Citee,
Or that it discomfited bee.'
The Emperour seide: 'sir Guy the free,
As thou wolt so shaH it bee.
AH the cure vpon) the y doo
With cristes blissing' and myn therto.'

The Emperor said that all should be done at Guy's will.

Guy the Constable cleped him to,
That good knygHt was, and wise also:
Trystour he higHte with berde bolde,
Lorde and duke of Samary holde.
'Sir Tristour',' he seide, 'vnderstonde me:
Assailled we shalbee, y telle the.

Guy consulted with the constable,

Tristor,

Þer-of þou most birede þe,
ȝif we wille were þis cite,
Oþer we wille oȝain hem te,
At paþes that destrued be,
& mete we hem þer on þe doune,
Acumbre hem & legge hem doune.'
MS. fol. 125r. a. 'Sir,' anon seyd the *con*stable,
C. 3254. 'Þis ich speche schal be stable.
Do þan grede þurch þe cite
Þat alle redy armed be,
Alle þat armes may welde,
And who so þat feyneþ for couward be helde.'
Bi þe morwe þai ben armed wel,
Bi tale .xx. thousend hauberks of stiel,
Out of þe cite þai ben y-go
Wiþ gret noise & din also.
'Lordinges,' quaþ Gij, 'herkeneþ to me
Ȝe þat here asembled be,
Of ȝour kinde þat is y-slawe,
Of edwite & of missawe,
Þat ous is don, thenke we *þer*-on,
& baldeliche aseyl we our fon;
Turnbull, p. 119, l. 3061. For Sarrazins ous aseyle wille,
Alle for soþe y ȝou telle.
We wil hem mete wiþ spere & scheld
At þe narwe paþe bi-tven þe held.
Now biþenkeþ ȝou wele to don,
& awreke ȝour lond of ȝour fon.
Of ȝour londes & ȝour citez,
Þat destrud & wasted beþ,
ȝou to awreke bi-þenkeþ ȝou,
& strongliche aseyleþ hem now.
Bot ȝe were ȝou wele & bliue,
& hij mow ȝou of þe feldes driue,
Alle we ben ded oþer nome,
& in þraldome euer more wone.

how to meet the Saracens.

Therfor' thou must aduise the,
How we may best kepe this Citee,
Or we shaH ayenst theim goo,
And kepe theim by patthes to and fro :
Mete we may theim) on the Downe,
And theim accombre and ley to grounde.'
'Sir,' seide the Constable,
'AH thy speche y holde it auayleable.
Doo than crye thurgh the Citee
That aH men) redy armed bee,
AH that armes may welde,
And bestirre theim with spere and shelde.'
Anone they been) aH armed wele, [p. 95]
Twenty thousand, in hauberk*is* of stele,
And oute of the Citee they bee goo
With grete noyse and booste also.
'Lordinges,' quoth Guy, 'herken to me
Ye that here assembled bee :
The despite that they to you haue doon),
For godd*is* loue, nowe thinke theron),
And assaille theim with good wille ;
For, forsothe, y shaH you telle,
The right is oure : bee not aferde,
Let eche of vs kepe his herde,
And we woH mete theim with spere and shelde
In narowe patthes by the feelde.'

Next morning

Guy exhorted his men to assail the enemies valiantly

and not let the Saracens destroy them.

[1] MS. *hen*

For þi mete we wiþ hem[1] sone,
& strengþe ous alle wele to done;
C. 3276. & ich me self wil wiþ 3ou go; 3455
Y nil 3ou feyle neuer mo.'
Wele speke þ now Sir Gij,
& alle þai sigge þ, 'gram*er*ci!'
To þe pas of þe hulles þai ben y-come,
& þe Sarrazins han vnder-nome, 3460
& seye þe cuntres & þe feld
Wiþ bri3t brini *and* wiþ scheld.
Þe soudan cleped after Helman,
þat deined fle for no man;
Turnbull, p. 120, l. 3087. He was coraious & gode kni3t, 3465
& michel adouted in eu*er*ich fi3t.
MS. fol. 125r. b. 'Sir king,' quaþ he, 'come to me.
Wiþ .xx. þousende Turkes, ich hot þe,
The Cristen 3e schul aseyle anon.
Loke 3e nim hem o*þer* slen ichon; 3470
Opon 3on hulle þai ben, lo;
Gret harm þai han ous y-do.'
þe king forþ went wiþ his men ichon,
Wiþ strengþe þe helde þai vnder-nome;
Wiþ strengþe þai wene þe slade ou*er*-go; 3475
Ac gret combraunce hem com furst to.
C. 3300. At þe entring of þe pas Gij[2] gan to grede,

[2] added over the line in another hand.

'Helpeþ, lordinges, alle our ferrede!
Biþenkeþ 3ou to winnen wele.
& hij o3aines 3ou vndernim þe hille, 3480
Yuel ous worþ þan bi-go,
[3] MS. *onþenke.* Bot god ous on þenke[3] þat al may do;
[4] *ne* on an erasure. þai ben bi-neþen[4] & we aboue.
Amidde þe pas þai ben to-gider come,
& asaileþ hem smerteliche; 3485
& to-gider we go now co*m*monliche:
þroweþ wiþ stones, *and* bowes scheteinge,
Launces, swerdes, & dartes kerueinge,

AH they sey : 'graunt mercy !
WeH speketh nowe sir' Guy.'
To the patthes they bee com̄e :
The Sarasyns they haue vndernom̄e.
They sawe the Contrees, fryth̄ and felde
With̄ brigh̄te helmes, spere and shelde.
THE SOWDAN cleped of Tyre Elmadan) : The Soudan first sent Helman
He ne wolde flee for noo man) ;
He was corageous and good knygh̄t,
And moche he was dredde in figh̄t.
'Elmadan),' he seide, 'com̄e with̄ me.
With twenty thousand knight*is*, y bidde the, with 20,000 Turks
The *crist*en) ye shaH assaille anone.
Loke that ye take theim echone.'
against the city.

At the entre of the patthes Guy gan to ryde,
And the Sarasyns deth̄ sore he appliede.
To his felawes he spake tho : [p. 96]
'Lordinges,' he seide, 'bere you weH ayenst yo*ur* foo.

Guy exhorted his men to defend their position on a hill,

They bee benethe and we aboue.
Lete vs vpon) theim smyte, for godd*is* loue.'
To theim they launceth̄ egirly,
And they to theim greuously.

Smiteþ wiþ swerdes & speres y-grou*n*de,
Scheteþ wiþ piles & ȝif hem deþ wounde.' 3490

Turnbull, p. 121, l. 3113.

Mani Sarrazin þer y-slawe is;
þer doþ Gij as þe riȝt wise.
Into þe narwe hij come, he*m* to lett,
Bi hundredes foure[1] þai aseyl hem sket;
Bi hundred & bi þousende,[2] 3495
þai ben þe Sarrazins quellinde.
Gij smot on þis side & on þat:
Nas þer non þat his dint sat.
¶ Ermine he smot on[3] þurch þe scheld;
Almost he feld him in þe feld. 3500
þan come Auþ*er* ou*er* þuert,
A Sarrazin modi of hert:
Ermine[4] smot him on þe helme an heyȝe,[5]
þat he cleue him to þe teþ;
Al ded he made him on þe grounde to lie. 3505
Wiþ þat come þe king of Nubie;
Toward Herhaud he come prikeinde,
& Gij hi*m* was oȝain cominde.
Wiþ grete strengþe sir Gij hi*m* smot
þat he feld him anon fot hot. 3510

MS. fol. 125v. a.

When þe douke of Tire þat y-seþ,
His men dye on so reweliche deþ
(An hond he held a dart kerueinde,
þe Cristen þer-wiþ þreteninde),
He forþ ȝede, & smot a kniȝt, 3515
þat ded he feld hi*m* anon riȝt.

Turnbull, p. 122, l. 3139.

When Gij o Warwike þat y-seye,
þiderward he drouȝ him swiþe neye:
A gode dart on hond he bar,
& to him he lau*n*ced heteliche þar. 3520
þer-wiþ he smot Ebban þe king,
þat ded he fel wiþouten letting.
þe Sarrazines hij to-heweþ & quelleþ,
Bi þe doun hij gredeþ & ȝelleþ.

[1] Read *Bihinde and bifore.*

[2] originally *thousinde*, it seems.

[3] *on* added over the line.

[4] *Herhaud*?

[5] *heyȝe* on an erasure, the last *e* being indistinct.

Many a sarasyn̄ there sleyn̄ is ;
There doth̄ Guy as the wise, y-wis.

which they did successfully.

Than com̄e forth̄ the king of Nubye,
A stronge knygh̄t and a manly :
Toward heraude he com̄e priking,
And Guy him sawe weh̄ comyng.
With̄ so grete strength̄ to him he smote,
That dede he felled him, god it wote.

Guy smote down the king of Nubia,

and the duke of Tyre,

and others.

C. 3331. When þe soudan seye his folk dye,
Bi ten, bi tvelue, in þe waye,
He cleped to him þe king of Nubye,
Þat was ful of felonie.
'Sir king,' he seyd, 'sest tow nouȝt
Hou mine men ben to deþ y-brouȝt?
Descumfit & y-slawe hij beþ,
Þe bodis ded wele ȝe seþ.
Þis Cristen our men to deþ doþ;
Ac bi Cariot y swere mi noþ,
& bi Apolyn þe grete,
Bi Ternaguant, & bi Mahoun þe swete,
Bot we of hem be wreken swiþe,
No worþ y neuer glad no bliþe,
Bot we hem aseyle biginne,
& þe hille wiþ strengþe awinne.
An hundred we ben oȝain hem on,
C. 3346. & al we schul hem nimen anon.'

Turnbull, p. 123, l. 3165.

Þe helden þai nimeþ about strongliche,
& þe Cristen aseyl stalworþliche
At þe brode paþe & narwe also;
Þe Gregeys wele werd hem þo.
On þe Cristen þai gun smite,
Þe Sarrazins, boþe miche & lite,
& our men hem werd wel
Wiþ scharpe speres & grounden [1] stiel:
Wiþ axes & swerdes y-grounde,
Wiþ gisarmes þai ȝif deþes wounde.
¶ Þe soudan forþwiþ alder-farst
On þe Cristen smot wel fast;
MS. fol. 125v. b. On heye on helmes he hem smot
Wiþ his fauchon þat wele bot.
Toȝaines Gij he smot þo,
& seyd 'war, ich-il þe slo!'
Gij he smot so ouer þuert,
Þat he was sumdel y-hert;

[1] the r added over the line.

Whan the Sowdan) sawe his folke so dey,
By ten, by twelue lye in the wey,
He cleped the kyng of Ermonye,
That was fuƚ of felonye.
'King,' he seide, 'ne seest thou nought
How my men) to deth bee brought?

The Soudan sent the king of Nubia against them,

Bot we on theim bee awreke swithe,
Ne shaƚ y neu*er*e bee gladde nor blithe.
Woƚ we theim̄ assaille and fresshly begynne,
And the hylle of theim with strength̄ wynne?

to take the hill.

An hundred we bee ayenst oon):
Aƚ we shuƚ take anoon).

The Greeks defend the hill

Vpon) the *crist*en they gan) smyte,
The Sarasyns, bothe moche and lyte,
And the *crist*en) defended theim weƚ
With sharpe wepen) grounde with steeƚ.

desperately.

The Sowdañ com̄e than) with̄ aƚ haste, [p. 97]
And at the *crist*en he smote fuƚ faste.

The Soudan and Guy met in mortal fight.

Ayenst Guy he ganne goo,
And seide: 'yelde the, traytou*r*, y shaƚ the sloo.'
To Guy he smote with grete course,
That him was som̄e dele the worse;

Ac Gij wiþ strengþe to him smot
Wiþ his swerd þat wele bot.
Wel strong was þat ich fi3t, 3565
Ac þe soudan wered him wiþ mi3t.
Wharto schuld ich 3ou telle more? 3565
Þe Sarrazins ouer-comen wore:
C. 3355. Wele haþ Gij don þat day, 3567
As gode kni3t & verray.
Turnbull, p. 124, l. 3191. At a pas he houed ri3t,
As a kni3t of gret mi3t; 3570
A gisarme he bar kerueinde,
He smot bifore & bi-hinde.
Þe Sarra3ins so he agast,
Al þat he smot to grounde he cast.

His scheld he hadde forlore,
To-hewe it lay his fet bifore.
So mani Sarrazin he slou3 þat day,
þat ich on oþer ded lay; 3580
So mani to ded þer he dede,
þat þe hepe lay to his girdel stede.
C. 3369. ¶ Who so seye þan Herhaud fi3t,
Of a gode kni3t 3elp he mi3t.
A damsax he bar on his hond: 3585
Al þat he rau3t to grounde he wond;
Sarrazins he slou3 mo þan sexti,
& Gij an hundred & fourti.
Herhaud þat day so sore swong,
þat þurch his mouþe þe fom it sprong; 3590
[1] MS. *alto hewe* Al to-hewe [1] was his helme,
Þe blod ran out als a welme.
What schuld y make tale muche?
Þe Sarrazins þai slowen strongliche;
Ac euer he was gode, apli3t, 3595
Gij of Warwike michel of mi3t,

And Guy with strength̄ to him smote
With his swerde that fuH̄ harde bote.

Guy did well.

To a place he wente, and houed there:

A Gesharme in his honde he did bere. He fought amid
The Sarasyn̄s so there he agaste:
AH̄ that he smote to grounde felle faste.
So faste the sarasyns him leyde vpon), 3575
That his horse they slowe he sate vpon).
His shelde also he hath̄ lore:
To-hewe it laye his fete before.

a heap of the dead.

So many sarasyns he to deth̄ dede,
That they ley on hepe to his girdeH̄ stede.
Who that had seen) heraude than) fight̄e, Herhaud also
Of a good knygh̄t he speke mygh̄te.
A deuonyssh̄ axe he bare in his honde: 3585
AH̄ that he raugh̄te to grounde wende. did prodigies.

Heraude so sore that daye swanke,
That thurgh̄ his mouthe the fome sanke. 3590

And he that was so good a knygh̄t, 3595
Guy of Warrewik of grete mygh̄t, Guy did most.

Turnbull, p. 125, l. 3217.

More dede þan ani oþer:
His stroke was heui so a foþer.
Gij and his feren also
Als lyouns þai fouȝten þo,
MS. fol. 126r. a. & the Gregeys forþ wiþ hem,
C. 3382. þai wered hem as douhti men.
Weynes & cartes þai han y-nome
Mo þan fiften þousende atte frome.
Y-ioined hij han þe gret piles,
Ginnes þai made on selcouþe wise,
Sum piles scharpe kerueinde,
Al aboute so mani stondinde,
þat ich ne can þe noumbre telle,
Noiþ*er* in rime no in spelle.
Þer nas man þat þer neye come,
þat he ne was to-corwen anon.
So griseliche be þe engins,
For to sle þe Sarrazines,
In ich half y-sett arawe,
Scharpe soules doun of þe hulle y-drawe.[1]
þer-mid þai hewe þe gret stonis,
Bi-hewe quarre for þe nonis,
So gret so tventie men miȝt drawe,
To slen hem of þe heþen lawe.
Swiche a þousende for-smite*n* þai be,
þat neue*r* after schullen y-the;
Turnbull, p. 126, l. 3243. Wel iuel hem is bifallen þare,
C. 3404. Ded þai ben wiþ sorwe & care.

Wharto schuld ich tale telle?
þe soudan lepe on hors ful snelle.
Gret onde he hadde to Gyoun,
& to Herhaud, his compaynoun,
For hij han slawe so fel of his.
He sat on an hors of p*ris*,
Wiþ gret hete he smot to Gij,
Opon his helme, sikerly,

[1] *r* added over the line.

Euere smote to oon) and other':
His strokes were heuy as a vother'.
And Guyes felowes also
As lyoñs they fought̄e thoo,
And their' souldiers with̄ theim [p. 98]
Defended theim as men).

His companions
and the Greeks also acted like doughty men.

They constructed engines
to slay the Saracens,
of whom thousands perished.

With that com̄e ayene the Sowdan),
And with̄ him many an hethen man).
He bare grete hatrede to Guyoun),
And to heraude, his compaignyon).
Guy was ware of his com̄yng':
To horse he lepe withoute letting'.
So harde the sowdan) smote to Guy
Vpon) the helme, sikirly,

The Soudan
smote Guy,

Þat he feld þat o quarter.
To Gij he seyd a bismer:
'Y-sestow, lord? bi Apolin,
Þat was a strok of a Sarrazin!'
Gij to þe soudan smot þo,
His helme no was him worþ a slo:
Resares euen forþ þe breyn
Helme & flesse he carf wiþ meyn.
Þan he seyd to him a bismer:
'Mahoun halp þe litel þer!
Bodi & soule no nouȝt *þer*-of
No is nouȝt worþ a lekes clof.
MS. fol. 126r. b. Hou so it go of mi wounde,
Of Mahoun þou hast litel help y-founde.
Er þou scorndest me,
Of mi wounde þou madest þi gle:
Turnbull, p. 127, l. 3269. Leche gode schal ich haue,
Þat mi wounde schal to hele drawe;
Þou hast a croun schauen to þe bon;
Tomerwe þou miȝt sing anon.
Wele þou þouȝtest to ben a prest,
When þou of swiche a bischop order berst!'
Now biginneþ þat gret fiȝt;
Bi þre, bi four, adoun riȝt,
Þe Sarrazins ben ou*er*-come,
C. 3405. Oway fleinde þai ben some.
Þe niȝt comeþ, þe day is go, 3615
Þe Sarrazins han ful michel wo;
For so mani y-slawe þer be
(So seyd þe folk of þat cuntre),
Þat men miȝt wade ou*er* þe scho hem
In þe blod þat of hem kem.
So miche folk þer was y-slawe þo,
Þat fiftene forlong men miȝt go,
Þat þei he kept him neu*er* so,
He most nedes opon men go,

That of his creest he felled a q*ua*rter,
And to Guy he seide in a busemer':
'What seist thou, lordinꝑ? by Appolyn),
That was a stroke of a Sarasyn).'
And Guy to the Sowdan) smote so,
That his helme auailled him not a sloo:
Streigħt euen) forthħ to the brayne
Helme and flesshe he karf with mayne.
And tho he seide in a busemer':
'Mahounde helped the liteH there.

and twitted him of the wound,

but Guy bettered the blow,

How so it fare of my wounde,
In Mahounde thou hast liteH helpe founde.
Rigħt nowe thou scorned me,
And of my wounde thou madest thy glee:
Lechyng good shaH y haue,
That shaH my wounde hele and saue;
And thou hast a crowne shorne to the boon):
Now thou may synge masse before noon).
Thou maist bee nowe Mahound*is* preest,
Whan) [thou] suche a bisshopp̄s hode werest.'

and the reproach also.

Thanne were the Sarasyns ou*er*ecome, [p. 99]
Awey fleyng they wente som̄e.

The Saracens are vanquished.

When night came,

So many sarasyns sleyn) there bee,
That fiftene forlange men migħt see
Men wade aboue the hemme of their shoon̄
In the blode that of theim coom).
So moche slaugħter in eche side was thoo,
That .xv. myles men must goo

the dead bodies covered 15 furlongs.

Oþer on fot, oþer on hond,
Oþer opon arm coruen wiþ brond.
¶ Wiþ þat come an amiral prikeinge,
Newe dubbed he was, wiþ-outen lesing ;
To þe soudan he is y-come,
Þurch þe bodi he haþ woundes some.
Turnbull, p. 128, l. 3295. 'Sir,' he seyd, 'hennes we go :
No sestow al our folk slo ?
Bi þousendes þou sest hem to deþ ligge ;
Our godes ous hateþ, for soþe to sigge.
Þou sest Mahoun ne Apolin
Be nouȝt worþ þe brestel of a swin.
Anon riȝtes wiþdrawe þou þe,
& to þi pauiloun þou fle ;
Alle þe wounded þou do wiþ þe lede ;
Ȝete þai may þe help & rede.
Þi rereban þou do of-sende ;
To awreke [þe] þou haue in mende.'
Anon þai hem wiþdrawe and ben ou*er*-come ;
Sori þai ben alle & some.
MS. fol. 126v. a. Þe soudan dede biforn him bring
Alle his godes, wiþouten lesing :
Toward hem he is wel wroþ,
Do he wil hem harm & loþ :
1 ȝe on an erasure. 'A ȝe[1] fals godes vnwreste !
2 MS. *alither* Sone ȝou tit a liþer[2] feste.
Oȝain ous ȝe ben of wicked mode :
Schame ȝe don ous & no gode.
Ȝe don ous alder-werst to spede
When þat we han mest nede.
Fy, fy,' he seyd, 'on [þe], Apolin !
Turnbull. p. 129, l. 3321. Þou schalt haue wel iuel fin,
& þou, Ternagaunt, also :
Michel schame schal com ȝou to ;
& þou, Mahoun, her alder lord,
Þou nart nouȝt worþ a tord !

Either vp fote, or vp honde,
Or vp man) sleyn) with bronde.

An Emir, himself wounded, came riding to the Soudan,

and advised him to withdraw to his pavilion.

This done,

THOO DUDE the Soudan) before hym bringe
AH his goddis, withoute lesyng:
Toward theim he was fuH wrothe.
Euery dele he to-rende his clothe,
And seide: 'ye false goddis vntruste,
Shame ye doo vs and grete bruste.
Ayenst vs ye bee of wikked moode:
Sorowe ye doo vs, and noo goode.
Whan we haue to you moste nede,
Than doo ye vs worste spede.
Fye, fye on the, thou Appolyn)!
Thou shalt haue a fuH euyH fyn),
And thou, Termagant, also:
Moche sorowe com̄e the to;
And thou, Mahound, their' aller' Lorde,
Thou art not worthe a mouse torde!

the Soudan ordered his gods to be brought.

He reproached them with ingratitude,

Þer-fore þou it schalt abigge
Wiþ staues gret opon þi rigge.'

So he gan his godes to cloute,
Þat þe erþe dined aboute.
Her armes & legges he to-tiȝt,
& cleped hem wroches anon riȝt:
'Godenes in ȝou nas neu*er* y-founde,
No more miȝt þan in an hounde.'
Bi þe fet he hem out drouȝ,
And dede hem schame riȝt anouȝ.
Gij dede clepe her cheueteyn
Wiþ gode will & hert feyn:
C. 3450. 'Lordinges,' he seyd, 'god y-þonked be!
Feir grace so habbe we,
Þat þe Sarrazins ben ou*er*come.
Wende we to þe cite atte frome.'
& when þai ben comen oȝen,
To þemp*er*our welcom þai ben,
& nameliche Gij, þe gode kniȝt,
Mest was worþschiped *in* þat fiȝt.
¶ When þat y-seye Morgadour,
Þat steward was wiþ þemp*er*our,
Turnbull, p. 130, l. 3347. Þat Gij biwreyed vnwrastliche,
Þat þemp*er*our loued so miche,
He bigan for to asay
Hou he miȝt Gij bi-tray.
O felonie he haþ hi*m* bi-þouȝt;
Of swiche no haue ȝe herd nouȝt:
MS. fol. 126v. b. He þouȝt in his wille þo,
Þat Gij o message schuld go.
In swiche þouȝt & swiche wille
An while he held him stille;
Anon he went to þemp*er*our,
& seyd, 'sir, p*ar* amour,

Therfor' thou shalt it abigge
With harde strokes vpon thy rigge.'
He toke a good hawthorne, that by him dud ligge, [p. 100]
And beleyde his godd*is* wombe and Rigge.
So he beganne his godd*is* cloute, clouted them,
That grounde deoned aH aboute.
Their' armes and legges he aH to-twighte, broke their legs and arms,
And cleped theim wrecches of vnmyghte:
'In you was neu*er*e goodnesse founde,
Ne nomore might than in an hounde.'
By the fete he theim oute drowe, and cast them out.
And did theim shame enowe.
GUYE cleped to him his chiefenteyn, Guy
With good wille to him gan seyn:
'Lorde god, thanked he bee! and his men
A Faire grace nowe haue we,
That the sarasyns bee thus ou*er*ecom̄e.
Wende we to the Citee nowe sone.' returned to the city.
Whan they to the Cytee were com̄e ayene,
To the Emper*our* welcom̄e they been,
And namely Guy, the good knyght, He was welcomed and worshipped by all.
Most was worshipped, and that was right.
Whan that sawe Morgadour', Only Morgadour
That Styward was with the Emper*our*,
That Guy was com̄e hom̄e thoo,
And that the Emper*our* loued him so,
Than he bethought him, the sothe to sey, still plotted his ruin.
How he might Guy best betraye.
On felonye he bethought thoo,
That Guy shulde on message goo.

Thanne he seide to the Emperour': [p. 101] He advised the Emperor
'Sir,' quoth he, 'paramour',

Þe soudan haþ his folk y-sent:
Into al peyni his sond is sent.
Þer nis noiþ*er* ȝing no eld
Þat armes may bere & wepe*n* weld,
Alle he is haueþ of-sent,
Þe to bisege verrament.
¶ To hi*m* þou þi sond sende,
Alle þi wille, word & ende.'

'Who,' he seyd, 'durst þider wende?'
'Sir Gij, a kniȝt hardi & hende
Of þine house, & þat y plight:
Gij of Warwike of gret miȝt,
Herhaud of Arderne, þ*at* oþ*er* best:
On hem tveye ȝe mow ȝou trest.
Turnbull, p. 131, l. 3373. To þe soudan þou sende þine kniȝtes bold,
C. 3500. & say þou wilt wiþ hi*m* a day hold
Of acord in swiche manere.'
'Sir steward,' seyd þemp*er*ere,
'Toward Gij þou berst iuel wille:
He no schal nouȝt go; þerof be stille.
Ac mine barouns ichil of-sende,
& wite who wille þider wende.'
His barouns he haþ of-sent:
Ou*er* alle his lond þai ben y-went,
Þat þai schuld to þemp*er*our wende.
To hem he seyd, 'mi leue frende,
Ich wold sende to the soudan,
ȝif ich wist eu*er* bi wham.
To hi*m* to sende ich am i*n* wille,
Wiþ hi*m* to acord loude oþ*er* stille,

Yf thy wille bee, herken) me:
Good counsaille y shaⱡ yiue the.'
'Now lete see,' quoth the Emperour.
'Vnderstonde me,' quoth Morgadour.
'The sowdan) hath for his folke sente:
In-to aⱡ paynym) the sonde is wente.

So moche folke he hath for-sente,
The to besege verament.
To him, y rede, thou sende thy sonde
In sauacion) of the and aⱡ thy londe,
That loue and pees bee betwene you two,
Tiⱡ aⱡ this rancour bee a-goo.'
'Who durste,' quoth the Emperour, 'thider wende?
'Sir, a good knyght hardy and hen le
Of thy house, y the aplighte,
Guy of Warrewik of grete mighte,
And heraude, that other the beste:
In theim two thou mav weⱡ truste.'

to send a messenger to the Soudan,

naming Guy and Herhaud.

The Emperour seide: 'Morgadour, bee stille:
Toward Guy thou hast euyl wille.
He ne shaⱡ on suche message wende,
Bot for my baroñs y shaⱡ sende.'
HIS BAROUNS tho he dud for-sende:
Ouere all his londe his sonde gan) wende,
That they shuld to the Emperour coñe.
To theim he seide: 'my frendes aⱡ and soñe,
I shulde sende to the Sowdan),
Yf y wiste euere by wham).
With him to accorde y am in wille, [p. 102]
Yf that ye woⱡ assente thertille,

The Emperor, with some doubt, assented,

and assembled his barons

ȝif ani of ȝou so hardi were,
þat to him þe message bere.'
When þe*mper*our had seyd his resoun,
þer nas noiþ*er* kniȝt no baroun
þat hi*m* a word answerd þo:
Nas *þer* non þe message durst do.
¶ A baroun of þe benche aros:
Sir Tristor his name was.
MS. fol. 127r. a. C. 3555. 'Sir emp*er*our, vnder-stond me,
For leyer no schal ich holden be;
Turnbull, p. 132, l. 3399. For ich it sigge for gret loue,
& þine worþschipe to held aboue:
Fif thousende siþe haue he maugre
þat þe *con*seyl ȝaf to þe!
For he þe loueþ riȝt nouȝt
þat in þat wille þe haþ y-brouȝt,
þat þou to hi*m* ȝelde scholdest,
[1] *þat?* Bot[1] þou þi sonde sende woldest.
No þenkestow nouȝt of þat baroun
þat was of so gret renoun,
Hou þou sendest him to?
Oȝain no come he neu*er* mo.
He þe sent þe heued wiþ-out*en* more,
No durst neuer eft non com þore;
In þe world is kniȝt non
þat þe message durst don.
C. 3565. For arwe no sigge ich it no-wiȝt:
ȝif in min armes were so gret miȝt
Also ich hadde, & as ȝong were
As ich was hennes an hundred ȝere,
þis ich message don ich wold,
For drede of deþ lete y nold.
Ac icham now a neld man,
Alle mine miȝtes ben now gan;
It is now gon mo þan fifti ȝer
þat ich on rigge hauberk ber.

Yf any of you so hardy were,
That durste from vs our' message bere.'
Whan the Emperour had seide his reeson),
Ther was neither knyght nor baron)
That oon) worde him answerd,
Bot as dom̄e men) sate aH aferde.

to ask who would take the message.

Sir Tristor

opposed

the Emperor's proposal,

for no former messenger had ever returned.

He said it not for cowardice,

Turnbull, p. 133, l. 3425.

[1] *jich*, but the *j* underdotted.

Ich[1] ȝou sigge for soþe y-wis,
To lese a good man gret harm it is,
For ȝif he ani sendeþ þider,
His heued hi*m* schal comen hider.
Now ich haue mi wille y-sede;
Now ȝiue anoþ*er* better rede.'
When Tristor hadde y-seyd þis,
Wiþ-outen ani oþ*er* abod y-wis,
Þer nas nouȝt on, litel no miche,
Þat durst speke sikerliche.
Gij of Warwike vp arist:
'Sir emp*er*our, bi mi lord Ie*s*u[2] Crist,
Þis message ichil afo,
& it þurch godes help do.'
Seyd þemp*er*our, 'þat schaltow nouȝt:
Þider to go haue þou no þouȝt;
Ich it[3] dede mine men to fond,
To whom ich miȝt trust in mi lond.'
Þan answerd Gij wel snelle,
'For soþe, sir, leten y nille,
Þat ich þe message wil do,
To dye er ich þennes go.'
Wiþ þat he went out of þe halle.
Þe Gregeys siked among hem alle,
'God! what Gij is noble baroun!
Ie*s*u, þat suffred passioun,
Saue hi*m* fram cumberment,
& hi*m* oȝain bring i*n* sauement.'
Gij cam to his in in a stou*n*de,
His felawes droupeing he founde.
'Lordinges,' he seyd, 'hou is it now?
Almiȝti god y bi-teche ȝou.'
'Sir,' quaþ Herhaud, 'ich-il go
Bi þine wille wiþ þe also.'
Gij answerd, 'so no schal it be.
Icham y-go: biddeþ for me.'

MS. fol. 127r. b.

[2] *jhus* originally, but the *s* underdotted.

[3] MS. *ichit*

C. 3600.

Turnbull, p. 134, l. 3451.

but to spare a good man.

When he finished

And ther' was noon), litiH ne moche,
That oon) worde spake sikirliche.
GUYE of Warrewik than vpryste: Guy
'Sir Emperour, by my lorde Criste,
This messagé,' quoth he thoo, offered to go.
'With goddis helpe y shaH it weH doo.'
The Emperour seide: 'that shalt thou nought:
Thider' goo haue thou noo thought.'

Thanne answerd Guy, as y you telle:
'By god, sir, y it leue nelle,
Bot y woH this message doo,
To dye or y thense goo.'
With that he toke his leeue of theim aH,
And wente him forthe oute of the haH.
For him they bidde, knygHt and baron),
To god, that suffred passion),
Shuld saue him fro combringe,
And him ayene sauf bringe.
Guy com̃e to his ynne in a stounde,
His felawes he hath aH drowping founde.
'What, lordingis,' he seide, 'how is it nowe?
AH-migHti god y beteche you.'
'Sir,' quoth heraude, 'y shaH with the goo; [p. 103]
For, yf thou dye, y shaH also.'
Guy answerd: 'so may it not bee.
I shaH goo: pray thou for me.'

How the Greeks sighed while admiring Guy.

Guy's fellows wished to accompany him,

but he would go alone.

He oxed his armes hastiliche,
And men es hi*m* brou3t sikerliche.
Hosen of iren he haþ on drawe,
Non better[1] nar bi þo dawe.
In a strong hauberk he gan hi*m* schrede,
Who so it wered, þe ded no þurt hi*m* drede.
An helme he haþ on him don:
Better no wered neuer kni3t non;
The sercle[2] of gold þer-on was wrou3t,
For half a cite no worþ it bou3t:
So mani stones þe*r*-in were,
Þat were of vertu swiþe dere.
Seþþe he gert hi*m* wiþ a brond
Þat was y-made *in* eluene lond.
His scheld about his nek he tok,
On hors he lepe wiþ-out*en* stirop,
On hond he nam a spere kerueinde,
Out of þe cite he was rideinde.
Alle þat weren of þat cite
For him wel sori weren he;
No wene þai neu*er* his 3ain-cominge,
Alle þai wene þ*er* his endinge.
C. 3635. Now is Gij in þe ri3t way
Toward þe Sarrazins, y say,
MS. fol. 127v. a. Wele y-armed on his stede,
A launce he bar gode at nede.
Smerteliche he dede hi*m* *in* þe ways,
Ouer þe dounes & þe valeys
To the Sarrazins y-comen he is,
& her pauilou*n*s he seþ y-wis.
A real pauiloun he þ*er* seye
Wiþ an eren of gold an heye.
Þat was þe soudans[3] pauiloun:
Haue he Cristes malisoun!
In-to þe pauiloun Gij hi*m* wond,
& an hast þ*er* he fond

[1] *bertter*, but the first *r* underdotted.

[2] the *r* added over the line.

Turnbull, p. 135, l. 3477.

[3] *soudanes*, but the *e* underdotted.

His armes he asked hastely,
And men theim broughte gentilly.

He armed himself,

Than he girde him with his bronde,
That was made in eluyssh londe.
A sheelde aboute his swere he toke,
To horse he leepe withoute stirope,
In his hande he bare his spere keruyng',
And oute of the Citee he wente ryding'.

leapt on his horse,

and left the city,

AH the folke of the Citee
For him wepte for pitee,
And preyde hertly for his gayne-comyng,
And that the sowdan shuld haue euyl ending'.

amid universal lamentation.

NOWE IS Guy in the wey
Towardis the sarasyns, as y you sey,
WeH armed vpon his stede,
A launce he bare fuH good at nede.

So nygHe the sarasyns come he is,
That he their pauylon sawe y-wis.
To the Sowdans pauylon he gan aspie
With an heron of golde stondiñg on higHe.

By a golden eagle he knew the Soudan's pavilion.

In-to that pauylon Guy is went
On horsebak, y telle you, verament.

Alle atte mete þ*at* þ*er* was,
& nouȝt michel noise þ*er* nas.
At þe heye bord eten kinges ten,
þat alle were Gyes fomen.
Þan seyd Gij þe Englisse,
'Vnderstond to mi speche:
Turnbull, p. 136, l. 3503. Þilke lord þat woneþ an heye,
þat al þing walt fer & neye,
& in þe rode lete hi*m* pini,
[1] *sauei*, but the *e* underdotted. Al cristen men to saui,[1]
& in þe se made þe sturioun,
So ȝif ȝou alle his malisoun,
& alle þilk þat ich here se,
þat mis-bileued men be;
& þe at þe first, sir soudan,
Cristes wreche þe come opan!
Yuel fure breninde fast þe opon,
& cleue þi brest doun to þi ton!
[2] *l* added over the line with another ink. For icham Gij ȝe mow wel[2] se,
Yuel mot ȝe alle y-the!
Vnder-stond, treitour, mi resoun:
Haue þou Cristes malisoun,
& alle þilke forþ mitt te,
[3] *r* added over the line (with another ink?). þat ich her[3] about þe se.
Þe heye god þat is ful of miȝt
Binim ȝou ȝour limes & ȝour siȝt!
Bi me þe sent word þemp*er*our Garioun,
C. 3660. þat miȝti men haþ i*n* his bandoun,
Þurch wham þou art y-brouȝt to schon*d*,
& hoteþ þe wende out of his lond,
For here has tow no riȝt.
Finde a Sarrazin oþ*er* a kniȝt,
MS. fol. 127v. b. Turnbull, p. 137, l. 3529. & he schal anoþ*er* finde,
þat schal deray[ne] his riȝt kinde.
Y schal wiþ þe glotoun fiȝt;
& ȝif þine haue þe more miȝt,

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